

MEMORIES OF
A MILITANT

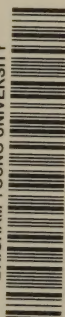
ANNIE KENNEY

THE J. F. C.
HARRISON
COLLECTION OF
NINETEENTH CENTURY
BRITISH SOCIAL HISTORY

JN
979
.K4
1924

LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



3 1197 24075 8307

Yael

MEMORIES OF A MILITANT



MISS ANNIE KENNEY.

MEMORIES OF A MILITANT

BY
ANNIE KENNEY

WITH PORTRAITS

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.

1924

[All rights reserved]

*Made and Printed in Great Britain by
Butler & Tanner Ltd., Frome and London*

UPB

FOREWORD

Believing it necessary, as I have done for a long time, that a clear description should be given, however brief, of certain but important parts of the Militant Movement for Women's Suffrage, I have had to decide in what form I can present such a narrative to the public. I have come to the conclusion that the best way will be to write my life.

As I was one of the leading actors in the first play, so I was one of the leading actors in the last.

Mr. Robert Blatchford years ago advised me to take up writing as a profession. This idea I put right at the back of my mind until the day came when I should feel free. My life has been varied and restless, and yet underneath all the outward restlessness there is a silence that is deep and real. I have always believed that we have guardian angels, not the orthodox angel with light garments and bird-like wings, but an unseen presence which has evolved a finer and subtler body, that we with our mortal eye cannot detect, though we can sense it. This very real presence has been with me all my life. The warn-

ings it brings, the advice it gives, the consolation it bestows, come to me more like a wireless message. The mistakes I have made in life have always been made when I have paid no heed to its unfailing wisdom.

Mine being one of the active, impulsive, intuitive temperaments of the world, I naturally was drawn to a personality like that of Christabel Pankhurst. If I have faith in a person, no arguments, no persuasion, nothing outside can shake my faith. I had faith in Christabel. It was exactly the faith of a child—it knows but it cannot explain. What path of life my feet would have trod had it not been for Robert Blatchford and Christabel, who knows? The political parties as constituted to-day would never have appealed to me—they are too petty, too contentious. Few of their leaders have the grand passions of life that sweep all before them and abandon themselves to a big idea. Storms, surging floods, wind-swept moors, lightning and terrific thunder, in fact the militancy of nature, rouse within me emotions that in themselves are enough to sweep me away in their surging streams, and yet, as though to save me, deep down there is always the great stillness. A passionate and a big personality alone appealed to me. A Militant Movement alone could satisfy such a tempestuous nature as mine. That is why I can say with real honesty that I alone know what Christabel

Pankhurst and the Militant Movement did for me. Whatever phase of life I have touched I have felt I knew it. I have always said that there is just one little secret spring somewhere hidden in my being. Once that spring snaps I shall behold the splendour of heaven and also understand the terrific suffering of the underworld.

The Women's Movement appealed to the best and the highest within me. I met some of the finest characters of the world while engaged in it. The experience gained, the sacrifices made, the labours done, all for a big ideal, were the finest school for the building up of those qualities which I needed to strengthen and evolve me as a human soul upon Life's path. Just as the coral reef is the work of millions of polypi, so the structure of our Movement was the work of thousands of women, who laboured silently, alone, and unacknowledged. I had the honour, the joy, of working with them at brief periods, of suffering with them at others.

No companionship can ever surpass the companionship of the Militants during the childhood and youth of the Suffrage fight. In humility of spirit, fully conscious of the debt I owe them, I dedicate my book to "The Unknown Warriors of the Women's Bloodless Revolution."

A. K.

July, 1924.

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I CHILDHOOD	1
II GIRLHOOD	10
III I LEAVE SCHOOL—THE YEAR OF MY CON- FIRMATION	18
IV THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER—I MEET MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST—THE FIRST MILITANT ACT—THROWN OUT OF THE FREE TRADE HALL MEETING	26
V SENTENCED TO THREE DAYS' IMPRISONMENT IN STRANGWAYS GAOL.	37
VI MY FIRST VISIT TO LONDON—THE GREAT LIBERAL RALLY—THROWN OUT OF THE ALBERT HALL	44
VII A GENERAL ELECTION—WE OPPOSE MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL—WE INTERVIEW MR. BALFOUR—I LEAVE MANCHESTER TO ROUSE LONDON WITH £2—I MEET MR. W. T. STEAD	53
VIII OUR FIRST PUBLIC MEETING—CAXTON HALL —MR. AND MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE JOIN THE MOVEMENT	67
IX AN EMPTY EXCHEQUER	76
X THROWN OUT OF THE LADIES' GALLERY—I MEET LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON	84
XI THE FIRST LONDON ARRESTS—MYSELF AND TWO EAST END WOMEN—SENTENCED TO TWO MONTHS IN HOLLOWAY PRISON	89
XII I VISIT MR. ASQUITH'S CONSTITUENCY: EAST FIFE—WE STORM PARLIAMENT—MANY ARRESTS—THE BEGINNING OF MILITANCY IN LONDON—HOLLOWAY—THE OLD SUF- FRAGE SOCIETIES GIVE THE MILITANTS A DINNER ON THEIR RELEASE	99

CHAP.		PAGE
XIII	THE FIRST WOMEN'S PARLIAMENT—CLOGS AND SHAWLS COME TO LONDON—ARIS- TOCRACY JOINS THE MOVEMENT—MY FIRST VISIT ABROAD	112
XIV	MY VISIT TO GERMANY—GERMAN SUFFRA- GISTS—WE START A PAPER	121
XV	I VISIT SWITZERLAND—THE PIT-BROW WOMEN COME TO LONDON AND VISIT PAR- LIAMENT	129
XVI	NEWTON ABBOT BY-ELECTION—MY FOURTH ARREST—A PRIVATE INTERVIEW WITH MR. BALFOUR	137
XVII	THE HUNGER STRIKE—JANE WHARTON .	143
XVIII	THE CONCILIATION BILL—THE OBERAMMER- GAU PASSION PLAY	150
XIX	ALBERT HALL RALLY—£5,000 RAISED— LORD LYTTON SUPPORTS US—MR. ASQUITH BETRAYS US—HUNDREDS ARRESTED .	161
XX	EXTREME MILITANCY—CHRISTABEL PANK- HURST ELUDES PRESS, POLICE, PARLIAMENT	172
XXI	GREATER RESPONSIBILITIES	178
XXII	INTERNAL DISCORD—THE FIRST SEPARATION	187
XXIII	MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND SIR EDWARD GREY RECEIVE A PUBLIC DEPUTATION—FIRE- WORKS—A PRIVATE INTERVIEW WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE	196
XXIV	THE REFORM BILL—THE WOMEN TRICKED —CAT AND MOUSE ACT—ALBERT HALL MEETING: £15,000 RAISED—ARRESTED— MAIDSTONE PRISON	220
XXV	ESCAPADES—HUNGER STRIKES—SMUGGLED IN AN ACTRESS'S HAMPER—I VISIT THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY	233
XXVI	THE OUTBREAK OF WAR	254
XXVII	AMERICA	262
XXVIII	THE WAR—MR. LLOYD GEORGE APPROACHES US—OUR MUNITION WORK—LORD NORTH- CLIFFE—I VISIT AUSTRALIA	270
XXIX	VICTORY—WOMEN VOTERS	284
XXX	CONCLUSION	294

LIST OF PORTRAITS

Miss Annie Kenney	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Miss Christabel Pankhurst	<i>To face page 26</i>
Mrs. Pankhurst	66
Lady Constance Lytton	86
Mrs. Pethick Lawrence	116
Mrs. Drummond	134
Mrs. Tuke	172
Miss Jessie Kenney	222

MEMORIES OF A MILITANT

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

All through my life, at least all my thinking life, I have been on a quest. My search has been with one object in view, and that object has been to find myself. I did not know when I started that Walt Whitman had said, "A man is not all included between his hat and his boots," neither had I heard that in the olden days the worshippers of the Temple read on its portals, "Man, know thyself." Experience has taught me that the more one knows of oneself, the more there is to know. My faith, underlying all the orthodox teaching, has been in reincarnation, and the law of cause and effect. I have always believed in God, even when I was an agnostic questioning the Vicar of our parish, though my God was not his God, nor my faith his faith.

Thanks to my mother, who allowed us great freedom of expression on all subjects, whether it was dancing or the Athanasian Creed, Spiritualism, Haeckel, Walt Whitman, Blatchford, or Paine, I grew up with a smattering of knowledge on

many questions. No subject was tabooed. The only thing that was tabooed was gossiping in any form. My mother was a wonderful woman.

Only once in her life do I remember her saying anything unkind about another human soul. Her theory was: See the best in anyone and the worst will gradually fall away. Be kind to others, tolerant, and sympathetic. Her watchword was: Loyalty to teachers, school friends, workmates, and family. We were never allowed in her hearing to say either unkind things about others or to abuse others in any way. She had a great sense of humour which saved her many a heart-ache and bitter disappointment. She could always see that things would work out for the best in the long run, and laugh her sorrow away. She was ever ready to lend a patient ear to other people's troubles, while at the same time showing a remarkable fortitude in her own. A verse which she used to recite to us she made part of her daily life:—

Life is only froth and bubble.
Two things stand like stone,—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

Mother was loving and affectionate, but a firm believer in discipline. The neighbours used to say that they had more trouble with their one or two children than she with all her eleven. Poor Mother, what a team she had to drive! The

subtle manipulation with which she managed the reins is a wonder to us all.

Both my mother and my father were Lancashire people. My birthplace was in Lancashire, in a small cottage in the village of Springhead. The village is in a valley surrounded by the Pennine Hills. I was Mother's fifth child and appeared on the scene on a September day, the 13th of the month, in 1879. I was in a hurry, as the correct month was November. I suffered for this rash act, as I was a weakling, wrapped in cotton-wool, for about a year. I was once told that the lesson I had to learn in life was patience. If that is true, I can only say I began life very badly indeed !

Before I was five we removed to the next village, called Shelderslow. It was nearer to the village school connected with the church that we also attended. The cottage in the village of Shelderslow was very pretty, cosily tucked in a corner next to an old manor house.

Mother believed in the motto "Early to bed," etc., we as children did not, though we only admitted this fact among ourselves. I can see our home with its bright, roaring rosy fire, and all the children, including myself and the others younger than I, sitting on the window-sill watching the lights in the cotton factory, a few miles away, gradually going out. Those lights were our signal to retire.

In spite of the hard day's work that Mother

had done, she always found time to hear the little onessay their prayers. This time, for me, was the best time of the day. As soon as the factory lights went out and we had said our prayers, off we scampered upstairs. We were allowed to talk for about half an hour, then Mother's voice would be heard at the foot of the stairs: "Silence, children!" Then I was happy. I began my real life, far more real to me than the life of the day. All through my life, the day's work over, I have lived in dreams. The dream of my childhood was always about God. I never missed one night without flying to Him as soon as silence reigned. There He sat for years, in the same cloudy arm-chair, waiting for me. Years afterwards, when I saw a photo of Tolstoy, I saw almost a duplicate of the God of my childish dreams. I confided to Him all my little troubles, and the difficulties under which I laboured at school. I was a little dunce, I could not retain anything. My little school-friend, Alice Hurst, and I were very difficult. We talked incessantly, we confided in each other, but I never told her about my intimate friendship with God, and how He helped me with many lessons. This was a secret between God and me. We were both agreed that we should just keep our nights' visits to each other between ourselves. It was a case of asking and having, when I went to His cloudy house every evening.

When I got a little older I travelled a good deal with God. He took me to the most wonderful places. We flew everywhere—we had to fly, living in the clouds. It was all lovely. Later, when I grew older, my dreams changed, but none surpassed those of my early childhood, and no friend that I met in my dreams took away the childish passion and devotion to God, who was my First Friend, apart from my mother.

I went to the village school when I was five. My younger sister took me, as she was much older in wisdom and common sense than I. She must have been four years of age. She had always a keen sense of responsibility, and was conscientious in all her actions—I was just the opposite. I felt no responsibility at all, and I was not conscientious about anything, in fact I do not think I really deliberately thought out anything until I was quite fifteen; I just acted. Had I been asked why, I could not have explained any action of mine; I only knew that I just did it. I was a real responsibility to my younger sister. She was very patient and forbearing; she forgave me every time I did wrong.

Our home-life was happy. Our one trouble was that we had to retire much earlier than the other children of the village, and they teased the Kenney children (as we were called) with having to go to bed like babies in long clothes!

Our Sundays were always different from other

days. We had our Sunday clothes ; we attended Sunday School, and we went to Church twice a day. In the afternoon we were allowed to go for a walk. Our ambition was to get lost and find our way home. This led us into many difficulties and brought upon us severe punishments. Once we went in search of an aunt we had heard our mother speak of, who lived in a farm-house miles away. We only knew the name of the village. My sister Alice and I collected all the younger Kennneys together, and a few of the village children, and off we set. We tramped miles ; we forgot the time, but with great perseverance we found the farm. We knocked, and a good homely woman opened the door and nearly fell when she saw, as she described it later, a Sunday School ! We told her who we were and asked her whether she was not a relative. We were invited in, and much to our joy, were asked to stay to tea. We ate everything that was on the table, and before we left, bread had been borrowed from the village folk. We arrived home at nine o'clock at night in pouring rain, carrying between us the youngest child, who was about two and a half years of age. Never again did we visit the distant relative, who turned out to be no relative at all, but who might have been if things had gone differently in her life !

On Sunday evenings Mother read us stories. They all seemed to be about London life among

the poor. One was *A Peep Behind the Scenes*. How we loved that story ! The worst of it was that all the following week I was the girl in the story, and instead of doing sums or dictation my thoughts were far away, as little Meg, with the children in a garret in London, or the child of rich people. The stories made it more difficult than ever to follow the school routine.

When we were a little older we were allowed to stay up later. Our games were many, but our favourite game when Mother went out for a walk in the evenings was turning a round kitchen table upside down, putting its top on the bottom of a bowl and then putting our little fingers lightly on the legs and asking it to move. We used to get it spinning like a top. Mother always said we pushed it, but that I think was said so that we should not think of the spinning table except in play. Another game we had was to blow each other up to the roof. One of us would stand on a stool. Two would catch hold of the heels and two the toes, and we had to blow hard. It was amazing how our heads found the roof every time.

Both my father and mother were great walkers, keen on the country, and in the spring they would go miles to see the first spring flowers. The moors were our home, and the open road was our friend. The wind has always sung to me ; the trees have spoken to me ; the sky has consoled me ; running

water has soothed me ; the open air has ever given me courage and enthusiasm to press on, hold tight and have the grit to carry on. I still feel that when one grows older and life buffets one about, and bruises one, those who have a real genuine love for the country have something to fly to, something to look to, and are in an enviable position. In a weird way the deepest sorrow, the keenest pain, becomes more bearable under the open sky than in a room. Is it because we get more into touch with the Higher, the True, the Eternal ?

Our mother had a great belief in keeping holidays for children. It did not matter how poor we were, Mother always made some difference in our home routine on festive days. Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide were the great events ; the Fifth of November was also a day to look forward to. Christmas Eve was beautiful. The house was decorated with holly and mistletoe. The younger ones always sat round the fire with Mother, and Christmas carols were sung. From the oldest to the youngest all had their Christmas stockings, and Mother and Father filled them together. Mother never punished any child from Christmas Eve until after the New Year had dawned. Holidays were holidays to Mother, and she never broke her promise that there should be no punishments to mar our Christmas-time.

Christmas Day was a day of real rejoicing.

Our toys were modest and few, but we made up with real happiness and fun. New Year was a great time also. There was the yearly Sunday School Party, and afterwards there were dialogues, recitations, cantatas, songs, and everything that goes to make up a Sunday School party in a village. Mother and Father always came: Mother very happy, very proud, and no doubt glad of the change; Father looking embarrassed when a Kenney's name was announced. Father never seemed to have any confidence in his children, and he had very little in himself. Had he possessed this essential quality, perhaps the whole course of our lives would have been changed. My mother always said she ought to have been the man and Father the woman. He was a born nurse. No hand was more tender than his in illness; no food, when we were convalescent, tasted better than the food cooked by Father. If there was illness in the house, everything and everybody had to be sacrificed for the one who was sick.

CHAPTER II

GIRLHOOD

Both my mother and my father were very proud people.

The only genuine county people, who had connection with the Sunday School we attended, were a family named Seville. The daughters of this family were all Sunday School teachers, and they had a lasting effect on my early life. They were devoted to Mother. They asked if they might come and visit her. Mother's reply was very characteristic of her. "Yes, you may come, provided you come empty-handed!" Mother, because of her limited income, was not prepared to be patronized either by the church people or the county people. The Seville family appreciated this pride in my mother and came to see her at least once a week. Their one pleasure was in talking to her and asking her advice on many questions which were perplexing them at the time. They said in after years that Mother was one of the finest, strongest, and gentlest characters they had ever met, and that she had taught them many a good lesson for which they had felt grateful.

If Mother helped them, they helped me. The

youngest, Miss Margaret Seville, was my first heroine. She was my Sunday School teacher for years. She made real friends of my younger sister and myself. We often visited their beautiful old house in Hey. We took our knitting and sewing. The nights were spent chatting about all the wonderful things we would do at the next Christmas Party, choosing dialogues, cantatas, recitations, songs, etc. !

What happy evenings they were, sitting in big comfortable chairs in front of a large open grate, with its red coal fire. How I loved acting in these dialogues, provided I could be the Mary Ann of the play ! This part gave me great scope. I could run wild, wave pots and pans about, which I thought all the Mary Anns of the world did, rush around and have a rollicking time. When I appeared with my smutty face, dirty apron and the blackest of hands, Father grew nervous. He would whisper to Mother, " Why do they give Nan these parts to play ? She'll have the stage down before she has finished, just look at her ! " And Mother looked and inwardly rocked with laughter. But I came out with flying colours. I had succeeded in doing something that people always enjoy. I had made the audience laugh heartily !

Is not the art that can drive away care and give pleasure to the toiling millions one of the oldest arts in the world ? That play which can scatter

the thoughts and anxieties of the practical everyday world, make tragedy look romantic, and give to the romantic wings to soar, has always received and more than deserved, universal applause.

We can laugh with or at the comedian. Great is our debt to those who have created healthy laughter.

Joyous laughter is one of the best antidotes against the serious disease of depression. There can be no melancholy where there is genuine laughter. Neither can that pestilent germ—morbidity—find root in its healthy soil.

To me there is no sight more attractive than a theatre full of eager faces, awaiting the moment when they will be swept out of themselves, and pass through the golden gates that lead to the land of living dreams, the land of song and romance.

So in our little village with its small school-room and miniature stage, I had one ambition, and that was to see all our fathers and mothers rock with laughter. Of all the Mary Anns on the stage none could have been more noisy, more untidy, more impossible than the Mary Ann as I represented her. She would not have kept a place for a day in any well-ordered establishment, and all the cooks that had her in their kitchen would have had to leave for a nerve cure. But we are all very simple in a village, knowing very little of life. No doubt the Sevills were more amused than anyone.

They were jolly times and both children and parents looked forward to these Christmas parties.

Easter was also a happy time, though the chief event was a new scarf or tie, and on Easter Monday we had a penny and were allowed to go to what was called "The Pot Fair." It was really a sale of china, with an odd stall for toys. As far as I can remember the china was generally cracked. I know the china dog I bought once with my penny was tailless and had a good wide crack across the back, but the salesman swore that I had got something that could not be bought any day. He spoke truly.

Then came Whitsuntide. That was a great time.

For weeks before, there were preparations made. It was the time for new dresses, new hats, new boots, new gloves. Poor Mother, how she must have struggled to clothe us anew each Whitsuntide! She used to go to the market and pick up odds and ends, a hat here and a hat there. All our dresses were home-made, all hats home-trimmed, and yet we always seemed to be dressed prettily and neatly.

Then came Whit Friday, when we assembled at the large school ready for the procession. We marched round the villages and sang at the Vicarage and in the Square in front of each Sunday School connected with the Church. Then back again to the central school, where we were rewarded with a currant bun and a mug of tea

or milk. No buns tasted like those ; no milk or tea had such a flavour. And so another holiday ended, and we began preparing for the next.

The Fifth of November was the next great day for the village children. For weeks we collected from the neighbours. Each person was supposed to give either money or coal. The money was for fireworks ; the coal for the bonfire. The factories were also visited and they gave us great skips, as they were called ; they were large baskets, and these were saved for the end of the day to create a big blaze.

We made up a song, each character of the village being introduced into it, with the object of flattering them into subscribing towards the fund. Who kept the money, who spent it, no one seemed to know ; we only knew that we had a great time, and the preparations kept us busy for weeks.

* * * * *

When I was ten years of age a change came into my life. My mother announced to me that I was to work in a factory. I was to join the army of half-timers ; to work in the factory half the day and attend school the other half.

I received the news with mixed feelings. I was glad to escape the hated school lessons, which were a burden to me, but I had a fear of the new life. I felt a little proud, and it was a change. The firm I went to work for was a private

one under the name of Henry Atherton & Son. Though all these years have elapsed I still look back with gratitude to my first employer, who was kind, understanding, and sympathetic to his work-people. My little school-friend, Alice Hurst, was also working there, so we went to the factory together.

I wore a shawl and bright clean clogs. When I arrived at the factory I was met by a group of girls, half-timers and full-timers, who all stood round the door and stared at me. Every new girl was critically examined by the older girls. Your clogs were examined ; thick or thin leather made a difference ; your petticoat, your pinafore, the quality, the colour, stamped you accordingly in the eyes of these girl students of ten and thirteen.

In one voice they told me all the bad qualities of the woman I was to work under, and they summed up by saying, " Well, Annie Kenney, you are going to work for a God-fearing hypocrite, that's all." They cheered me up a little at the end, and told me how I could get my own back ; but by the time they had finished I was trembling from head to foot, tears were in my eyes, and I had to swallow many a lump as they marched me up to the " woman " who was to train me.

The girls had spoken truly ; she was a tartar. Our conversation during the half-hour that was allowed for breakfast was one long hope that

she would marry and have a daughter who would be sent to work under one of us.

It was amazing how truthfully these girls summed up character. They were a splendid set of people, and their open-handed generosity to workmates in trouble or illness, was touching. Every morning, though, for two years I cried as if my heart would break, I so dreaded the "woman" and hated the work.

There was one redeeming feature. We used to go shares in a weekly girls' paper. It was full of wild romance, centred round titles, wealth, Mayfair, dukes, and factory girls. The one whose turn it was to pay had the first read.

There was always a ringleader among the girls, though the leadership never lasted more than a year. Sometimes it was good, sometimes bad. When I was twelve I found myself, with Alice of course, the ringleader. We were rather wild ones and the overlooker was thankful when he saw us dethroned.

In one adventure we were nearly all drowned. It was in the winter time. A deep pond near the factory was very lightly frozen over, and we insisted on every one's sliding on it. The ice gave way and we only just saved ourselves.

Another escapade was a challenge to climb a steep wall. Everybody followed the leaders, of course, but fortunately for them the followers gave up the contest and watched the two of us

nervously climbing to the top, expecting every moment to see us dashed to the ground. We succeeded amidst applause from the girls and severe condemnation from the overlooker, who threatened that he would sack the lot of us "if we did not show more sense!"

After a year of leadership we were weighed in the balance and found wanting, so we had to take our places among the rank and file again, and follow another, who to us seemed tame and dull in the extreme.

For a few weeks Alice and I went off on our own account at the breakfast half-hour and dinner hour. We made friends with the man who did the carting of coal for the factory. We amused him greatly, and coaxed him to put the two of us on the dusty coal-horse, and off we went through the streets enjoying ourselves immensely. Bad luck, however, awaited us one day: we met the overlooker. When he saw the two of us on the horse, as black as coal ourselves, he swore that he would "sack" us, and, worse than that for me, he declared that he would see my father that very night and tell him what a trouble I was. This I dreaded, as Father I knew would be very stern. Later in the day I plucked up courage, saw the overlooker, and promised that I would try and be good. So I was saved.

CHAPTER III

I LEAVE SCHOOL—THE YEAR OF MY CONFIRMATION

When I was thirteen I left school. My education was finished, my school knowledge was nil. I could not do arithmetic ; I was a bad writer ; geography was Greek to me ; the only thing I liked was poetry. I discovered that anything I really liked I could learn without effort ; it just came.

I then joined the great masses whose lives were spent spinning and weaving cotton. I was a full-timer. I rose at five o'clock in the morning. I had to be in the factory just before six, and I left at 5.30 at night.

After a hard day's work in a hot cotton factory you have very little life left. It has always been a source of surprise to me how these boys and girls, young men and women, find the energy and inspiration to attend night-school, technical classes, cookery classes, dressmaking courses, and so on. The libraries in the Lancashire towns are a credit to the people. Is it the air of Lancashire that is so invigorating that it almost impels one to act and move ?

I am afraid I cannot plead any such admirable determination to get on. I never attended a night-school; dressmaking I hated; cooking I was fairly good at if my mind was not occupied with something else. My one virtue was washing; I could really wash clothes excellently, and my next good point was scrubbing floors. It always seemed to be unfair that those people who spent almost twelve hours away from home should on their return find more labour awaiting them, and yet this was the case in most Lancashire homes. Where you get a family who are keen on knowledge and who have ambition to make headway in life, people whose whole thoughts are centred on a totally different life to the one they are leading, it seems more unfair than ever that they should toil in the factory, toil in the home, and that all the vitality that is left must be given to mental study to attain their heart's desire.

I was a laggard in this respect. For one thing, I knew that I should never be able to pass an examination. I hated study and I loved play and fun. I developed very late in life.

When I was fourteen I played with a doll just as naturally as children of seven play with their dolls. As soon as the factory was closed and I had finished my allotted work at home, I fled and a few of us played "factory" for the rest of the evening, our fun consisting in telling the little ones what to do!

It was not my parents' fault that I was sent to the factory at such an early age. It was force of circumstances. No mother on earth ever showed more unselfishness than ours. She would have given, indeed did give, her life's blood for her children. When I grew a little older she would never have stood in my way had I showed an aptitude for other work, though the change might have hit her seriously from a monetary point of view.

A few years passed, all very much the same, work all day, play at night ; on Saturday afternoons, play ; on Sundays, Sunday School, Church, walks ; and on Monday work again.

When I was seventeen two changes came. We removed to a village called Hey. My parents had secured a delightful old house called Whams House, which really means "the house in the valley." It was large and cut away from other houses, and it had a large garden which was a source of joy to us all.

It was the year of my confirmation, and I had a trouble. I was not sure about the Holy Ghost, and I could not grasp the Bible teaching of Three in One, though I constantly looked at an ivy or clover leaf.

On Sunday we were all allowed to invite any friend we liked to tea. I remember we had an urn ; teapots were no good, there were so many of us. Father would be out with friends, Mother

would be with us, and when we all assembled round the large table discussion would begin. At this period the elders of the family had been reading Haeckel, Spencer, Darwin. Mother would be as interested as we were until the arguments got so heated that she felt it was wise to close the discussion because of the younger children. The noise, as she said, was "enough to wake the dead." All these discussions, though I did not really understand them, made me unwilling in later life to accept statements without proof.

To return to my "Three in One" difficulty.

I attended all the confirmation classes there were and asked if I might have a private talk with the Vicar.

I shall never forget my walk from our home to the Vicarage. For the first time I heard quite distinctly a conversation carried on between a part of me and the person I was to interview. The arguments the Vicar used to prove to me the power of the Holy Ghost were quite clear and distinct, and it seemed as though another part of me answered. When the conversation ended I found myself on the doorstep of the Vicarage.

The Vicar and I went through almost word for word the conversation that I had, as it were, rehearsed on my way to see him.

At the end of our talk he said he would allow me to be confirmed, as he thought my search for

truth would lead me into an understanding of the Gospels.

I was confirmed by the Bishop of Manchester. I was quite moved by the service, but more especially when we sang the hymn, "O Jesus, I have promised to serve Thee to the end." I inwardly felt I was going to have a struggle to keep that promise. The tragedy of it all (from an orthodox point of view) was that within a few months I found myself in the Oldham Library reading with the greatest fervour *The Rational Review*!

In that special edition there were sayings of Voltaire that I have never forgotten. Voltaire struck a chord in me that has vibrated ever since, but *The Rational Review* never changed my belief in God, and I was firmly convinced that there was hidden deep within us all something that once lit would illuminate all things both in heaven and earth.

In the same *Review* it said: "Voltaire did more than any other Frenchman to make the people think." I can only say that he started a train of thought within me which has never ceased to vibrate.

One thought leads to another, one discovery leads to other unexplored regions. This year came the great change in my life. Outwardly I was the same happy-go-lucky-devil-may-care-come-and-go person as before. Inwardly it was

a year of self-contemplation, deep meditation and secret communion with my higher self.

At the end of the year I had arrived at certain conclusions about life which I have never departed from. I had gained a spiritual poise which helped me.

When I was twenty life wore a still more serious aspect. I became interested in Labour, or I should say in Robert Blatchford's articles appearing in the *Clarion*. His writings on Nature, Poetry, Philosophy, Life, were my great weekly treat. Thousands of men and women in the Lancashire factories owe their education to Robert Blatchford.

He was our literary father and mother. He it was who introduced us to Walt Whitman, William Morris, Edward Carpenter, Ruskin, Omar Khayyám, the Early English Poets, Emerson, Lamb.

Robert Blatchford has always kept Labour clean, fresh, upright, virile. His downright honesty, simple sincerity, public courage, his great intellect and his big heart, have done more for Labour than Labour will ever realize. The criticism of Labour has always been that Blatchford is an arm-chair philosopher; and yet his pen has done more to voice the claims of the people than his critics have done with their united voices.

Whatever Mr. Blatchford inspired it always

carried with it the clean fresh air of the countryside, and the simplicity of Nature. Robert Blatchford, through the *Clarion*, and his brother, Montague Blatchford, through the Vocal Choirs which were spread over the hills and dales of Lancashire and Yorkshire, were the true friends of the simple, big-hearted, book-loving, wisdom-seeking people whose lives were spent in the dark mines and the overheated cotton factories of the North.

The reading of books made me more serious, and at last I decided to join the Oldham Clarion Vocal Union. I could not sing, but I thought the practice would be good for me, and I felt I should meet others whose ideas were very much like my own, which really meant that they were *Clarion* readers.

It was a fine choir, and the conductor, Mr. Chatterton, was acknowledged to be practically the next best conductor to Mr. Montague Blatchford himself.

There was always one rehearsal a week, sometimes two. On Sundays, if there was a celebrated Labour man speaking, we were invited to sing at the meeting. We also joined Choir Contests in various parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire. One prize we gained I always claimed as mine, not because I sang, but because I had the good sense not to sing! So we carried away the trophy.

In the summer-time the Clarion choirs from all over the country assembled at some favourite spot, and each town competed with the others. It was a great day, and the singing that took place in the open air, or near the moors and the bracken, was beautiful—a joy that lasted for weeks. They were happy times, free from care and responsibility, and filled with a spirit of good-will to every one—enviable days which never repeat themselves!

CHAPTER IV

THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER—I MEET MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST—THE FIRST MILITANT ACT—THROWN OUT OF THE FREE TRADE HALL MEETING

Christmas, 1904, and the beginning of the New Year, 1905, were weeks of sadness and grave anxiety on account of my mother's health. She was too ill for Christmas festivities, and the New Year had scarcely dawned when she died.

My mother's faith was more the faith of a child. The only thing she desired was a heaven where she could be at peace; release from a world full of struggle to make both ends meet, a world full of anxiety and hard labour.

To my mother I owe all that I have ever been, or ever done that has called upon courage or loyalty for its support.

It was in the same year that I met Miss Christabel Pankhurst. With my mother's death the cement of love that kept the home life together disappeared. We felt more like individuals in a big world than a family group, and each planned his life according to his or her ideals.



MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

How little I realized the far-reaching effect that such an apparently simple action as joining a choir would have on my life! My object in joining the Oldham Clarion Vocal Union was a desire for companionship among people whose ideas were in harmony with my own. I made good friends with another member of the choir, Miss Jane Ogden, who was also a member of the Oldham Trades Council. The Council had invited Miss Christabel Pankhurst and Miss Theresa Billington to speak on Woman Suffrage, and Miss Ogden asked me to attend the meeting as her guest.

I had never heard about Votes for Women. Politics did not interest me in the least. I had never read any newspaper but the *Clarion*. I went to the meeting spontaneously, as I have done with most things in my life. I was not particularly excited, the name Pankhurst conveyed nothing to me.

I heard Miss Pankhurst and Miss Billington (now Mrs. Billington Greig) speak. Miss Pankhurst was more hesitating, more nervous than Miss Billington. She impressed me, though. She was most impersonal and full of zeal. Miss Billington used a sledge-hammer of logic and cold reason—she gave me the impression that she was a good debater. I liked Christabel Pankhurst: I was afraid of Theresa Billington.

The questions and the answers on “Limited

Suffrage" were Greek to me. I did not know to what they were referring.

When the meeting was over, those in the audience whose minds responded more to cold logic, drifted towards Theresa Billington; those who responded to the human side, drifted towards Miss Pankhurst. It was amusing. It was like a table where two courses were being served, one hot, the other cold. I found myself, plate in hand, where the hot course was being served. Before I knew what I had done I had promised to work up a meeting for Miss Pankhurst among the factory-women of Oldham and Lees. I walked to the station with her, and before we separated she had asked me to spend the following Saturday afternoon with them at their home in Nelson Street, Manchester.

The following week I lived on air; I simply could not eat; I wanted to be quiet and alone. I did not feel elated or excited. A sense of deep stillness took possession of me. It was as though half of me was present; where the other half was I never asked. For the first time in my life I experienced real loneliness. I instinctively felt that a great change had come. I was losing my old girl-friends of the factory.

When Saturday arrived I was a little excited. I rushed home, changed my clothes, fled to the station, and later found myself at the door at Nelson Street.

It was opened by a woman with one of the kindest faces I have ever seen. I found later it was the housekeeper. Helen was her name. She was a treasure; faithful, true, loving—and the last time I saw her, about four years ago, she was as good and true as ever.

I was shown into a large drawing-room, very artistically furnished, and Christabel introduced me to her mother. Mrs. Pankhurst had the gift of putting you at your ease immediately. I liked her, but all the time I was drawn to Christabel. She sat very quietly in a corner. She had a way of looking vacant, as though she were thousands of miles away, but I discovered later that all the time she was making indelible mental notes about me that were never erased.

We discussed the forthcoming meeting in Oldham, fixed the date, and Christabel drafted the handbill. I had decided to ask the choirmaster to let the choir sing as an attraction. When everything was settled it was getting late, and I had a long way to go to my home, so I departed.

I started working up the meeting. I approached the choirmaster, who said the choir could sing for us. I got the handbills, and putting about fifty in a wrapper, posted them to some people I knew who worked in the factories round Lees and Oldham. My sister and I went to Oldham and gave the other bills away.

The night of the meeting arrived. I had per-

suaded a sister to take the chair for Miss Pankhurst, but my future leader insisted on my promising to say a few words. It was a stroke of good fortune that the choir turned up, as they were the only audience we had to address, save Alice Hurst and another friend! There was no living interest in the question.

This meeting made the link stronger between Christabel and myself. Every Saturday I found myself at Nelson Street, and one day I was surprised to hear that they had arranged a meeting at Tib Street, at which I had to speak. Tib Street is just off Market Street, famous for its Labour and unemployed meetings.

I pleaded for exemption, but it was not granted, and I found myself at about seven o'clock at night, mounted on a temporary platform, addressing the crowd. What I said I do not remember. I suppose I touched on Labour, the unemployed, children, and finally summed up the whole thing by saying something about Votes for Women. This was my first public speech.

I suggested that a good place for meetings would be the Fair Ground in all the towns around Manchester. The idea was jumped at by Christabel. One town we visited was Blackburn. I had to speak at every meeting, and I had to start by telling them I was a factory-girl and a Trade Unionist.

When the meeting at Blackburn was over

one of the officials of the local Trade Union approached me and asked whether I thought I could give them a week or two's organizing among the girls, persuading them to join the Trade Union. This pleased Christabel. She saw ready-made audiences to speak to, and she advised me to try and accept the offer.

The following day I approached the overlooker at the factory and asked if I might be allowed off for a week or two. It was quite out of the ordinary routine of factory life, but after much talking I got his consent. As I was leaving the office he came up to me, looked me straight in the eyes, and said, "Well, Annie Kenney, you've won. You ought to make a fortune with that tongue of yours!"

I went to Blackburn and held meetings among the women and girls of the factories. I worked for two weeks among them. When my two weeks were finished the Trade-Union Official informed me that I had made more members during my visit than they had made in a year. The news of this success pleased and encouraged me.

It was not until I had worked among them that I fully realized the necessity of having women on the local committees. There were 96,000 women members of the Trade Union, and yet there was not one woman official.

After a talk with Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel

on this subject, they asked me to put my name down for election on the local committee in Lees. This I did, to the surprise and amusement of the other women. I started to canvass for myself, and asked all the women I knew to vote for me and persuade their friends to do the same.

The night of the election arrived. The hall was crowded. There were two seats vacant, and there were three candidates, two men and myself. The vote was taken by a show of hands. When these were counted it was found that I had got more votes than either of the two men; I was at the top of the poll. The work of the local committee was to meet once a week. We sat and heard any cases of injustice, and also paid "out of work" money. Each member of the committee received 1s. for every committee meeting.

I decided to join the Correspondence Classes at Ruskin College. I thought it would be more helpful if I knew the history of Trade Unionism. I found the study of great interest, and the women enjoyed listening to what I had to tell them of this universal movement.

Fortunately for me, Mr. Crinnion, one of the veterans of constitutional Trade Unionism, a friend to the factory women, was one of the heads of the women's Trade Union, and proved to be a real friend to me. He helped me in every possible way, and took me to many meetings

to speak to the women and explain the necessity of co-operation.

Trade Unionism then was absolutely genuine. Its chief object was to protect the workers against real injustice, and the funds were for those who were out of work. The whole movement now seems to be one of mild revolution, and the one word that is used for all purposes is *strikes* ! It may be that Trade Unionism has had its day, and that the State may have to undertake the work done by the movement in the past. We are a democracy. Both men and women are now voters. We have the Insurance Act, the Unemployment Act, and much of the relief work that was done in the past by Trade Unions, has been taken over by the State, of which we are all members. The Government, under whatever name it governs, is chosen by the votes of millions of Trade Unionists, and the power of the vote, used with intelligence, foresight, and wisdom, could be utilized to make Trade Unionism unnecessary. Trade Unionism at one time was the only protection the workers had for their defence.

A short while after this it was announced that there would be a great Liberal rally in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, as a preparation for the much desired General Election. Mr. Churchill was to be supported by another prospective Minister, Sir Edward Grey.

What was to be done about Votes for Women ? Who was to do it ? The Militant Policy was then decided upon. It was not really "militant," except in so far as the methods of dealing with the question were changed, and a change in policy always has the appearance of rebellion.

The great difference between the old method and the new lay in the changing of a word. The old school said, "Are you in *favour* of women having the vote ?" the new school said, "Will you *give* us the vote ?"

Aspiring politicians could answer the old school ; none would answer the new school. The wisest among them saw the cleverness of the change, but pretended otherwise. They knew that it was the only way to win the vote ; they must have known !

Christabel Pankhurst decided that she and I would go to the Free Trade Hall meeting, wait until question time (quite a legitimate way of getting answers to problems perplexing voters), then rise and put this question to Mr. Churchill : "If you are elected, will you do your best to make Woman Suffrage a Government Measure ?" Instinctively she knew that the question would never be answered, for two reasons : had he said Yes, the Cabinet would have practically been committed to carry it out ; had he said No, the Liberal women would have pricked up their ears. Cabinet Ministers knew this ; that was what

made all the trouble. For the first time one single word from them was the only thing asked for—"Yes" or "No." Again the very simplicity of the case made it frightfully difficult for the average politician, the average voter, and the average party woman, to understand.

We made a banner, and inscribed on it the new war cry, "Votes for Women," and we decided if we were not answered, to stand up and unfurl the banner, so that all could see that the question that had been put was one on Votes for Women. We went to the meeting, listened very attentively to the speeches, and at the end questions were asked, some Labour men putting questions about the unemployed.

They were answered. Then I rose and put mine. No reply. The chairman asked for other questions. I rose again, and was pulled down by two enthusiastic Liberals behind me.

We then unfurled the flag. That was enough. The little speck of cloud gathered, which afterwards covered the whole political horizon, only to be dispersed by a greater, blacker, denser cloud taking its place—the war-cloud of 1914.

There was no answer to our question, and the strong arms of Liberal stewards dragged us from the meeting and literally flung us out of doors. This created a sensation. A great part of the audience followed. I addressed them. At least I made an effort to do so, but before I had

explained what had happened I found myself in custody and being marched off between two policemen. The strange thing was that I had not the least fear. I did not feel ashamed at the crowds seeing me marched off. I had indeed started a new life. My admiration for Christabel and my belief in what I was doing kept me calm and determined.

CHAPTER V

SENTENCED TO THREE DAYS' IMPRISONMENT IN STRANGWAYS GAOL

On the following day, October 14th, 1905, we put in an appearance at the court, and were found guilty of obstruction. The court procedure did not impress me in the least, though I had a little strange quivering sensation when I heard the magistrate sentencing me to three days' imprisonment, with the option of a fine of 5s. with costs. It was no doubt thought by the authorities that the fine would be paid and all would be over and soon forgotten.

But Christabel Pankhurst's mind did not work on those lines. One thing she did not wish, and that was that the episode should be forgotten. The bait had been strong enough ; the Press had bitten ; the night's catch was rich in the extreme. The very extremity of abuse, criticism, and condemnation hurled at us by the morning Press for such an inoffensive protest as that which we had made the previous night at the Free Trade Hall meeting, was in itself a sign that astute parliamentarians realized that we knew what we were about. As the question was not a party

question we were treated with hostility by the Press of both political parties—the party Press invariably joins forces against non-party measures.

The court was crowded. Manchester was excited. The name of Pankhurst being well known in the city, the case was interesting to the people. Not only Manchester was roused, but the whole country read about the episode in the morning papers.

And so the fight began. Christabel Pankhurst had declared war. Her army consisted of her mother, her two sisters, Miss Billington, myself, and about twenty working-women who had broken away from the Labour Party to devote themselves to the Cause. Her opponents' army consisted of two highly organized political parties, Liberal and Conservative, of the Labour Party, whose sympathy was "here to-day and gone to-morrow," of the whole Press, and of practically all women's societies. Two dozen women backed Christabel Pankhurst in the challenge thrown out by her to the people, the Government, the armed forces of the Crown, and the powerful force of the Press. How we should win, when we should win, I never asked. I lived then as I have lived nearly all my life, not in the past or in the future, but in the "eternal now." To live in the "now" makes life far simpler.

I think one accomplishes more if one lives each day as it comes. A certain part of the mind

may be traversing the future, or silently meditating on the past, but when the whole energy, thought, and vital force is concentrated on the particular piece of work in hand, it leads to success and contentment. My thoughts never dwelt on how long it would take us to win the vote, or on whether all women would become interested, or on whether we should ever win.

On my way to gaol I was aware of one thing only. I had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment and I was being taken to Strangeways Prison in an old cab!

Our supporters seemed delighted to see us sent off to prison, and the public seemed fairly satisfied with their morning's recreation. So everybody was pleased, including myself. My pleasure came from seeing Christabel's face lit up with a light that later in life I discovered meant Victory. She was pleased at the way I had carried out my protest on the previous night, and at the way I had conducted myself in the court, and I saw that she had confidence in me and gave me credit for sufficient courage to carry on until we were through. Her confidence in me gave me confidence in myself.

It is acknowledged by all leaders that the personal touch, the spoken word, the kindly look, the acknowledgment of bravery, the faith that each one will do his or her best, plays a tremendous part in the ruling of a people, the commanding

of a navy, the leading of an army into battle, or the inspiring of a cause. Christabel Pankhurst had the gift of making the most apparent dunce or the greatest dolt feel confident and useful. Development under her was certain. You had to develop. She just gave you your work and left you to carry it out. She expected you to do wonders and perform miracles, and miracles were indeed performed.

One of the wonders to me is that she ever raised in me a genuine passion for politics. No one who had watched my growth from girlhood would have believed that I could have entered into the spirit of them, and yet I felt within a few months as though I had been in the heart of politics all my life.

I remember very little of my life in prison. Being my first visit to gaol, the newness of the life numbed me. I do remember the plank bed, the skilly, the prison clothes. I also remember going to church and sitting next to Christabel, who looked very coy and pretty in her prison cap. She took my hand tenderly and just held it, as though I were a lost child being guided home. She guessed my feelings of strangeness, and no doubt I looked lonely and troubled.

I scarcely ate anything all the time I was in prison, and Christabel told me later that she was glad when she saw the back of me, it worried her to see me looking pale and vacant.

One other thing I remember quite clearly. My mother, who had died the previous year, came to me in my cell, and wore an approving look and a gentle smile, which comforted me, and gave me the assurance I needed that I had acted rightly and that she was pleased with me. This was a great consolation.

None of my family had the faintest idea I was in prison until they read the news in the papers. Two of my sisters paid me a visit, and asked if they might pay the fine and give me my release—it was thoughtful of them not to pay it before asking me. I said No, our policy being “Prison, or Votes for Women,” and at the moment I felt I might be in prison all my life.

The day of my release was a happy and exciting day for me. Members of the choir were waiting to welcome me, two of my girl friends from the factory, two sisters, and many strangers. A telegram had come from the overlooker at the factory during my absence, demanding my immediate return, but I of course had been in prison when it arrived.

Mrs. Pankhurst greeted me by saying, “Annie, as long as I have a home you must look upon it as yours. You will never have to return to factory life.” The news did not surprise me, as I had been told by a still small voice in prison that this would happen to me on my release. As I had been living with them for weeks I accepted

the offer as though I had been asked to stay to lunch, and what they thought of the calm way I took the news I do not know.

I was excited when I heard of a big rally to be held in the Free Trade Hall. It was to be a protest against our arrest and imprisonment. It is amazing the crowds that will assemble if they can protest against something or some one !

It was just a week from our being boo'd out of the same hall. It was packed, and hundreds were turned away. Bouquets and flowers were given to us, songs of liberty were sung in our favour. Labour was in great prominence, vowing support, and cheering us to the echo.

Christabel made a most eloquent speech, full of passion and fire. I delivered my speech, and I trembled as I made it. I felt nervous when I saw the great hall full of earnest, excited faces. I knew *the* change had come into my life. The old life had gone, a new life had come. Had I found on my return that I had taken on a new body, I should not have been in the least surprised. I felt absolutely changed. The past seemed blotted out. I had started on a new cycle. I was intelligently conscious that the change meant added responsibility. Truth is always illuminating, and Christabel Pankhurst's speech was truth to me. She it was who lit the fire which consumed the past. It was but a sign of growth that the eternal "I" within me had

gained all the experience it could from the old life, and had taken unto itself a more complicated and varied life, to acquire, learn, and gain greater experience for the development of the undying spirit which is deathless, ever on an eternal journey.

These are a few reasons which explain to me why some people are so little understood. They appear uncertain, capricious, changeable. Their thoughts are dynamic, their lives volcanic. The lava thrown out by such a human Vesuvius is sometimes dangerous and a source of annoyance to others, whose thoughts flow more evenly; and yet who knows that the heated material sent forth may not some day be used in the building up of a great structure? Apart from those whose human failings lead them into blind alleys, there are among these volcanic natures the poets, the painters, and the musicians of all ages and of all lands.

Those who appreciate the truth of the vibratory law which rules all nature, understand these rather fiery turbulent forces around them, and invariably one discovers that the lowest vibration of these people is higher than the highest vibration of the average man and woman. No wonder neither understands the other. Ordinary people quite innocently draw from the turbulent and vital person with whom they come in contact, the vital force of life itself.

CHAPTER VI

MY FIRST VISIT TO LONDON—THE GREAT LIBERAL RALLY—THROWN OUT OF THE ALBERT HALL

The Women's Bloodless Militant Revolution began in the North Country, the home of other revolutions, both bloodless and otherwise.

A little speck of cloud appeared in the sky. Only a few people in the whole world saw it, and even they did not realize that it would gather with startling rapidity until the whole sky was darkened.

There would have been no Militant Movement had a few leading politicians of 1905 really and honestly believed in women having the Vote. Most of them believed in the principle of tax-paying women having the right to vote, but they had not the faintest desire to see Votes for Women in practice. This problem of principle and practice faces each human being, and politicians are just human beings like the rest of us. Many people believe in vegetarianism on a humanitarian principle, but it stops there, just as it does with myself. The failure to put into practice accepted principles arises from weakness in one form or another.

Cowardice, laziness, vacillation in its many forms, lack of energy or backbone—which of these negative qualities was the cause of inaction on the part of the politicians of 1905—they alone can say.

When the big meeting was over, another great open-air demonstration was arranged on the cricket ground in Manchester. Two platforms in the form of trolleys were placed for the speakers. Christabel was the speaker on one trolley, I on another.

When we arrived, instead of a dog, a man, a child, and a few stragglers, which had been our usual crowd at the start of a meeting, thousands of people were present, all pressing forward to see the two “gaol-birds” and hear what they had to say.

It was at this period that Mrs. Flora Drummond, who later played such a prominent part in the Movement, joined our small forces. A few days in prison had done the trick. The public have remained unchanged since the days of the great Demosthenes, who, by the way, was a man our statesmen would have done well to study before assembling for the Versailles Conference. His oration upon the Crown was especially instructive. “All men are naturally prone to take pleasure in listening to invective and accusation,” he said.

The people love change and variety in its many

forms. They got their hearts' desire. Two rebels who were censuring the Government and accusing politicians; two women who had been sent to prison for interfering with mysterious people occupying such exalted positions as those of prospective Cabinet Ministers were something worth looking at! The Press made the movement famous.

Mr. Balfour (now Lord Balfour) resigned as Prime Minister on December 4th, 1905, and the King called upon Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to form an Administration. To celebrate the great victory it was arranged that a Liberal rally should be held in the Royal Albert Hall on December 21st. At this meeting the Liberal programme would be announced.

If it was necessary for us to ask a question at the Free Trade Hall meeting, it was vital that a question should be asked at the first great Liberal rally in London. The Manchester Labour Party organized a social gathering and Mrs. Pankhurst gave one of her daughter's pictures to be raffled to raise money for our fares to London. All the money that was necessary for the work in the very early days came out of Mrs. Pankhurst's pocket.

Tickets were bought, and I was chosen to be one of the women to make a protest. This was my first visit to London, and I have no impression of it except of buying hot chestnuts and

eating them as I walked up the Strand and Fleet Street !

Through a friendly Labour-man two tickets were secured for Mr. John Burns' private box, and they were given to me. Before the meeting I was disguised in a fur coat and a thick veil. My companion was an East End woman who was to come as my maid. We were almost the first arrivals in the hall, which action in itself would have given the game away later in the fight.

We waited patiently for the meeting to start. An express letter had been sent to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, which was timed to arrive as the meeting commenced, and it asked that a pronouncement be made on Woman Suffrage. Unless a favourable reply were given it said, I (which meant we) should feel called upon to make a protest.

No reply was given, much less a favourable one, so in the middle of his speech I got up and asked whether the Liberals, if elected, would give Votes to women.

As soon as the audience heard that sentence it rose in anger. I had pinned a banner round my waist, bearing the simple motto, "Give Votes to Women." I brought this out and hung it over the box. As I did so everybody roared with laughter, for it was upside down ! The only person in the assembly who could read it was myself !

In the body of the hall I saw the figure of an old gentleman, who was standing on his seat waving his hat in encouragement. I found soon afterwards that it was Mr. W. T. Stead.

When gentle persuasion had no effect in quieting me, Free Trade Hall methods were adopted by the Liberal stewards, and I found myself in the street.

It was decided that those who had protested should meet at Mr. Keir Hardie's private flat, off Chancery Lane. Mr. Hardie was always very kind to us in those early stormy days, when we were looked upon either as mad or as outcasts. He sheltered us when no other public person would have dared. I feel we owe him a debt for his generosity to us when we arrived in London so misunderstood. The thought of these kind acts, shown to us by a modest few, remained with me in the most hostile, inharmonious, and fierce part of the fight.

On my return to Manchester the one topic was how we could raise money to enable us to take part in the forthcoming General Election.

An idea struck me. Why not go out carol-singing as we used to do when I attended Sunday School? This suggestion was welcomed. About seven of us practised the day before, but the drawback was that none of us could remember all the verses of the Christmas carols!

Fortunately Christmas Eve was dry and fine.

So off we set when we thought that everybody would have retired for the night. We did our best, and a few people must have felt sorry for us, for they threw pennies from their bedroom windows. Then we thought of two friends of the Cause, who lived in Victoria Park, so we tramped Manchester again, and though feeling tired and sleepy we exercised our vocal chords once more. We were invited in, and the ladies, who seemed highly amused, gave us 2s. 6d. By the time we got home we had earned the large sum of 5s. 6d. through our night's labour !

Within a few weeks the country was plunged into a General Election. It was an accepted fact among all politicians that the next Government would be a Liberal one. Then came Christabel's second act of statesmanship : the decision to adopt a Militant Election Policy.

The policy decided upon by her was opposition to all Government Ministers unless a definite promise was forthcoming from the future Prime Minister (the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman) that Votes for Women would be included in the King's Speech. Cabinet Ministers pretended to be puzzled at this action. It was called illogical, stupid. " Why," said they, " oppose only Cabinet Ministers and not the rank and file ? "

Actually they knew better. They knew the rank and file had nothing to do with drawing up the King's Speech, and they also knew that

most of the electors were ignorant on this point, as well as most party women. So they felt safe in ridiculing the policy and encouraging their supporters to do the same. But their opposition was a stimulant, and we gained in strength and numbers with every additional dose they gave out.

In one day the whole of our tactics were changed. No more Private Members' Bills for us, we would have nothing less than a Government measure. The very simplicity of the case made it difficult to understand. The ignorance of Parliamentary procedure by the average man voter at the 1905 Election was staggering. For the first time the electors in Manchester were told of the stages that Bills had to go through; of the responsibilities of those who were chosen as Cabinet Ministers; all the tricks of the political profession, in fact, were discussed and debated at the street corner and in every schoolroom and hall where there were women speaking.

This in itself was a revolution in Election tactics. Instead of being shown two sticks, one with a gigantic loaf at the end and the other with a dwarf loaf attached, held up as emblems of justice and injustice, fair play and foul play, liberty and slavery, and so on, the electors were asked to listen to speeches on Parliamentary procedure, and on the justice of women's claims to share in electing the candidate who was to represent them in Parliament. Elections as run

to-day are just one great clashing of wills. The candidate with the best organizers and the cleverest speakers and canvassers, with temperament, vitality, and personality, invariably comes out on the top, especially at by-elections where each party can collect a greater force and concentrate on one constituency.

There is very little genuine educational work done in Elections. It seems a pity, for the public are ready to listen to speeches which are constructive and enlightening. Why keep all the electorate in the First Form when they are ready for the Sixth? Why should candidates be afraid of giving out to the electors the knowledge they possess? Statesmen and politicians will have to wake up. We are not living in the time of the Election of 1905. We are living in 1924, and there has been a tremendous world revolution, which has meant evolution and mental development. The possibilities for us as a people were never greater.

Looking back to 1905, I firmly believe that our little modest group in Manchester started a new method of politics by leaving out all feeling of personality. We dealt with opponents as representatives of principles not in harmony with those for which we stood.

Christabel at this time was also studying for the Bar. Where she studied, how she studied, when she studied, is to me still a mystery. She

was working for the movement the whole of the day and practically every night. On those nights that we were at home we sat round the fire discussing future plans. And yet when she graduated in 1906, she took the LL.B. degree with Honours. She was only twenty-six years of age. Once through, all books were put away, and like all personal belongings of the militant leaders, they became the lost, stolen, or strayed goods of the world. She never spoke of her degree, never used the letters that she was entitled to. This was Christabel.

CHAPTER VII

A GENERAL ELECTION—WE OPPOSE MR. WINSTON
CHURCHILL—WE INTERVIEW MR. BALFOUR—
I LEAVE MANCHESTER TO ROUSE LONDON
WITH £2—I MEET MR. W. T. STEAD

Fortunately for the new Militant Party, there was a prospective Cabinet Minister who chose as his constituency North-West Manchester.

To us the whole Election revolved around Mr. Winston Churchill and North-West Manchester.

We opposed Mr. Churchill, not because we had anything against him personally, but because he was a proposed Cabinet Minister, and we only haunted, heckled, and worried those members who were to have seats in the Cabinet if elected.

Well do I remember one meeting Mr. Churchill spoke at, in a school in Cheetham Hill, North-West Manchester, to be correct. I should say, tried to speak at, for the Suffragettes did most of the talking. In the midst of the hubbub Mr. Churchill complained of the bad treatment we were giving him, and in a petulant tone exclaimed, "Nothing would induce me to vote for giving the women the Franchise, and I am not going to be henpecked into a question of such grave importance."

The next day the papers were full of jokes about poor Mr. Churchill and the "henpecking" Suffragettes, and in a Manchester paper the following verse appeared with apologies to Lewis Carroll:—

"The price of bread," the heckler said,
"Is what we have to note."
Answer at once—"Who caused the war?
And who made Joseph's coat?"
But here the henpecker shrieked out,
"Will women have the Vote?"
"I weep for you," the heckler said.
"I deeply sympathize.
We have asked a hundred questions,
And yet had no replies."
But here the henpecker spread out
A flag of largest size.

His over-nervous temperament soon got upset at our constant questioning and interruption, and our speeches also seemed to trouble him. Mr. Joynson Hicks, who was Mr. Churchill's opponent, quietly appreciated our work.

Mr. Balfour, who had resigned as Prime Minister, was to visit Manchester. A splendid opportunity for us. A letter was sent asking him to receive a deputation. He consented, I should think more for the sake of peace than for any political reason.

The day of the deputation arrived. We were shown into a room where Mr. Balfour was waiting to receive us. How tall he looked, and how thin! The interview was arranged with the object of persuading him to make Women's Suffrage a plank in the Conservative programme.

But Mr. Balfour was not the statesman to jump at conclusions about the power or the force that any political party claimed, much less our small band of women, who had started their fight in prison, a place which is not liked by the constitutional, conservative minds of the Balfours of the world! His reply was very quiet, very dignified, but to me, decisive. It was summed up in one word: "No." The impression he gave me was that he had never given himself away either by thought or word. His eyes impressed me. I felt he had seen things that the ordinary man and woman do not see. Since then I have met many people who have the same expression in their eyes, sometimes intensified, and they have always been people who have studied psychics, the mystics, or Occultism in some form. I have met Mr. Balfour since then, but have always come away with the same impression—that man has never given himself away, never made a fool of himself. If he was deceived he would know he was being deceived. Many parts of his mind can work at once. To me on this occasion he was the essence of culture. To him we were a small body of firebrands, who claimed to have the power to overthrow Governments. Nothing came of the deputation, and Mr. Churchill was returned.

Mr. Keir Hardie was still among our most genuine supporters at this time. He was a personal friend of Mrs. Pankhurst, and the only man

we could rely upon to introduce our question in Parliament. It was most essential therefore that Mr. Keir Hardie should be returned at the General Election. He decided to stand for Merthyr Tydvil. Mrs. Pankhurst, who was looked upon as a great draw by the Labour Party, owing to her sympathy with Labour and her wonderful eloquence in speech, decided that it was most necessary that Mr. Hardie should get in. It was agreed that should he feel it was important for her to go and speak in his favour, she would do so.

An urgent telegram came which made it quite clear that his position was in danger. Mrs. Pankhurst decided that should she find the position really serious, she would send for me also. It could not have been my eloquence that was the draw, for my speeches too often were incoherent. But I had worked in a factory! I had sat on a Trade Union Committee! I had also been to prison!

The telegram came: "Send Annie at once," so at once I was sent. No time was lost in packing. I had nothing to pack, so that did not matter. My personal baggage consisted of a small brown-paper parcel; my public luggage of a larger parcel containing "Votes for Women" literature. Cabs, taxis, porters, were things for the future.

So I trundled along by tram, caught the train, and as I never had a good wrist for carrying things, was glad to get a seat. When I had bought

my ticket I had only a few shillings left in my purse.

I wanted nothing in those days, the only thing I feared was that I might be lost in a beautiful day-dream that had reached the fifth instalment, and pass the station where I had to change; but I arrived quite safely.

I thoroughly enjoyed the Election. Besides Mrs. Pankhurst there was the late Mary McArthur, and Miss Margaret Bondfield, but we did not make good friends as they were adult suffragists, and we were what they called "limited suffragists." I spoke at pit-brows chiefly, or at trade-union gatherings. Being a real lover of the wilds, the rainy, windy weather had no effect on me, and we had a fine campaign.

When the Election was over, Mr. Hardie asked Mrs. Pankhurst whether I might be left behind to work among the women. This was for two reasons: to keep them interested in Labour, and also to ensure his having sufficient backing for any stand he felt he could take on the Woman's Question in the House of Commons. I stayed behind, planned a big campaign, and started organizing meetings all over the constituency.

I had just finished working out a programme for at least a month, when a telegram arrived: "Return at once, sending you to London." I had once said that if they would raise £2 I would go and rouse that great city!

It was a case of "Fools step in where angels fear to tread." My ignorance or innocence of political life in London was my best protection. Though I was twenty-six I knew very little of life. A city had no terrors for me. Opposition in London meant no more than opposition in a little Lancashire town. I was full of hope and of unquestioning faith that success would be ours.

I shall never forget my journey back to Manchester. I heard my still small voice. The few things that it told me to do were wise. The advice was: Work hard; be loyal; keep your mind concentrated on the work in hand. The sky, the foamy floating clouds, the waving trees, all seemed to understand and to speak words of hope and cheer.

There was great excitement among the members when I arrived in Manchester. London was to be roused, and I had been chosen by Christabel and Mrs. Pankhurst to rouse it. Some of the members envied me, others pitied me.

I packed my little wicker basket, put the £2 safely in my purse—it was the only money I possessed—and started my journey to London. When I had paid my fare I had £1 and a few shillings change. Where the next money would come from, and what I should live on were questions that never came into my mind. I was living once again in the "Eternal Now," and

when all is said and done none of us can live one second in the past or future except in thought.

On my arrival in London I was met by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, who was the only representative the new Movement had in London. We went to her rooms, which were also to be my future home for many weeks. It was a small house, 45 Park Walk, Chelsea.

The following night she took me to speak at a meeting which was attended by the very poorest women in Canning Town. The Labour men had lent them the room. Sylvia and I told them all the wonderful things that would happen to them once women got the vote. Poverty would be practically swept away; washing would be done by municipal machinery! In fact, Paradise would be there once the Vote was won! I honestly believed every word I said. I had yet to learn that Nature's works are very slow but very sure. Experience is indeed the best though the sternest teacher. Poor East End women, we gave them something to dream about, and a hope in the future, however distant that future might be. We returned home late at night and I slept soundly, believing that we had done a good piece of work towards winning the Vote.

The things that impressed me most when I first came to London were Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament viewed in the twilight, also the Thames when there was a high

moon. If I wanted to let my imagination have a field-day, I crossed Westminster Bridge, turned down the steps at the end of the bridge, and looked at Parliament Buildings. Here I could dream of wealth and the Court. My day-dream at this time was all about Court life. King Edward and I were good friends, in fact he was more like an uncle to me in my day-dreams. Had I been asked to go and see him in Buckingham Palace it would not have surprised me, and I should not have been in the least afraid. This fear which creeps over people when they are to meet some person in an exalted position or highly placed in the social world, has always been to me a source of wonderment and surprise. I always say to myself—Why be afraid? There is nothing to be afraid of. Supposing I make a mistake and shake hands when I should not, or take my companion's arm in the street when I have only just been introduced, or fold my table-napkin at the wrong moment, or sit on the floor because I am the most comfortable there, or go without gloves, having lost them on the Underground, well, if they are thoroughbreds they will understand, and if they are trying to be something they are not, they will be ashamed of me, and never ask me again, and that will be the end of it. But as my mother always said, "They won't eat you!"

Trafalgar Square also impressed me, as did the

hawkers at Ludgate Circus. I went to look at Watts's pictures in the Tate Gallery day after day. I was not yet ready to appreciate works in the British Museum or the National Gallery.

Among the things that gave me great pleasure was buying a bag of hot chestnuts as I had on my first visit to London, and if I could afford it, taking the front seat on one of the old horse-buses and going from terminus to terminus. I toured London in this way, but not possessing a good bump of locality, I traversed the same ground many times over. Sometimes if there were no meetings I would go on to the Embankment and make friends with some woman derelict. I chose a woman because Mrs. Pankhurst had warned me before leaving for London, not to speak to any man in the street but a policeman! I was a most obedient follower, and I religiously kept my promise.

The tramp women and I made great friends.

One of these tramps had for her object viewing the Cathedrals and ancient Abbeys of the country. She told me she found this was the only way she could ever fulfil her ambition! She was very religious, and a great admirer of the Court. She said she felt herself to be a tramp reformer, as she always discussed life from an artistic standpoint! Her passion was to visit Russia, and go on one of the pilgrimages she had read about.

Among these tramps were poets and writers,

though their poetry is unsung, and their writings are not in books.

Some of the women were human tragedies, others human comedies; some were ignorant, others learned, but all were greatly interesting, and to me human souls, each learning her lesson, but living inwardly at different stages of development. Later, when, to gain experience, I slept in Salvation Army shelters and other places of refuge, I did not find these places quite so strange as I might have done had not these tramp friends of mine told me all about them in our nightly talks, watching the silent barges taking their cargoes up and down the old river.

A field-day I loved was taking the omnibus to Uxbridge. I used to wander miles, and there was an ancient tree that proved the best friend I shall ever meet. Sometimes I would finish the day at Lockhart's in the Strand. I never chose eggs, tomatoes or lentils, as these were our chief food at Park Road. One day it would be lentils with an egg perched on the top; the following day tomatoes with an egg perched on the top; the day after that, as a change, lentils and tomatoes with an egg perched on the top; and the following day again, to make our meals varied, an egg with fried tomatoes perched upon it and cocoa or a glass of milk.

I used to read the menu at Lockhart's as though it were a new novel. It took me quite a long

time to get through it; then I would start all over again, to decide what my evening meal should be, and in the middle of choosing I would suddenly realize that it had to be paid for, and it would take quite a little time to decide how much I could spend if I wanted to take the bus home. The waitress used to get cross, but being of a conservative temperament I always went to the same Lockhart's and chose the same table if it was free, so in time she got to know me. I gave her Suffragette literature, and like all Lancashire people, I confided to her our family history, and what had happened at the Free Trade Hall. So we became good friends, and she was never again cross with me, and allowed me to read the menu through as many times as I liked without hurrying me. I always left her a penny to show my appreciation of her kindness to me.

I had not been long in London before Miss Theresa Billington joined us, and Mrs. Pankhurst came to see what progress we were making, and also to make arrangements for the new Party's first public meeting. My instructions were to write to Mr. W. T. Stead and ask him to see me. He consented and I went to his office off the Strand.

As soon as I entered the room we gave a good long silent look at each other, and in a second we were firm friends.

Friendship is a mysterious thing. It is some-

thing that comes unannounced and uninvited. You work and live with people for years, and yet a bridge divides you. You meet a person casually, and in a minute something stirs within you. The secret springs of your nature fly open, the treasures of your heart are exposed.

Mr. Stead asked me to tell him about my life. I sat on the arm of his big chair, and told him all I could remember. Before leaving he asked me to promise that I would go to him if I felt lonely or in trouble, or if I was tired. "London," he said, "is not quite the city you think it is, and all people are not quite what your imagination pictures them. You are young in experience, but your optimism will carry you past many dangers. You have a far bigger work to do than you yet realize. I want to feel that you will come to me should you ever need help."

I felt quite solemn when I left. I was stirred and deeply moved by his kindness and thoughtfulness about my welfare.

Mr. Stead proved to be almost a father to me. Feeling as he did that I was in need of rest and change, he approached Mrs. Pankhurst and asked her permission to take me to his delightful homely house on Hayling Island. He used to read to me in the evenings but he never discussed his Religion or Spiritualism with me, which was far-seeing of him. His books on these subjects were brought to my notice long afterwards by

others who were also interested in the Spiritualistic Movement.

The following letter is one among many that I received from him. It was written at a later period—in December, 1906—but I shall insert it here :—

MY DEAR GRANDDAUGHTER,—

Don't you think you are a little monster ? I do. I had got permission to come and see you in Gaol, and then immediately you come out, and though you must have been just across the street ever so many times, you have never looked me up, or given me a chance of seeing you. Do you think this is behaving in a granddaughterly manner ? Pray understand this is only a good-humoured way of expressing my desire to see you and to hear how you are getting on.

With best wishes and heartfelt congratulations,

I am,

Yours sincerely.

In the ordinary way he ended his letters, “ Your affectionate Granddad,” but this time evidently he meant to show he was a little hurt !

For weeks, in those early days I was speaking of, he lent me a room at his house in Smith's Square, where I could retire for a rest after a day's lobbying in the House of Commons. There is nothing so exhausting in this world as lobbying

Members in our British Parliament. Your head aches with the stuffy atmosphere; your legs feel they will drop off with the constant standing up to see whether the Member who has condescended to see some unfortunate lobbyist is the Member you have sent for. Your eyes ache, staring at nothing, after you have stared at the policemen until you can stare no longer. I should think there are more back-aches, head-aches, chest-aches, arising in that outer lobby than in any other building in London.

Mrs. Drummond and I used to amuse ourselves watching the walk of the Members, and critically examining the features of those who managed to come out to see some poor creature as deluded about lobbying as we were. When we did this we were less bored, and in fact often highly amused. If any reader has the misfortune to be placed in the lobby of the House of Commons waiting for some poor over-driven Member, my advice is, don't sit shivering; just study their faces, and you will be surprised how quickly the time flies. I have laughed more at the sights we saw in the House of Commons than I have ever laughed at the artistes at a music-hall.

New Members, especially, were most amusing. They were so conscious of having the letters "M.P." behind their names that they nearly tripped over themselves sometimes. I hoped women would not become so self-conscious.



MRS. PANKHURST.

CHAPTER VIII

OUR FIRST PUBLIC MEETING—CAXTON HALL— MR. AND MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE JOIN THE MOVEMENT

When it was decided that we must have a public meeting on the same day as that on which the newly elected Liberal Party was to meet, the question that faced us was finance. Mrs. Pankhurst had given all she had to give, and a big meeting like a Caxton Hall meeting needed money.

So Mrs. Pankhurst and I went to see Mr. W. T. Stead and Miss Isabel Ford, a veteran of Labour, a big-natured woman, and a generous giver. Each gave us a loan of £25. We were indeed rich.

Mrs. Drummond left Manchester to join our small enthusiastic group in London. She and I had happy times together, as our natures blended, and she enjoyed a good joke, a holiday, and a good meal. Both having a keen sense of humour, our very lack of funds amused us, especially when we had been quite solemnly discussing the great things we would do to rouse the people.

Looking back, they were the happiest days of all. It was the childhood of the Movement.

The London Movement at that time was composed of Sylvia Pankhurst, Teresa Billington, Mrs. Drummond, myself, and our landlady.

Caxton Hall was booked, leaflets were printed ; the only work was to secure an audience. We realized the necessity of having a full meeting, for this would impress the public.

It was finally decided that the only people we could really count on as audience were the unemployed Labour women from Canning Town, Poplar, and Limehouse.

I was sent to work in these parts, and it was heart-breaking work. How I had the courage and audacity to talk Votes for Women to those thin, sallow, pinched, pain-stricken, poverty-lined faces I do not know. I only know that I could not do it now.

We were able to meet them in groups, thanks to the local Labour men, who called them together chiefly to rouse them about unemployed men, or to walk in processions, or to persuade them to vote Labour at the Municipal Elections. Poor oppressed, unawakened East-Enders—every reformer using them for his own ends, and we were doing just the same ! though the Vote would ultimately be of use to them.

I grew to love them ; their quick tongues, their big hearts, their little prying gossips, their

love of company, all explained to me the secret of the success of every public-house and bar in the East End of London. To give no offence I had to drink a cup of tea with every woman I called to see, and it was a marvel how much I managed to consume.

I had not worked there very long when I felt that one thing was essential for the success of the Caxton Hall meeting, and that was that all the East-End people must have their fares paid, and more than that, that they must have a hot drink and food on arrival. I now realize why this brilliant idea came to me; it was because "an army marches on its stomach," and the East-Enders were the only army that had signed on for the first battle in London.

The day of the meeting arrived. The East-End women walked in procession from the various Tube stations, and the flags they carried were the Red Flags of the Labour Party.

On arriving in Caxton Hall they were taken into a large back room, and served with tea and buns. They were a happy joking crowd.

Afterwards we stage-managed them in various parts of the hall, and they waved the Red Flag and sang the "Red Flag" so loudly that the strangers present must have thought they had made a mistake and that it was a meeting prepared for Tom Mann!

There was a good sprinkling of strangers, all

looking shy and self-conscious. Two West-End ladies came in their maids' attire, as they were curious to see what the Suffragettes were like, and among the women of title was Lady Carlisle.

We made our speeches. Anyone who has ever heard Mrs. Pankhurst speak has heard one of the finest orators of the day. The whole atmosphere became electric directly she started.

When the meeting was over Lady Carlisle asked to speak to me. She said how much she had enjoyed the meeting, and put a five-pound note into my hand towards the expenses. She also asked me to go and see her, so that we could have a talk on the question. I lunched at her house soon afterwards, but there were no more five-pound notes forthcoming, and very little sympathy. The child of her heart was not Votes for Women, but Temperance, and I was not to be weaned away from Votes for Women to any other reform.

There was another lady at the meeting who sent £20 towards expenses. That was Miss Mordan. I went to see her afterwards, and she became one of our most loyal members and most generous subscribers. We raised, I should think, £50 in all, and the Caxton Hall meeting had been a success. Fortunately for us, Mr. Stead and Miss Ford gave us the money they had lent, and so we went ahead.

After my work in the East End I came to this

conclusion. That those who have a real desire to help the suffering, expressionless masses in the East End, should not live there. I refer to the individual, not to those Sisters and Brothers of Missions who open their doors to the weak, the outcast, and the oppressed of all classes. I starved myself to be more one of them, to understand them, and merge myself in their existence.

I have travelled through all the great European cities, but I have never seen such drabness, such hopeless despair, such agonizing poverty, as I saw in the East End of London. I felt it was like one big long funeral, but the dead who were being buried were not the human dead—they were the dead of lost endeavour, of lost hopes, aspirations, faith, courage, and of all the qualities that go to make a consciously free man.

Not many weeks after the Caxton Hall meeting Mrs. Pankhurst had the good fortune to meet Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. She was deeply impressed by their earnest desire to hear the truth about the arrests in Manchester, and to meet two people who showed such human and sympathetic interest was a great surprise to us all.

She was asked to lunch with them in their home in Clement's Inn, and I was to join her afterwards. They wanted to meet some one who had been in prison.

I went, and from the first moment there sprang

up a deep friendship between us which has never really been broken, in spite of the severance which took place much later, owing to policy. I was more like an adopted daughter than a friend, and many comforts and a few luxuries were very soon mine that had not been mine before meeting the two new friends who were to play such a leading part in the Militant Movement.

Only a few people had shown interest in the Caxton Hall meeting, but before many weeks had elapsed it was decided to form a London Committee. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst was made hon. secretary, and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, the greatly appreciated new recruit, was asked to be hon. treasurer. Though we had nothing to treasure, we never doubted that the day would come when we should have that most necessary material—money.

To put me on a committee was like putting a doll or a dummy there. I had never any suggestions to offer or any ideas to contribute. After the meeting was over my head was hot with scores of ideas all tumbling over each other, and when I retired at night I could have made suggestions which would have startled the other members, even had they been of no use. My grandmother always hinted that I should be one of those people who are troubled with “after wit.”

An autocracy suits my conservative, liberty-loving nature. I either like to be told what to do, provided I have a deep admiration and profound respect for the one advising me, or I like to be left absolutely alone to act in my own way. The Committee was necessary, however, besides, we had won a recruit worth having. We could have headed notepaper, and we could ask sympathizers to come to Headquarters and join us in our work. Mrs. Lawrence is not a woman who will play at work, or work without method, or from pure inspiration. She must see where she is going, where the road will lead, and what the obstacles may be to block the path. She was the person we needed. Christabel, Mrs. Pankhurst, and I, were too temperamental and purely intuitive. So Providence sent the right woman at the right time to help in turning the tiny little vessel into a great liner.

Before many weeks, offices were taken at 4 Clement's Inn.

This was the real home of the Militant Movement.

It was at this period that Mr. Lawrence threw himself into the work heart and soul. Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel decided that they would break up their home in Manchester. This meant a wandering life for both of them. Renouncing their pretty artistic home life, with their homely housekeeper, Helen, who loved

them all as though they were children, they secured rooms just where they could. How uncomplaining, how simple, how good they were ! Mrs. Pankhurst must have silently suffered many times, for hers is a nature which loves comfort and the pretty things of life.

Christabel had the most æsthetic nature. The only thing her mind ever dwelt upon was the Movement. When we took walks together in the country we always carried with us a notebook, pencils and a knife to sharpen them with. If we were sitting up late at night enjoying the warm crackling wood fire, when we were week-end guests at the Lawrence's country home, pencil and paper would be there, so that no idea was lost, no conversation which turned on the work forgotten. Apart from the original thoughts which seemed to just drop from Christabel's brain, exactly as a seed falls into the ground, practically all the work, the tremendous organization, the terrific schemes that came in later days were thought out in this way.

The Committee grew larger, but only for a short time—Christabel found it a stumbling-block to her swift brain—so, like all autocrats, she swept it away. It was keeping her back from swift action. No general on a battlefield would have tolerated interference with sweeping tactics, and why should she ?

Processions, Albert Hall meetings, raids on

Parliament, tactics in prison, smashing of Cabinet Ministers' meetings, the varied forms of advertisement (of which we were admitted to be past masters), all were decided, debated, discussed, analysed, and counter-discussed round the breakfast, lunch, or dinner-table at the Lawrence's home, in the old courts around the Strand, round the fire at Holmwood or in the woods around Leith Hill. If the beautiful woods there could have spoken, Scotland Yard would have forestalled many a Militant attack.

It was a splendid way of organizing a Movement, and it will explain to the public why it was that no plans were ever given away. Faithfulness, unity, and harmony were the spirits that hovered over us.

CHAPTER IX

AN EMPTY EXCHEQUER

Our success as an organization commenced when Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence joined our small band of workers in the spring of 1906. They brought to the Movement qualities that are the basis of a firm and lasting foundation.

Mrs. Lawrence had only been with us for a week or so when she put the Committee on a proper financial and business-like basis. Her position as hon. treasurer was at first difficult. She started with an empty exchequer, but before five years had elapsed she had raised over one hundred thousand pounds!

Most of the spectacular side of the Movement was conceived in Mrs. Lawrence's brain; she understood her public. Her love of pageantry, her passion for colour and music introduced into the Movement a lighter, freer, and gayer side. The pageantry of the Movement played a great part, not only in popularizing it, but also in making popular the people who were the builders.

As a treasurer Mrs. Lawrence had the most wonderful gift of appeal, not only in speech but in the written word. Quotations that are now

famous were introduced by her either in letters, or were inscribed on banners: "Thoughts have gone forth whose powers can sleep no more" was one that she introduced and which became so popular among the people.

Her interest in the life of the people made her very understanding about holidays and pleasures for the workers; we had not a day for play until Mrs. Lawrence made the rule.

Christabel Pankhurst always said that the Lawrences were the people who first of all made her really enjoy a holiday.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was born for national executive work. As the home life of people always appeals and impresses me, I must say I have never enjoyed home life as I did when I visited her country home in Surrey; it was a privilege and a deep pleasure.

Staying with Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence in the country, one had a sense of freedom and of rest, of perfect tranquillity and of the harmony that country life gives. Culture permeated the whole place, and this is helpful to those whose work has always been hard, and whose financial means are small.

Mrs. Lawrence's powers of deep reflection and of vivid imagination helped Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel in building up a gigantic work that will leave its effects on generations yet to come.

Mr. Lawrence was the only man who played

a part in the inner working of the Militant Movement. We owe him a tremendous debt for the stupendous work he did in helping to build up the Society. The well-run and highly organized staff and office were the work of his brain. However good the workers were, they could never have done such perfect work without the perfect conditions which he created. Regularity, order, method, were the rules laid down.

The organization which the tremendous demonstrations involved was the work of one person, who mapped out the plans, who planned the innumerable details, who saw the effect of the scheme before it was finished, and that person was Mr. Lawrence. His clear-cut, finely defined ideas on the scheme in hand helped to ensure its success. He saw everything that might happen, and worked accordingly. His capacity for detail in big schemes made it possible for the Movement to venture on gigantic plans which would never have been thought of, or if thought of never ventured upon, if he had not been behind the scenes, working, planning, scheming to make success doubly sure. On the great day he appeared to be one of the crowd, but he watched with a critical eye for the places which must be repaired as occasion arose.

The paper, which played a great part in the work, was conceived by Mr. Lawrence. He, with his practical experience of politics and of

public life, saw the necessity of the Movement having an organ which would voice its demands and give some account of its work. This in itself meant much labour and added responsibility.

They were happy days, and as I look back I can honestly say that it was not until Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence left the Movement that I ever experienced a sense of real responsibility.

Apart from policy, which was always decided upon by Christabel, Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence accepted practically all final responsibility for the success of the Movement.

While they were with us we were one of the most highly organized societies this country will ever see; after they left we were a fine body of militant women in a revolutionary work, but the Movement as a movement grew smaller. It lacked the method, the order, that the Lawrences brought to the work.

It may be that many people will not agree with this, but it is nevertheless a fact.

Now the reader will ask: "Who conceived ideas, who laid the plots, who organized them, who carried them out?"

The true and inner secret of the Militant Movement was that we were an autocracy. No committee ever has, or ever will, run a revolution. Whether that revolution be bloodless like the women's, or dripping with tears and blood like the Russian, they may say a committee runs it,

but probe deeply enough and you will find one head that towers above all others, one brain that is aflame with ideas, a pair of hands which guides the team, and a pair of bright impenetrable eyes that see, search, know, and understand the where and whither of every move that is made on the Revolutionary chess board.

That was so with the Women's Bloodless Revolution, and the name of the autocrat was Christabel Pankhurst.

But paradoxical as it may seem, though we were an acknowledged autocracy, never did members have greater liberty of action, provided they kept strictly to the main policy laid down. The discipline the new members had to undergo was good for character building, but once they were proved to be "true blue" they had militant materials given to them to utilize as they thought best. Kitchener and Haig, Scotland Yard and the Secret Service Department lost good stuff owing to some women being women and not men. And yet if they had gained, our Movement would have lost some of its best material.

Christabel's reserve, her instinct, would have been appreciated by Talleyrand, the "Politie Man" as Bulwer Lytton called him. Talleyrand in a speech delivered at the French "Institute" said: "A Minister of Foreign Affairs ought to be gifted with a sort of instinct which should always be prompting him, and thus guarding him,

when entering into any discussion, from the danger of committing himself. . . . Diplomacy is not a science of craft and duplicity. If sincerity be anywhere requisite it is especially so in political transactions, for it is that which makes them solid and durable. It has pleased people to confound reserve with cunning. Sincerity never authorizes cunning, but it admits of reserve, and reserve has this peculiarity, that it increases confidence."

Next to Christabel came Mrs. Pankhurst. Then I myself, as I was the first to join and remained to the end. I was not only a member and organizer, I was the closest friend and companion to the one whose brain had conceived the idea of militancy. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Flora Drummond, Jessie Kenney, and after 1912, Grace Roe. Hundreds of others played a big and important part in the work, but these people played the leading rôles and bore the great responsibility in the Suffragette drama.

What won was good organization, stamina, morale, good fellowship, loyalty, burning zeal, co-operation, and correlation of ideas in all departments.

The Movement was divided up into two parts, although they were as one from a strategical point of view. The two parts were (1) Constitutional, and (2) Militant. Militancy was divided up into many parts.

Mrs. Tuke was one of the most valuable people who ever joined us. She possessed those qualities so needed in a movement—wisdom and good plain common sense. Parents who came to see whether their daughters could be entrusted to us always found in Mrs. Tuke the born hostess. Patient, understanding, full of human kindness, never evading the points raised as to the dangers of joining such an organization, she was also clear in her explanations as to the knowledge and experience which would be gained by girls of character in our ranks. Mrs. Tuke was born with truth and faithfulness written on her heart. She was one of the big characters that the Movement had the good fortune to attract.

To Miss Kerr, who was Manageress of our new offices, we owe much. She was a born business woman, the right person in the right place at Headquarters. In Mrs. Sanders we had the astute financier. The organizers with their petty cash books had to be careful of every penny entered, the right discipline for us who were here, there, and everywhere in our labours. Mrs. Lawrence found in her an admirable understudy. If we were out in our petty cash book, it had to come out of our own pockets. We never thought of making an excuse. There was a mistake, and who could we expect to rectify it save ourselves? Money was scrupulously valued by Mrs. Lawrence. This was a good point, as money

meant nothing to a few of us who were pioneers of the Movement. I always admired, and still admire, the careful and methodical way in which the money was spent. That is why we did so much more with our money than Party politicians. Where hard work would tell, no money was spent on advertising. If a chair would be suitable as a platform, why pay a few shillings for a trolley? If the weather was fine, why hire a hall? If the pavements were dry, why not chalk advertisements of the meeting instead of paying printers' bills? If a tram would take us, why hire a taxi? This went on for years.

CHAPTER X

THROWN OUT OF THE LADIES' GALLERY—I MEET LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON

April 25th, 1906, was a red-letter day for me. I was to have a seat in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, in order to join in a protest that had to be made. Mr. Keir Hardie introduced a motion which stated that sex should no longer be a barrier against Votes for Women. I understood Parliamentary procedure sufficiently to read the unexpressed thoughts of my leader, which were, "It will be talked out."

I was called upon to be one of the small group which was to wait with patience until about three minutes to 11 p.m. Then if the Member, whoever he was, grew more eloquent as minutes passed, we were to rise and call out "Divide, divide!"

The famous banner was, as usual, part of our clothing. How tired I got, not of listening to the speeches, but of waiting until three minutes to eleven! Our faith in Members was exactly like the faith of the old lady who was told that if she had sufficient faith, the mountain which continually threw a shadow on her home would

be removed. After much waiting she told a friend that "she had had faith, but she had known all along that it wouldn't!" We had faith that Parliament would vote for the motion, but we knew all along they wouldn't!

When three minutes to eleven arrived, Sir Samuel Evans, then Mr. Samuel Evans, an avowed opponent of Votes for Women, was talking as though he had just finished a strong cup of black coffee, and was wide awake preparing for a good long speech. We rose, and gave one long shout, "Divide!" Members looked startled. Everything seems so slow in Parliament except when there is a protest from an outsider! Then events move fast.

Within a few minutes we were in the cold fresh air—such a relief after the heavy germ-laden atmosphere of the Inner Chamber. After my first visit to the Ladies' Gallery I was not in the least surprised that Members sometimes feel sleepy. It is a badly ventilated place, most enervating. The best that is in the air seems eaten up. The marvel is that Members of Parliament live so long, spending their lives in such an unventilated, old-fashioned atmosphere as that which pervades the assembly chamber of the Commons. I suppose all Members become microbe- and germ-proof.

The House of Lords seemed lighter to me, but as I have only been in the Chamber once

I ought not to judge the amount or the type of microbes which choose as their home those historic and beautiful buildings, the Houses of Parliament.

Soon after this protest I asked that my sister Jessie might come to London. She is much younger in years than I. Mrs. Lawrence said that she would take her as a private secretary.

When she arrived in London she looked a child. I could see that Christabel thought that I had been unwise to bring one so young into the Movement. I had faith in Jessie, we had not got lost over the moorlands for nothing. I knew that she had a fund of common sense, extraordinary sound judgment for her years, that she was brave, and that her loyalty would remain unshaken.

Jessie and I had a long talk on her arrival. We agreed that in work we would act towards each other as members, that we would never confide Union secrets out of our own departments, or try to shelter each other if we were rebuked for any mistakes we might make; that no Union work or policy should be written about to other members of the family. We kept rigidly to these rules throughout the fight. My sister Jessie played a unique part in the Movement—that is why I mention her name.

It was soon found that she had the most remarkable powers of organization for one so young.



LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON.

She was in prison at twenty-one; and after that she had the greatest responsibility, next to Christabel and Mr. Lawrence, for the success of the great processions, Albert Hall meetings, and deputations. Afterwards she was the head of the London Militant departments. Christabel insisted on Jessie's room being next to hers, as she looked upon her as absolutely indispensable for the carrying out of her London plans.

It was soon after I met the Lawrences that I also met Lady Constance Lytton.

Mrs. Lawrence took me to stay with her at Littlehampton. She and Mr. Lawrence ran a hostel for working girls in London. Lady Constance Lytton was also a guest.

Tall, majestic, noble, to me she looked what she was—one of England's great noblewomen. She always wore long flowing coloured scarves which reminded me of a bunch of lavender enveloped by clouds of delicate, varied hues. Her voice was quiet with a depth of feeling, and, to me, a touch of sadness. She wanted to know the why and wherefore of every move we had made. She was one of those who desired to know the truth of why certain actions had been taken. Once she also saw the necessity for militancy she joined the ranks of those whose one passion in life was service for others. It was a joy talking to her. She was so understanding and sympathetic even in her opposition. After her conversion

she was one of the finest, most unselfish, and most loyal of loyalists. She never demurred one moment from undertaking the most serious piece of militancy. Her passion and devotion for the working-class women in the Movement was quite out of the ordinary. She loved them and they loved her. She was one of the few people in the world that sees in others nothing but good. She never talked of herself, of her childhood, of her travels, her experiences, her love of music, but she would listen enraptured to the working women tell of their life, of their childhood, and she made them feel, each and all, heroines of the first order. Only those at the head realized the tremendous asset it was for the Movement when Lady Constance Lytton, a member of one of England's most illustrious families, joined us. If the mystic sages and seers of the world are those who understand the true meaning of the words, love and humility, then she was an adept in the school of the world's great occult human teachers.

I also met Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy, the beautiful-souled woman whose eyes had the light of eternal youth in them. She had worked earnestly for over forty years for votes for women, and though she was so old she recognized in Christabel the women's leader.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST LONDON ARRESTS—MYSELF AND TWO EAST-END WOMEN—SENTENCED TO TWO MONTHS IN HOLLOWAY PRISON

Events moved fast in the work, and I had not long to wait before I was to experience my first visit to Holloway Prison. Mr. Churchill was the cause of my first arrest; Mr. Asquith was the originator of my second imprisonment. We had been on a deputation to Downing Street, interviewing the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. In his reply to an appeal to him as head of the newly elected Government, whose boast at the Election had been their love of freedom, to give freedom to women, he in his frank way admitted that he had obstacles in his Cabinet, the greatest being Mr. Asquith.

A letter was immediately sent by the Union asking Mr. Asquith to receive a deputation. Mr. Asquith refused, and I was chosen as one out of a small group, chiefly composed of East-End women, to go and see him unannounced. I drilled my little band with the seriousness of an Army sergeant. Two were sent one way, two another, so that our battalion of about eight

people merged at a given moment for the great attack. The camouflage decided upon was that one of the women should occupy the policeman in conversation while I, the general, put my finger on the door bell and kept it there.

The door opened, but when the attendant saw a woman armed with Suffragette literature, it was banged to, and in a few minutes a head appeared calling excitedly to a policeman, " Arrest that woman who is ringing the bell. Can't you see that she is the ringleader of the lot of them ? "

I was arrested, and two other women were taken also for trying to rescue me. We discovered by this act that if we wanted to be arrested, the best thing was to help to rescue a prisoner. Arrest for ourselves then was certain.

We learned the law day by day without books, through observation and experience.

The two women who were arrested with me were two women from the East End : a beautiful character who must have been well over sixty called Mrs. Sparborough, and a lame woman extraordinarily clever, Mrs. Knight. The three of us were sentenced to a term of imprisonment. My two companions were sentenced to six weeks, and I to two months.

This was the first time I saw the inside of a prison van. Barnum and Bailey's Wild West Show sums up the prison van. Each species of humanity has its little cage with the small iron

grating to nose through. We were trundled along, picking up other specimens on our way to Holloway. Then we all alighted, shook ourselves out as it were, and were marshalled in a line by a prison wardress. Our names, our ages, our occupation, our addresses, our religion, our education, were all entered in a ledger, a book I have always hated. We were then locked in tiny cells not unlike a small pantry in a country house. Then we were all let out, marshalled again into another line, and each had a bundle of old clothes given to her. We all looked as though we were about to visit a shop that has as its sign three bright balls. Instead of that we were taken into a large room with a warm fire burning brightly in the grate.

A stern wardress told me to undress. I did so. My hair was taken down and the wardress put her hands into it exactly as though she was about to give me a good scalp massage, but instead she told me to put it up again, though my combs would not be returned to me until I was released. I was then marched to the bath, a grubby grimy bath it looked, but the water was hot, and a hot bath invariably brings ideas very swiftly, so I made in thought the most eloquent speech to the magistrate who had sentenced me. But in the middle of an inspired sentence I gave such a start; a great bang roused me, and I heard the wardress's voice saying, "Eighteen, you must

not go to sleep in the bath. Hurry up, or there will be trouble !”

Mr. Paul Taylor, the magistrate who sentenced me, will never know the great oration that was lost.

After climbing what looked like Jacob's ladder, we reached a cell, No. 18, which was the number on the canary-coloured medal I had to wear. When I was safely inside, the door was shut with a bang. What struck me was the lack of instructions given to “first-nighters.” A printed programme would have been helpful. There is a programme, but it tells of punishments awaiting those who do this or don't do that, no use for either intelligent prisoners or prisoners who ought to be in a nursing-home !

The toilet utensils amused me. They looked like toys. If you took an inventory it would read like this :—1 tin basin, 1 tin plate, 1 tin can of water, 1 tin dust-pan. (You used the dust-pan as a looking-glass, the only one you possessed.) We had to keep them as bright as though they were Waring & Gillow's best plate.

I went to bed, or rather I retired to the floor, and wondered what in the world was going to happen to me. I guarantee that if an accurate account of the thoughts that pass through the minds of those in prison the first night were registered (omitting those too drunk to have thoughts), you would find that they were centred

round those nearest and dearest to them. They would all be anxious thoughts. The whole atmosphere seems steeped with fear and anxiety.

The following morning about five o'clock I heard a loud bell. I packed my mattress and tried to copy the roly-poly pudding, but the treacle bit would show outside instead of inside. I took my tub in the tin bowl. It was about ten inches in diameter. I then cleaned the old tin cans, etc. Afterwards I washed the floor, yes, washed the floor for the first few days. But after that I soaped it and polished it!

I had many tips given me by old hands, and when I became an old hand I passed the tips on to others.

On this occasion I was in for special luck. I was passing the cell of an old hand, and I just had a second when the watchful eye of the wardress was not upon me. "I say, how do you get your cell-floor so black and bright?" I asked. The reply came without a pause, "Spit on it! Soap it! Polish it! What sentence? What for? Did your chum get away? Lawd, me another two months yet!"

I followed her advice, as far as the soap was concerned, and I had a wonderfully bright polished floor when I had finished my morning's labour.

Then came breakfast. The cell-door was unlocked. When it opened I saw in front of me a wardress and four prisoners. Two of them carried

a huge tin can with tea, the others had a large basket with dry, brown, tiny loaves. You had your pint of tea in your old tin mug. It was always a relief to hear that it was tea—I should never have guessed it by the taste. When I started eating the dry little loaf I always thought of the butter I had wasted having it with jam.

Breakfast over, we were marshalled for church. I loved church. The prisoners put their hearts and souls into the singing. We always had the old hymns with the old tunes. We were like one person for a brief fifteen minutes.

After church we went for exercise for half an hour in the prison yard. It would have been nice, but one's head got dazed with marching round and round the yard. There had to be a few feet between each prisoner, and no one was allowed to speak, a rule which I broke, with the result that I was soon sent back to my cell.

I felt we were treated as children, and before long we all acted as children. No responsibility, no initiative, is very bad for grown-up people of any class.

When the half-hour was over we were marched back to our cells, and locked in for the rest of the day.

There were lectures given once a week. I trust they have better speakers than the lady I heard. I was allowed to go, but I could scarcely sit still to listen, when, fortunately for me, my

wardress came and said a gentleman had come to see me.

His name was W. T. Stead. The wardress was quite excited and informed me she had a great admiration for him. The officials were more than surprised when they saw the warm welcome Mr. Stead gave me. They had to stand outside the reception cell, and not inside according to the usual custom, and this was very nice for me.

He brought me a pile of letters from friends, and read them. He told me he had seen Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and had been very firm about a permit to come into Holloway to see me.

I was so interested in all the news of the outside world, I forgot to tell him about what had happened to me, inside, which was that I had been searched like an ordinary thief. I am glad now that they searched me, but I was very humiliated at the time.

This ordeal happened very suddenly. The great jangling keys opened the door, and behold, not one wardress, but many, stood before me. I was told to undress, my hair was taken down, all my clothes shaken, and the cell was searched. What in the world could you hide, or what in the world could you steal? Afterwards I realized that the object of the search was "written notes," that were passed from prisoner to prisoner.

During the day we worked in our cells. We

had to knit stockings or sew postmen's bags. I chose knitting, and was soon an expert. During one imprisonment when I was in the first division I earned as much as 12s. 6d. at knitting.

The joy of release ! It was almost worth while going to prison for the supreme happiness of getting out. When I was released I summed up prison as follows :—Too much discipline, too little companionship, too much gloom, too little laughter. There is a sadness, an oppression, in every cell that goes to the building of that great structure. The mentality of the prisoners is very little developed, and I should think there is very little serious, genuine, and lasting reform carried out inside our prisons as constituted to-day. Lady Constance Lytton, in her book *Prisons and Prisoners*, tells something of changes brought about through agitation of Suffragette prisoners.

One class of people who have my sympathy in prison are the wardresses. Their work is monotonous, and their lives are spent with the undeveloped and disharmonized souls on life's ocean. They are on their feet all day long, and their pay when I was in prison was poor. I used to think that I would much sooner return to a cotton factory than lead the dull, dreary, uneventful, enervating life that these women lead in our prisons as run to-day. Some of them were far too good to be wasted there, and yet such kind, gentle natures

could be greatly utilized if the women prisoners could be divided up in groups, each group representing the different stages of personality or development or education, and these groups organized and utilized according to their capacity.

Holloway, Wormwood Scrubs, Dartmoor Convict Prison do not belong to the period of wireless telegraphy, radium, aeroplanes. The era of tremendous scientific discoveries is not the age for prison institutions organized and conducted on the lines upon which these prisons are conducted to-day. The people of the future will look with the same horror on these buildings as we look on the dungeons and the black pits of the middle ages. Prison is a peculiar place to live in. To the dull and inert it is boredom; to the over-active it is agonizing in its slowness; to the cultured and educated it is a constant source of interest; to the dreamer it is a nightmare. The imagination must be very vivid to get away from its deadening, soul-destroying atmosphere. It is a death-trap to aspiration and inspiration.

I was impressed by a fear that often swept over me, clutching at my heart and making it heavy. I found later that a dream I had once read of constantly came to me. A man who had been condemned to hell for a certain period, discovered on the day of his release from torment, that God had overlooked his name on the scroll of release. I used to wonder whether this might

happen to me. In prison you honestly feel that you might be forgotten, and the feeling is very real and the picture of the results of such a mistake most vivid.

On the morning of my release I was sick with suppressed excitement. I missed many picnics and parties as a child through getting so inwardly excited, not wanting to show my wild enthusiasm. The same thing happened when I received freedom. I was sick with joy. I missed an excellent breakfast after almost two months of dry bread.

CHAPTER XII

I VISIT MR. ASQUITH'S CONSTITUENCY: EAST FIFE
—WE STORM PARLIAMENT—MANY ARRESTS—
THE BEGINNING OF MILITANCY IN LONDON—
HOLLOWAY—THE OLD SUFFRAGE SOCIETIES
GIVE THE MILITANTS A DINNER ON THEIR
RELEASE

My second imprisonment made me a greater draw than ever at public meetings. I spoke in Hyde Park on the day of my release, and again on the following Sunday. On the Monday afterwards I started my first lecturing tour, the big towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire being chosen. All my speeches consisted of the wonders that would be performed once we had won the Vote, and of details of prison life, which interested or moved the people.

These changes were most suitable to my temperament. After the Lancashire and Yorkshire towns were visited my instructions were to join Miss Billington in East Fife, the constituency of our greatest opponent, Mr. Asquith. I had read about Scotland, but I had never visited that grand mountainous country. I enjoyed the journey, and I held a meeting in my compartment,

telling my fellow-travellers all about the "wicked man" whose constituency I was about to visit.

Scotland, believing in the Sabbath, made it possible for me to get a day of rest, and this was spent in writing a report to Christabel, addressing envelopes for the circulars which were to be sent out the following week, and retiring early to be ready for another strenuous week of hard campaigning. I do not wonder we succeeded in rousing the people wherever we went. They could not help being roused. We were never still for a moment. If we were not ringing a bell calling them to a meeting, we were chalking the pavements or the doors of barns, giving away handbills, speaking in the market-place or at the street corner, or canvassing from door to door. We almost ruined the profession of "Party Agents, Organizers, and Speakers." Our very activity and continuous energy were enough to make Party Organizers tired to think of their future prospects should we continue.

We made a mark in the constituency. We roused Scottish Liberal women, and gained many adherents, who afterwards proved to be the bravest and most daring of Militants and the most generous of subscribers. Scotland stood firm all through. East Fife was our first centre owing to our rancorous opponent being their representative at that time.

It was obvious why I was sent to East Fife,

Was I not one of Asquith's prisoners? Had not I been arrested on his doorstep in the attempt to make him listen to what Suffragettes had to say? No other person, except perhaps Mrs. Sparborough or Mrs. Knight, would have proved such a useful asset to Miss Billington as I, owing to my having been in prison. I had been in prison twice. I repeatedly reminded the audience that I knew what I was talking about. That is why I was chosen to visit the constituency of Mr. Asquith.

No one will ever surpass Christabel for tactics. Not a word was lost, not a movement overlooked. The politicians, the public, the Press, were like an open book to her, and we were all placed as though she were playing a serious game of political chess, her opponent being Parliament. I never had the least objection to being moved about on the political chess-board, and even if I, as a pawn, was captured, I knew that she would soon recover lost ground. Political movements can be won in two ways. One way, which is the easiest and the best understood, is by means of the Party Press. If the Party Press continuously repeats the same statements, they are gradually accepted by the public as facts. Facts, like fashions, only need repeating often enough to make them popular and much sought after.

The second way is by individual labour, which is more difficult. The Women's Vote was won

in the second way, though it was helped over the last ditch by the Party Press and Party Politicians.

From the very beginning the Party Press of both sides was against us, and there must have been a tacit agreement that hostility should be the policy of both the Conservative and the Liberal papers. The only happenings that were given prominence to were militant episodes. Only at brief periods was this hostile attitude broken down. This was when we had gigantic processions and demonstrations which attracted London, and the Press must have guessed that London and the provinces would want to read about the procession or demonstration that they, as the public, had taken the trouble to watch or to attend. The hundreds of thousands of meetings held throughout the country were left unrecorded, unnoticed, and yet on looking back I can honestly say that I, as one Suffragette, would not have had it otherwise. We should never have experienced the good, honest, healthy companionship that the Movement gave us had one section of the Party Press taken us up at the beginning of the fight. No political corruption ever crept into the Movement. Salaries being low, it was no inducement to women to join the Movement as a profession. Our very isolation was our best protection, and made us loyally cling to every woman whose badge was a prison gate.

Some of the meetings were really amusing. Incident after incident would happen, especially on a Saturday night when money had been spent more freely than usual. At one meeting I was addressing on Clifton Downs, Bristol, with Miss Mary Gawthorpe, a most irate man, who had been doing the week-end shopping, was continually interrupting. He got furious with the speaker, who to his annoyance turned all his remarks to good account, and at last in exasperation flung the Sunday cabbage at her. She caught it quite neatly, with the remark, "I was afraid that man would lose his head before the meeting was over!"

At another meeting in Somerset, an elderly man kept repeating the same statement every few minutes: "If you were my wife I'd give you poison!" Loud laughter greeted the statement each time. At last the speaker, tired of his repeated interruption, replied, "Yes, and were I your wife I'd take it!"

At one of the Liberal rallies in a West of England town, the speaker, a learned woman, was discussing Mr. Churchill, but much to the disgust of a local Liberal she spoke of him as "Churchill." "Show respect for a gentleman, if you please!" cried he. "But," replied the speaker, "you ought to feel honoured that I address him as Churchill. When you speak of Shakespeare you don't say 'Mr. William Shakespeare,' or when

you speak of Plato, ‘ Mr. Plato ’ ! ” The name “ Plato ” was sufficient. The humour aroused at the idea of anyone called “ Plato ” was too much for the audience, and that name broke up the meeting.

Audiences are strange things to handle. We were taught never to lose our tempers ; to always get the best of a joke, and to join in the laughter with the audience even if the joke was against us. This training made most of the Suffragettes quick-witted, good at repartee, and the speakers that an audience took a delight in listening to, even though they did not agree with them, were those able to make an audience laugh.

The campaign in East Fife being over, I returned to London. London had become a genuine centre. “ At Homes ” were held in the new offices, at Clement’s Inn. Teas were arranged at a profit, which went to the Union. Prominent women interested in politics, in women’s welfare, in children, in the unemployed, and in equal laws between men and women, all joined the ranks. Among the women of note who joined us was Mrs. Cobden Sanderson.

On the re-assembling of Parliament on October 3rd after the summer recess, the policy decided on by the Union was to have a Lobbying Committee. The news had been made public, what was the use of women going to Parliament unless the Press could tell the public that they were there ?

Parliament was not over keen to receive the Lobbying Committee, so only a small group of women were allowed to enter, Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and Mrs. Cobden Sander-son being amongst those to gain admittance.

The Liberal Whip was sent for and asked to take a message to the Prime Minister, which was to this effect: "Would Parliament grant the Vote?" The reply came: "No." This was the cause of our first protest in the Lobby of Parliament.

The protest meant quick action on the part of the police. The whole Committee was turned out into the street. I had been asked to give a promise that I would not be arrested, which of course showed me that arrests were expected.

On seeing Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Lawrence turned out of the House, I rushed forward and caught Mrs. Lawrence's arm. That was enough. The police thought I was attempting a rescue, and within a second I was again a prisoner. I had this advantage over the others, that I had been in prison before. So I very proudly gave them some bits of advice.

It was at this period of prison life that we were transferred to the First Division. This was owing to prominent social and political women being part of the Suffragette band. The difference was very marked.

There are so many books on prison life that it

is unnecessary for me to discuss it here. The things I appreciated in first-division treatment were, more letters, more visitors, more literary works, greater freedom. It was during this imprisonment that I earned the 12s. 6d. for knitting stockings. The 10s. gold coin I gave to Mrs. Lawrence as a gift, the rest I spent on a good meal at the Cabin Restaurant in the Strand—I had moved up one for my place of dining!

I read the Bible day after day, and I interpreted it quite differently in prison to the way I had interpreted it outside. It is a beautiful book, full of hope; the poetry of it is charming, and the wisdom and philosophy truly helpful to the struggling soul. The time did not seem quite so long. I made great friends with the wardress who attended the part of the prison where I was stationed.

On our release I heard good news. The silent feud that had been raging between Suffragists and Suffragettes was stilled for the time being. The old Suffrage Society was to give a dinner in our honour at the Savoy Hotel. What better gift could they have given us after a period of prison diet, even though the diet had been first class? Mrs. Lawrence bought me a very pretty green silk Liberty dress for the occasion, and I wore a piece of real lace. I was so pleased with them both.

Miss Billington responded to the toast, and I

was glad I had not to speak, as I could indulge in watching the faces of those present.

Miss Beatrice Harraden took me in to dinner. I enjoyed myself very much, and I thought the dinner good.

The famous Huddersfield election was by now in full swing. The by-election policy of the Militants was not a policy easily understood by the rank and file of Party men, and yet it was simple in the extreme. The policy was "opposition to *all* Government candidates unless a definite pledge were given that women would be enfranchised." "Yes," said the electors, "but you only break up Cabinet Ministers' meetings, and yet you oppose private members when there is an election!" Our explanation was obvious. The Cabinet alone were responsible for deciding what reforms should be taken up by them as a Government, but each candidate who was elected at a by-election, strengthened the Government in office and his election was looked upon as a sign that the policy adopted by the Cabinet was favourable to the electors. Therefore the by-election policy of the Suffragettes was wise, logical, and far-seeing. Cabinet Ministers knew this, and agents many times grew very troubled.

No time was lost after the Savoy dinner. I found myself on the high road to Huddersfield. The electorate were delighted, listening to prison experiences. Imprisonment in the First Division

was explained, and our appeal was that the electorate should return a man who would secure this for us if we were to be punished at all.

One morning we found at our committee rooms the following leaflet: "Men of Huddersfield, don't be misled by Socialists, Suffragettes, or Tories. Vote for Sherwell!" This gave us great pleasure, certainly more pleasure than it had given the committee which had found it necessary to have it printed. We felt we were a force, and the handbill was a sign that Mr. Sherwell's agents also felt that we were a force. Mr. Sherwell was elected, but with a reduced majority.

The election that I enjoyed most, and had the greatest fun over, was at Bristol. In one of the centres there was a splendid place for open-air meetings. We went there night after night, only to be shouted down by the irate Party men and a group of boys. I never got a word in edgewise.

As the chief organizer for the election I decided to send a dummy. The member chosen had never done any speaking before, but had a lot of pluck. She mounted the platform, which was a trolley, and started speaking, as the audience thought. At last a few of the ringleaders decided that it was not me, but a new-comer. They would give her a chance. Silence reigned. She said a few words about Votes for Women, but her eloquence did not satisfy them. "Why, you are no

speaker!" "I know that, that is why Annie Kenney has sent me!" Unfortunately for me, I at this moment put in an appearance. The usual songs greeted me, "She's a lassie from Lancashire," "Tell me the old, old story," "Never say die."

This went on for a long time, then I saw a little group putting their heads together. In a minute they had hold of the shafts, calling, "Pull along, boys, we're taking them home!" They dragged the trolley with us upon it a long distance. Then we saw two large iron gates not unlike a prison.

I said, "Look here, men, where are we?" "At home!" they replied in one voice. "We will bid you good night." We discovered we were at the gates of the lunatic asylum!

Another election that stands out in my memory was the North Staffordshire election. There is a very, very poor part there, and the women supporters of the Liberal candidate we were opposing painted themselves with dolly blue (his colours).

One of the Somerset elections was very rough. Bad eggs were the chief arguments used by Party Liberals against the Suffragettes. I went home night after night covered with yolks, the smell of which remained in my memory for weeks.

At one election in Wales, fish was the Liberal argument used against us. We took it all in

good part. Fish, flesh, fowl, or eggs, it made no difference. We had been instructed to keep the Liberal out, and we followed the instructions to the best of our ability, no matter how soft or hard the arguments which were flung in our faces. We were doing our duty to a leader whose instructions we followed faithfully at any cost.

Nuns in a convent were not watched over and supervised more strictly than were the organizers and members of the Militant Movement during the first few years. It was an unwritten rule that there must be no concerts, no theatres, no smoking; work, and sleep to prepare us for more work, was the unwritten order of the day. These rules were good, and the more I look back on those early days the more clearly I see the necessity for such discipline. The changed life into which most of us entered was a revolution in itself. No home-life, no one to say what we should do or what we should not do, no family ties, we were free and alone in a great brilliant city, scores of young women scarcely out of their teens met together in a revolutionary movement, outlaws or breakers of laws, independent of everything and everybody, fearless and self-confident. It was not only necessary but most wise to set the standard of "Early to bed and early to rise, for much work awaits you all."

If there is a resting-place in heaven a few of the responsible Militants deserve a front seat. We

worked for nine full years to breaking-point. I used to think that once the Vote was won I would turn tramp. As I had slept in Salvation Army shelters, casual wards, workhouses and prisons, the road would have had no fears, for I should be familiar with its many paths of travel and its varied places of rest.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FIRST WOMEN'S PARLIAMENT—CLOGS AND SHAWLS COME TO LONDON—ARISTOCRACY JOINS THE MOVEMENT—MY FIRST VISIT ABROAD

Nineteen hundred and seven was a red-letter year for me. In this year the first Women's Parliament was held. We called it the Women's Parliament, though the only thing discussed was Votes for Women, and the only thing demanded was Militancy.

Instead of having to repeat the same stale statements on every page, I should like to say that every year, sometimes more than once a year, individual members introduced a Bill, a Resolution, or an Amendment, on Votes for Women. The same play was enacted each time, the actors alone being changed. The same arguments were used by the 1907 politicians as those used by the 1883 politicians. The arguments were like the style of men's clothes, practically unchangeable. One man said women ought not to have the Vote under the said Bill, Amendment, or Resolution, because the "cream of their sex would be left out," the married women. Another Member said that women ought not to have the

Vote as it would mean married women getting it. Whether the Member was a lawyer, a logician, or a philosopher, all his learning seemed to be forgotten once he entered the fray against women having votes. "Illogical" was the only word that could be used when the debate was over, and yet on meeting these same men in private life it was amazing how astute, logical, and philosophic they were when discussing other political questions.

These debates were useful to us. They kept the question before the public. This cleared the way for the Militants, being a constant proof that constitutional means were ignored.

The Women's Parliament sat, and after many fiery speeches it was decided to march on Parliament. Mrs. Despard, a born democrat and a veteran of the Social Democratic Party, led the deputation. Arrests were many, but so successful was it from our point of view that another was arranged for March 20th.

The idea was to get the Lancashire and Yorkshire factory women to come to London in clogs and shawls and march on Parliament. We are all interested in the thing we do not possess! Mystery is always attractive. The West End is attracted by the customs of the East End, and the East End by the West End. The aristocrat delights in renting a small cottage, and the democrat in being possessed of a mansion. So clogs and shawl would attract not only the

public but Parliamentarians, who, like all people, look forward to a change.

Adela Pankhurst and I were sent off as recruiting sergeants, our territory being Lancashire and Yorkshire. We had a wet, wild and stormy campaign. Not only was the weather stormy but the tempers of some of the men whose wives we had coaxed or convinced into giving in their names for the deputation were stormy too. We told them it meant arrest. I am afraid I was too frank and open about this, but I knew the lives of those hard-working Lancashire women, and I alone fully realized the great sacrifices we were asking them to make.

The wildest parts of the Yorkshire and Lancashire moorlands were the parts from which we received most recruits. This was owing to the women being versed in Labour politics. Many, many are the happy evenings I have spent in some lonely cottage on the edge of the moors, not many miles from the famous "Wuthering Heights." The wife would have returned from her mill-work, having tramped miles during the day, the husband would also be at home. Tea would be served, hot muffins, tea-cake, sometimes cold ham, and a real good pot of tea. The fire would have been lit by a good-hearted neighbour, and the hearth cleaned. The lamp would be burning, and we would talk about politics, Labour questions, Emerson, Ruskin, Edward Carpenter,

right into the night. None of these conversations ended without thanks for Blatchford and Hardie. The sense of companionship that creeps around one, sitting in front of a rosy fire with kind people, is beautiful. When I retired I would listen to the wind whistling and howling over the moorland, and live all over again that world-read romance *Wuthering Heights*. Many were the nights in prison when I would in imagination go to those moors, look up at an ever-floating, foamy, cloudy sky, and smell the rich earth, and the bracken and wild heather. Thoughts of the moorland always bring tranquillity to my mind, and it always means the regaining of faith to me. They fan dying hope back to a bright flame. Only those who have lived among the moors; tramped them in summer and tramped them in snow-storms and hurricanes of wind; can understand the solace the aching heart can gain by relaxing and stilling the mind, and listening to the faint breeze caressing each brittle stalk of heather.

No deputation that I helped to work up gave me such supreme joy, satisfaction and happiness as did the deputation of March 20th, 1907.

The day arrived. There were some fiery speeches. The same indignation burned in our hearts. The fervour of Christabel was enough to consume us. I often thought of the scriptural teaching, "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up."

The Viscountess Harberton led the deputation and it had not proceeded very far from Caxton Hall before a great body of police formed a barrier to prevent the women carrying their petition to the House of Commons. We had arranged that a number of the women from the Lancashire and Yorkshire cotton factories should make an effort to approach the House in a wagonette, pretending to be sight-seers, but, alas ! on reaching the Strangers' Entrance they were suspected by the police on duty and beaten back with the rest of the crowd.

The struggle went on during the whole afternoon and evening. Extra police were called up and the fight soon became a very grave one. Many of the women were seriously injured and arrests were far more numerous than on previous occasions. Many celebrated women were among those who found themselves in a prison cell before the day was over.

Soon afterwards I went on my first travels abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence took Christabel, Mary Gawthorpe and me to Bordighera. My excitement was enough to put me to bed in a high fever. I was ready hours before I ought to have been.

The train to Folkestone alone was exciting. I enjoyed the boat. I did not feel a bit sick, and the journey from Boulogne to Paris I shall never forget. I was in France, in another country !



MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

We arrived in Paris just before night came on. Then cabs were hailed, and we drove over the cobble-stones to the Continental Hotel. How large it looked, but a little factory-like. When we were inside I marvelled at the grandeur.

We saw Paris, all Paris, of that I felt sure. I must have been very disappointing at times. One day Mr. Lawrence gave us a special treat. He took us to a shop famous for making hot chocolate. It was delicious, and when asked if I had enjoyed it I replied that I had never tasted a better cup of cocoa, never !

Dear Mr. Lawrence, how good-natured he was, and how understanding, truly democratic in the highest sense of the word.

The following night found us in the express for Bordighera. It was on this journey that I met the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. My lucky star must have been in the ascendant. Our party had just got comfortably seated at the luncheon table, and we were discussing the scenery, politics being tabooed at the table on holidays, which was wise, when I looked up, and who should be coming towards our table but the Prime Minister. My heart bumped, and I wondered what Christabel would expect of me. A look was enough : it meant " Do nothing." This seemed to me almost like treachery. " Do nothing," four Suffragettes, all ex-prisoners, and the Prime Minister alone ! The meal passed rather

silently. We returned to our compartment and on returning I asked whether we ought not to address him on the question. It was decided that should he return when we were having tea, Mary and I could speak to him, but no fuss must be made.

Feverishly I waited for tea. We went to the same table, and we had not been there many minutes when Sir Henry himself came to the table next to ours. This was a sign from heaven itself to me.

Mary and I were left alone, for which we were glad. As soon as he had finished his tea we leaned forward and said how glad we were to see him: that though he did not know us we had met him many times at his big meetings. He asked us to go over to his table and I told him who we were. He said he was very tired and overworked and was going away for a rest, and he did trust we would make no fuss. We told him we would not, but that we were puzzled at his placid attitude. He replied as usual that the majority of his Cabinet were against women having the Vote. I confided in him that I had never been abroad before, and we had a nice homely chat. When he alighted a few stations before ours he stood on the platform, waved his hat, and wished us a happy journey and a pleasant holiday. He always spoke of me to his friends in Bristol as, "My little friend, Annie Kenney,"

and he defended me at every dinner-party where the conversation turned on Militancy. I always warned Christabel never to let me get into too close touch with my opponents, or I should see all the goodness in them, a thing which would make it difficult to put up a fight against them. They must have guessed this, for they were always kind and courteous towards me if the occasion permitted.

We arrived at Bordighera at midnight. There was a full moon, which made the white houses of Monte Carlo and Mentone look ghost-like. The sea was shimmery, and lovely in its tranquil beauty. Those who have been to the Riviera and seen its glory under a high moon will understand the sensation I experienced on the first night of my arrival.

No holiday ever came up to that one. My first holiday abroad will remain with me to the end of my days, and the perfume from the flowers under my bedroom window still lingers with me. I have called it forth on many occasions in prison, when I have been bodily tired and mentally overworked.

Like all things, the holiday came to an end and I returned once more to the busy life of a Militant Suffragette. It was in this year that I was made Bristol Organizer. I had not been in Bristol long when I took on the whole of the West of England, also Devonshire and Cornwall. There

is not a city and scarcely a town that I have not spoken in, from Bath to Land's End. The happiest days of organizing were those I spent in the West of England.

Bristol and Bath stand out most. The members in these two cities were wonderful workers; they worked night and day. I had not one voluntary worker, I had scores. I trained speaker after speaker. We were all such good friends and they knew that my life was my work; and nothing but work was my life. We raised £800 in the West of England alone, in the first year of our campaign. I was fortunate in having among my members or sympathizers the veterans of Woman Suffrage, Miss Priestman and Miss Colby, women who had grown grey in the fight. They were very good to me, and this made my work lighter and gave me encouragement. It would be futile to mention other names, they were all wonderful to me. There is just one I should like to mention, that of the late Colonel Blathwayt. He and Mrs. Blathwayt; of Eagle House, Batheaston, treated me as though I were one of their own family. All my week-ends I spent under their hospitable roof. They also gave hospitality to the numerous speakers who came to the centre.

The question of hospitality was a serious one with organizers. It saved hotel bills. The West of England was unique in the number of large country houses that were open to us at all times.

CHAPTER XIV

MY VISIT TO GERMANY—GERMAN SUFFRAGISTS— WE START A PAPER

I had not been settled in the West of England very long when a letter of introduction came from the German Women's Society asking whether Mrs. Lawrence and I would visit Germany and speak at a conference they were holding.

The invitation was looked upon as a victory, and we accepted. Mr. Lawrence came with us as far as Coblenz. We stayed with friends at an old house on the island, which had once been a convent. The grounds were charming, the house rather weird, especially at night, when lit with oil lamps. Lamps always give the appearance of either homely comfort or of the Middle Ages.

We had a glorious holiday on the Rhine, and we arrived at Frankfort-on-Main on the day preceding the meeting.

We were met by Dr. Anita Augsberg and Fräulein Heyman. I liked them very much, especially Dr. Augsberg.

The following night we spoke in Jungestrass Hall, which holds over 2,000 people. The meeting reminded me of one of our own Suffragette

rallies at the Royal Albert Hall. Enthusiasm, unbounded cheers; and counter-cheers greeted us on arrival. I made my speech in English, explaining the needs of working women having the Vote, and why we had adopted Militancy. Then I had to tell about prison life. The gathering was a genuine success. The following day a banquet was given in our honour, but I did not feel happy at this. It was too much like the kind of tea-party indulged in by a section of the Social Democrats of our own country. I liked a few of the German Suffragists, the rest gave me the impression of being too quarrelsome, too much like the Social Democrats, who consider it clever, able; and smart to debate every point for the sake of debate, to distrust everybody, and to show contempt for free speech unless they happen to be the speakers. The Social Democrats never 'appealed to me. I did not like the majority of the German Suffrage Women for these very reasons.

Just before our departure Mrs. Lawrence was presented with a bust of Goethe, and I with an engraving of the figure of a woman who had burst her chains. Over her head the sun rose in glorious splendour.

Dr. Anita Augsberg and Dr. Heyman came to London at a later period, and spoke for the Militant Movement at one of the Royal Albert Hall meetings.

On my return from Germany I went back to

Bristol and plunged into the work of organizing centres in every city and town in the West of England.

It was in October, 1907, that Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence started a paper called *Votes for Women*, with the following dedication:—

“To the brave women who to-day are fighting for freedom : to the noble women who all down the ages kept the flag flying and looked forward to this day without seeing it : to all women all over the world of whatever race, or creed, or calling, whether they be with us or against us in this fight, we dedicate this paper.”

Practically the whole of the expense of running the paper was borne by them individually, though Mrs. Lawrence was still Treasurer of Union funds. Contributions raised by her in 1907 amounted to over £2,600. The figures speak for themselves, and explain whether women had been roused, and whether they were anxious to win the Vote.

The programme of events makes me exhausted when I read it. Besides the thousands of meetings, and the word “thousands” is no exaggeration, there was the smashing of Cabinet Ministers’ meetings and dogging them in their country homes. The life of a W.S.P.U. organizer was one of constant hard work.

When I went to Bristol I had only the names of the veteran ladies mentioned, and they were too old to take part in the fray, as well as the name of one sympathizer who did not want

the Vote but was keen on prison reform. She and I made good friends on that question.

I was expected to hold meetings quite alone, to canvass, and to hold small "At Homes." I had to raise the money, book the halls, draw up and distribute handbills, cut the bread and butter on "At Home" day, make the tea, and pray that a few people would be sent to at least eat up what I had bought. When all was ready I opened the doors and waited for the audience, whether it consisted of one or many. I had to deliver the speech, make appeals for members, take names of sympathizers, and finally take up a collection. If I were lucky during those first days I would get two names and a few shillings in the collection-box. My salary was £2 a week, and I had to pay everything out of the £2—rooms, food, clothes. Petty cash was given out £1 at a time, and that was sufficient to last for weeks unless there was the rent of a hall to pay for. Besides all this work I had to keep an eye on the local Press, that no Cabinet Minister's visit should be overlooked, however private the visit might be. I was supposed to meet him at the station, follow him to his hotel, break up his meeting and see him off upon his departure. In spite of the work that this organizing entailed, I had within a very short time a fine band of educated and working women around me, who in their

turn had hard work given to them day by day.

I had not been in Bristol many weeks when I booked a room for a large "At Home." The rent alone was £30. We had no fears: we always saw success ahead of us. Sometimes I overreached myself, but no one but I suffered through the mistake. How different was the life of a Militant Organizer to the life of a Political Party Organizer or a Political Agent. To us they were fabulously rich, with not half the responsibility that we had, and yet we never envied them, and we would not have exchanged our position of hard work and our small salary of £2, for their easy life and high income. We were happy and contented, and only too proud to be members of the Militant Party. Most of the work done in the Militant Movement was done by voluntary labour. Once women had been convinced that the Militants would win the Vote, they threw themselves wholeheartedly into the fight.

The work we gave them as new-comers! A Girton girl or a charwoman, it made no difference. A piece of chalk was given to them with a paper giving the names of the streets in which they must chalk notices of meetings to be held, or we would give them a bell and tell them where and how to ring it; what to say and how to say it, and gradually we would give them final responsibility for any work in hand. This throwing them on themselves brought them out as

it brought me out, when I had an orange-box and a bell given to me, and when I was told to hold three meetings every night in different parts of the town or city where we were stationed. In the early days I thought nothing of having a hard morning's work sending out handbills and chalking pavements, of speaking at a factory at twelve o'clock, of speaking at the docks at 1.30, of holding a women's meeting at three, and a large open-air one at seven, and when it was over I would address envelopes for letters which I sent out to the sympathizers or members in the district.

We were what are known as fanatics, people who really want to see a thing carried through—perhaps too quickly.

What a school for experience, what opportunities for the active temperaments, what a chance for those who loved adventure, speculation. Growth was certain, whether good or bad. One grew richer in experience and far more able to accept responsibilities, and shoulder burdens. If experience expands consciousness, no wonder we all felt conscious of our ability to serve once war was declared. Our powers of expression were increased. We were educated in the school of necessity, to meet any new situation, face and overcome it, and we were expected to come out with flying colours and be a credit to the Cause. We were taught to become masters of ourselves. No matter

what our beliefs were on any subject, religious, social, or political, we were taught never to give vent to our desires, feelings, or ideas, but to stand firm on one question, which was: "Will you give women the Vote?"

I remember Christabel's righteous indignation at my joining the Theosophical Movement. She had a most serious talk with me, and told me I was doing harm to the Movement, and others would follow where I led. I resigned from the Theosophical Movement for the time being, as my one passion in life was the Vote. It was the one time Christabel grew stern with me; had I continued in my independent action and had others followed me, I should have had to choose between the two. Had Christabel been a queen in the Middle Ages, heads would have been lost if the offending ones had balked her in what she considered a just cause.

It was in the year 1907 that I had to take part in what was called a split. It was really a separation between the small group which had sat on a Committee. Mrs. Despard and Miss Billington demanded democratic control. Their demand was that the Committee should be elected by all members, the policy of the Union to be decided by the Committee chosen. Christabel, Mrs. Pankhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence and I all realized the futility of such action in a revolutionary movement, a move-

ment whose actions were decided not after hours of debate, but were acted upon the moment the idea presented itself. Besides, the very Committee chosen might be arrested the next day, and what then? No Committee, as I said before, has ever run a revolution.

The words of Nelson during a great sea fight could be used when explaining Christabel's ideas on Committee rule during a revolution:—

“I hope all is right,” said he, writing to our Ambassador in Berlin, “but seamen are but bad negotiators, for we put to issues in five minutes what diplomatic forms would be five months doing.”

Separations are always unpleasant; heated words are said on both sides; false reports get spread abroad, which are accepted as facts, disharmony reigns. I hated the splits. Everything but the real cause was explained to those who asked the why and wherefore of the separation. All movements suffer from internal discord at some period. We were fortunate in only having to face it twice throughout the whole history of the fight for Women's Votes.

The first split, between Mrs. Despard, Miss Billington, and the rest of the Committee, soon settled itself. Those who seceded formed a new society which did useful and invaluable work. I was always sorry for the rank and file who had not the same settled convictions as I had about Christabel's autocratic moves.

CHAPTER XV

I VISIT SWITZERLAND—THE PIT-BROW WOMEN COME TO LONDON AND VISIT PARLIAMENT

Christmas, 1907; and the New Year, 1908, will ever stand out in my memory. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence took me to spend Christmas and the New Year at Montana in Switzerland.

The journey brought on the usual attack of excitement. The changing at Basle; the hot coffee, rolls, and butter awaiting the arrival of all travellers, the sleighs—real ones—no longer part of a day-dream, the climbing of steep Alpine tracks, the Alps that spoke of glory which seemed everlasting, the pine forests in their snowy beauty, the after-glow lighting the woods with a mystical rosy hue that must resemble in some small degree the light seen by those mystics and seers who have experienced conscious communion with the very heart of creation, the falling of the snow, resembling tiny birds with soft white downy wings, and at night stars which seemed so much larger and brighter than they did at home!

Now I realized why my hero, Voltaire, had chosen Switzerland as his retreat. Here indeed one could rest after being racked and storm-

tossed by city life. The Alps had the appearance of sentinels giving hope and consolation to those souls who ever strive to reach the unattainable in this world. For is it not admitted by all dreamers and thinkers throughout time, that no human companionship, however complete, can fully satisfy that indefinable yearning to come into close touch with the Eternal One, which lies hidden within each one of us and within Nature herself?

My memory was kind to me. Often would sayings of Voltaire come to me while in this Alpine land. Voltaire once said: "England is a country where thought is noble and free, unrestrained by any slavish fear. If I followed my own inclination I would take up my abode there with no other ideal than to learn to think." "They (Englishmen) are not only jealous of their own liberty, but even of that of other nations."

These sayings come to me again while casting my mind over the long vista of the past. That is why I mention them.

I have visited Switzerland many times since 1908, but its beauty is such that "age cannot wither nor custom stale."

The year 1908 was a memorable one in the annals of the Party, therefore a memorable one in the annals of my life. Threats were made by Mr. John Burns to abolish married women's

labour at the pit-brow. He had no sooner made his speech than I was called from Bristol and sent to Wigan, the home of the pit-brow lassie. Mrs. Archdale, who was a staunch supporter and an unceasing voluntary worker, came with me.

The first thing we did was to secure rooms with a homely Lancashire housewife; the next to write a letter to Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P., whose home was in Wigan. I well remember my first meeting him at his home. We discussed the position of the pit women, the effect Mr. Burns' Bill would have on them, and what ought to be done. He consented to take the chair at a meeting I decided to hold. The discussion ended by each quoting Shakespeare, both trying to prove their case about women by using verses written by one of the world's masters of philosophy and poetry.

Lancashire people are a homely people. Their one delight lies in cleaning their hearths, washing their bed-linen and whitening the window-sill, doorstep, and flags outside the house. If they dared or had the time, they would scrub and whiten the pavement also! The sure sign of a birth, wedding, or funeral in the cotton districts of Lancashire, is the constant cleaning that goes on for days preceding the arrival or the departure of a member of the family. The ambitions of a newly married Lancashire working man are to

see his wife wearing a clean apron, awaiting his arrival from the factory, with a red fire roaring in the grate and a neatly spread table.

Lancashire people are very proud. You can "take it or leave it," whatever it is to be taken or left. Mrs. Archdale and I were told by the mother of two pit-brow girls that if we had not eaten up the tea-cakes that had been bought for our tea we should never have entered her house again! A willing people, they look after every one. I have travelled with a Lancashire man from London to Manchester and he has worked hard all the way, helping people with their luggage, placing it in an orderly and methodical manner on the rack, opening or closing the window, telling them about changes, getting cups of tea, advising them about herbs for coughs, colds, hiccoughs; etc.

To give profuse thanks is not one of the outward qualities of Lancashire people. You can give them £1,000 or a rose, the thanks will be very much the same. "Well, if you want me to have it, I don't mind. Thanks." Yet at the same time they will be offering up silent prayers of genuine gratefulness to the giver. Snobs are hated in Lancashire, just as they are hated among all independent people. They are always summed up in one sentence: "Oh, we know all about them: they don't want people to know their grandfather wore clogs!" A world

of feeling and suggestion lies in that short sentence, which is thrown at people whom they consider "too large for their boots."

A hardy people, the wild winds of the North rock them to sleep, and the wintry storm calls them to labour. They rise early and retire late. Hard work, hard thinking, homely comforts and a firm belief in the Church and Sunday School, these have been the backbone of this strong, proud, homely people.

The pit-brow women and I made good friends. Neither of us were afraid of the world knowing whether our grandfathers had worn clogs or no. I was allowed to go over the mines and see women at work, and as one who had worked in a cotton-factory I had candidly to admit that the women's work at the pit-brow was not so hard or so unhealthy as the work done by women in the terribly overheated factories of the North, especially in those which spin Egyptian cotton.

I decided that the best thing would be to persuade the women themselves to be speakers at the meeting. Having got twenty of them to promise to speak, I wired the Press the full news of our programme. London, interested in Lancashire, especially in clogs and shawl, came to report in full force.

The night of the Wigan meeting arrived, and the pit-brow women also came in great force. Rousing speeches were made, and every woman

there seemed to be a born orator, which shows that if one feels deeply enough one can express one's thoughts clearly. The meeting was such a success that nothing could satisfy Headquarters but that the twenty newly found speakers should visit London, and that their great day should be a visit to Parliament in clogs and shawl. They were also to make an effort to speak to Mr. John Burns.

The meeting was held ; the pit-brow women came ; we all marched to Parliament. The Bill concerning them was not introduced. So the pit-brow women had done their bit in postponing the day when labour would be refused them. They enjoyed themselves ; so did I. London was new to them. We gave them a good time. They did us and themselves a good turn. They advertised the Suffragettes. Without this constant publicity we should, like our grandmothers, have grown grey in the Cause.

We were now a genuine movement. Thousands upon thousands had joined us. Women of every profession and trade and occupation had thrown in their lot with ours. Science was represented by Mrs. Hertha Ayrton ; music by Dame Ethel Smyth, whose song " The March of the Women " is one that will live in the hearts of women ; literature had many representatives, among those who took a prominent part being Miss Elizabeth Robbins, Miss Beatrice Harraden, and Miss Evelyn



MRS. DRUMMOND.

Sharp; medicine was represented by the late Dr. Flora Murray and Dr. Garrett Anderson; art by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, the Misses Brackenbury, Miss Naylor, Miss Florence Haig, and Miss Wallace Dunlop; sculpture by Miss Downing; the stage had as its representatives many famous actresses, but among those who were most prominent were Decima Moore, Gertrude Elliott (now Lady Forbes Robertson), Lena Ashwell, and Edith Craig. The teachers were represented by Miss Billington and Miss Mary Gawthorpe; the nursing profession had as its loyal adherents Sister Pine and Sister Townsend; the shop assistants had representatives; the secretarial world sent Mrs. Flora Drummond; factory women were represented by myself; the housewives had in Mrs. Bartlett one of the best and most faithful of women; the social workers had Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence; aristocracy was represented by Lady Constance Lytton; poor democracy by Mrs. Sparborough; the West End was represented by many rich women, one of the most popular was Mrs. D. A. Thomas (now Viscountess Rhondda); the East End was represented by the poorest, their finest and bravest leader being that beautiful Saviour-like character, Mrs. Baldock; law was represented by Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

North, South, East, and West, rich and poor, Christian and Agnostic, Theosophist and Chris-

tian Scientist, New Thought advocates and Spiritualists, Liberal and Conservative, all were drawn into the Militant whirlpool.

This book not being a record of dates and names but simply an account of events that are engraved on my heart, it would be futile to attempt to mention individually all the women who played an important part in the Suffrage Movement. When I did attempt to study books and newspapers on the subject my words became stiff and mental paralysis overtook me, it prevented clear thought from flowing freely. This I took as a sign that the only book I must refer to was the imperishable record of my own soul, and this rule I have strictly followed except in a few cases where dates, which I never liked, have bewildered me. I can only say that what I have written in connection with the Women's Campaign is truth to me. It may not be truth to any other individual, but one can only speak or write as one feels, sees, or reasons for oneself.

CHAPTER XVI

NEWTON ABBOT BY-ELECTION—MY FOURTH ARREST—A PRIVATE INTERVIEW WITH MR. BALFOUR

The next great event was the Newton Abbot By-election. This stands out in my memory because Mrs. Pankhurst was nearly killed by local Liberals when they heard that their candidate had been defeated. They were wild with Party rage. In a weak moment a few enthusiasts had given away a funeral card announcing the death of the Tory and Tariff Reformer, reading as follows :—

IN FOND AND LOVING MEMORY
OF THE
TARIFF REFORMERS AND SUFFRAGETTES
WHO FELL ASLEEP AT MID-DEVON ON JANUARY 17TH, 1908

The Suffragettes and Tariff Reformers are now very sore,
And should see it's no use contesting Mid-Devon any more,
And the Hooligans of Shaldon you can send over and tell,
That a strong and Buxton Liberal has broken their bell.

R.I.P.

It was they who died a political death, while the Tory survived ! They blamed the women entirely for the defeat.

A most amusing incident also happened at this election. One day our group were sitting round the dining-table. One of the speakers, Mrs. Martel, of Australia, who did valiant work in the early part of the fight, had a habit, having no settled abode, of taking her luggage wherever she went, which meant that hotel porters had always to go to the station for her belongings. This day in the middle of lunch the porter, a foreigner, went to Mrs. Pankhurst, and in a stage whisper announced, "Mrs. Martel's 'drunk'—from the station."

There is an old saying, "What you think, that you become." I must have thought prison, for a prisoner I seemed always to be. My fourth arrest happened in this way. There had been the usual opening of Parliament, and with the opening thereof the closing of all facilities for a Woman Suffrage Bill, and also the closing of the Lobby to women, and the blocking up of St. Stephen's Square. A few women had outwitted Press, police, and public. A pantechicon van had been hired. The furniture being stored turned out to be precious and unique bits of human furniture, in the form of twenty Suffragettes.

They drove leisurely along as if on business bent, until they arrived at the front entrance of the House of Commons. There was a sign given that all furniture must be deposited there. So, "accidentally on purpose," a small accident to

the shafts gave an opportunity of opening the doors and letting the "furniture" place itself in the House with the quickest speed. Arrests were sure. So infuriated was Mr. Muskett, who prosecuted for the Crown, that he made a threat. The prisoners were reminded that there was still on the Statute Book an Act of Charles II which dealt with Tumultuous Petitions either to Parliament or to the Crown. I was chosen with Mrs. Pankhurst to put this threat to the test. So thirteen of us—thirteen being our lucky number—made our way to Parliament, and I along with the others was soon once again a prisoner. I had got so accustomed to the police court, cells, and prison life that I just went through the whole procedure as though it was part of my life's work to live half the time in prison and half out. These arrests worked miracles for the Cause. They filled Albert Hall meetings; they raised £7,000 at one gathering, they inspired new recruits, and inflamed those older in the fight. They inspired deeds of daring, and created eloquence wonderful to listen to—in fact gaol-birds created gaol-birds. Halls were crowded, pockets emptied, prisons filled.

On my release the news awaiting me was that I had to speak at an Albert Hall meeting. Only those who attended those meetings can ever realize the burning enthusiasm that prevailed. They represented the soul of the Movement. We

all seemed charged with Suffragette electricity. We were proving Emerson's words, "They have more personal force than any other people." No other body of women in the whole world could have done what British women did, and the Albert Hall rallies made one feel with Emerson once more that "the stability of England was the security of the modern world." Had not the great American man of letters also written that we as a people set our mark on all we touched, and that ours was the race that had added new elements to humanity, and had a deeper root in the world than any other, that our history was but a living proof that we were unique in our passion for independence. And were we not British women, British born and bred? We loved our country with a steadfast passion, we had that which burns in the heart of every Britisher wherever his lot may be cast, our unique love of independence. We seemed to be among the people who "gained power in action, but did not expend it," and when the meetings were over, we left, not exhausted, but re-charged, re-vitalized, ready for further action.

It must have been about this time that Lady Betty Balfour took me to see Mr. Arthur Balfour, privately. Why I was chosen I don't know. It must have been that Lady Betty liked me, and thought I should appeal to Mr. Balfour. It was not because I had worked in a factory. Mr.

Balfour is not a sentimentalist by any means ; whatever the reasons were, she thought if anyone would influence him I should be that one.

Mr. Balfour's learning and philosophy did not disturb me in the least. Having seen him before, I knew the kind of person I was about to meet, and before I joined Lady Betty I crept away without telling anyone, to a big florist's shop, and bought the neatest little piece of white heather I could find. I had heard that he had a place in Scotland, and being superstitious I thought it would bring luck. Lady Betty never guessed that I had this little gift hidden away.

When we arrived he asked me to tell him what I thought he could do for us. I had a long grandmotherly talk with him, and practically asked him to pull himself together and see us through our difficulty.

There he sat in a large arm-chair, his long spidery legs stretched out, and I thought what discomfort he must suffer when dining with people who had a narrow table. He constantly sniffed at a small bottle. I wondered what it contained and thought the conversation might be upsetting him.

It was time to go and he had not committed himself any more than I had expected he would, but I liked him and decided he should have the white heather, even if it did not bring luck to our cause. His one regret after my departure

was lest I should have got the impression that he was a better friend to the Cause than he really was. I thought it nice of him to say this, just the opposite thought from that which so many of the other politicians would have had.

Lady Betty and I had a nice talk afterwards, but I never told her I had given the Leader of the Opposition a sprig of white heather just because I liked him.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HUNGER STRIKE—JANE WHARTON

Nineteen hundred and eight and 1909 were two quiet years for me. When I say quiet I mean I was only called upon to visit Holloway once. My work lay chiefly in starting new centres throughout the whole of the West of England, bringing out speakers, making Militants, getting others into prison, worrying Cabinet Ministers. It was in 1908 that startling things happened to the Movement. The recognized leaders were arrested, and during the famous trial Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Herbert Gladstone (now Lord Gladstone) were called by Christabel as chief witnesses. Her cross-examination was admired by all on our side; what their side thought we never knew.

It was also in this year that we won the right of Trial by Jury. This had been our object from the beginning, and now it was won. Mr. Asquith was responsible for this action. He was so hated by the Suffragettes that they always had a serious struggle wherever he went. Mrs. Baines, one of the most kind-hearted, simple-hearted women one could meet, a born revolutionary, and as brave as a lioness defending her cubs, went to Leeds

and led a crowd to raid Mr. Asquith's meeting. She was arrested, and Mr. Pethick Lawrence defended her in her case, which was sent to the Assizes.

Just what we wanted. In a Militant Movement those who are the militant ones always regard any action on the part of their opponents as bad tactics from the opponents' point of view. We gained power with each blow given. Cabinet Ministers got so harassed at these constant attacks and so nervous about the Suffragettes that a Bill was introduced called "The Public Meetings Bill," which was to protect them against us. Bills are futile against Revolution.

Nineteen hundred and nine will always be remembered by me. It was in this year that Miss Wallace Dunlop, an artist, conceived the idea of the hunger-strike. This weapon, which was to play a great part in our policy, was not thought of by Christabel, but by one of her most ardent admirers. The case was this: we were getting more numerous, prisoners were on the increase, and each deputation to the House of Commons meant more people in Holloway. The Cabinet had no rest, either night or day. Their nerves were unstrung; they were getting timid.

Signs of timidity on their part meant greater determination on ours. Rich women were selling their jewels, letting their houses, for the Cause.

Nervousness never acts firmly or with a decided move. In order to cope with our deputations, threats was made to continue trying us under the ancient statute of Charles II. We took this to mean that they did not know what to do with us, and that drastic and more serious punishments were to be meted out to see if that would act.

Every new move of Parliament was met by a counter-move. We had discovered that according to an ancient Bill of Rights we were perfectly entitled to petition the King or his proxies, so Miss Dunlop, ever original in thought and action, made a large block and on it was written: "It is the right of the subject to petition the King, and all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal."

She printed these words on the wall of the Outer Lobby. An act of defiance such as this meant imprisonment. Miss Wallace Dunlop went to prison, and defied the long sentences that were being given by adopting the hunger-strike. "Release or death" was her motto. When asked by the prison authorities what she would have for dinner, her reply was, "My own determination!" From that day, July 5th, 1909, the hunger-strike was the greatest weapon we possessed against the Government.

Within a few days of Miss Dunlop's arrest, over one hundred other women were arrested for going on a deputation to the House. Mrs. Pankhurst

and the Hon. Mrs. Haverfield led them, and it was this same Mrs. Haverfield who died a valiant death in the cause of Serbia soon after Peace was declared.

Before long all Suffragette prisoners were on hunger-strike, so the threat to pass long sentences on us had failed. Sentences grew shorter. The Government had not had experience of hunger-strikes then, and the Cabinet, being far more afraid of death than any Suffragette, let them out once the doctor's report was unsatisfactory.

On September 19th, Mr. Asquith was to visit Birmingham. Mrs. Leigh, one of the extreme Militants, and one who, like that noted leader of the French Revolution, "never forgot faces," was chosen the leader of the group of Militants who also went there. This meeting was quite the stormiest Mr. Asquith ever had to face, and so scared was he at the prospect of what lay before him that he actually took to underground passages to enter the building. Wooden barriers were erected at the station and in the streets, but in spite of this women got on to a roof opposite the hall, and made their protest from there. Before the meeting drew to a close Miss Charlotte Marsh and Mrs. Leigh were under arrest.

All those imprisoned in Birmingham adopted the hunger-strike, and within a few days the Government's orders were "forcible feeding." Our extreme move had been counter-moved.

This was long before the Irish difficulties, which arose later.

Many leading medical men were aroused to indignation at forcible feeding being resorted to, and it was a gigantic protest that was sent to the Commons over this extreme and dangerous weapon that the Government were using to parry an extreme weapon that the women had chosen.

There were interesting episodes in connection with forcible feeding. It occurred to Lady Constance Lytton one day to see whether the authorities would forcibly feed her if she were plain Jane Wharton. As Lady Constance she had been considered too delicate. The Government fell into the trap. Jane Wharton was forcibly fed, whereas Lady Constance Lytton had always been released. Her most interesting book, *Prison and Prisoners*, gives a detailed account of this more than brave action.

Our policy at every meeting was "Educate the public on why we are embarrassing the Government, and explain the need of the Vote at the same time." The strange thing with the public was that they did not like to see or read about Militancy, but they loved being told about it. I suppose there is an element of romance in repeating some startling event, or illustrating some deed of daring, or depicting extreme suffering. This is what I always found with audiences. Two questions would hold them spellbound for two hours

—history and militancy. Why women wanted the Vote was tame, dull, uninteresting. How women would get it was exciting, romantic, and amusing.

The Albert Hall rallies, the gigantic processions, the Hyde Park demonstrations, that London will never forget, were chiefly worked up by the hundreds of voluntary speakers and workers, who knew the public, and knew what they wanted. We were like one of the big stores, if one thing did not suit (and the audiences soon told us) we would take them into another department, that of extreme Militancy; if Militancy was not quite what they wanted, we would tell them about the laws affecting women in different countries and our own ancient law; if neither suited, prison experiences always brought harmony into the mixed crowds which gathered around us at these times. Prison is a place interesting to all those who are out of it.

Many were the objects we had in view in working up for Albert Hall meetings, processions, Hyde Park demonstrations. It all helped in rousing the public. It succeeded in keeping members active and their thoughts on one idea. It gave us an opportunity of interesting the Press. The work, the tireless energy, the speaking, the organizing that went to making these gatherings the huge success that they were, was a marvel to all unprejudiced observers. When any meeting was

being closed there was always, as the last announcement, "The next big piece of work on hand." This was kept to the last. We had been fired into greater enthusiasm, and revitalized during the meeting, so when the announcement was made we were ready to receive it. Had it been made at the beginning we should have literally fallen off our seats at the very idea of repeating all that we had just finished. This in itself is a proof of the powers of suggestion. The speakers had been repeating all through their speeches that nothing could tire us, nothing overcome us, nothing daunt us. Positive all through, nothing negative. What different tactics and how contrary to the diplomacy of Members of Parliament once Peace was signed, but Christabel was always a past master in the art of diplomacy.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CONCILIATION BILL—THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

The General Election of 1910 brought with it an unwritten promise from friends of the Cause that, provided Militancy ceased, women could expect the Vote to be granted when Parliament met.

On the assembly of the new Parliament we waited breathlessly for the news, but, alas! there was no mention of Votes for Women in the King's Speech, and further, no sympathetic Member had secured a place in the Ballot. Something must be done, thought the men Suffragists who had foreseen success, so the old Committee which had been in existence since 1887 was revived by Lord Lytton and Mr. Brailsford.

The Committee decided finally to draft a Bill which they considered would be acceptable to all parties and to all suffragists. The name given to the Bill was "The Conciliation Bill." A truce was proclaimed by the Militants, which lasted nine months. I must admit things seemed tame during that time. The public were not half so interested in us when we went back to constitu-

tional methods, and the Conciliation Bill roused just as much opposition as did the original Bill, which claimed equal rights for tax-paying women.

It was a mercy for the Militant Movement when the truce was broken. The Conciliation Bill did nothing but convert certain sympathetic Members of Parliament into being more ardent supporters. Once the burden was transferred from the women's shoulders to those of Members of Parliament, however, they had to begin explaining their methods to other Members, looking up past history, inquiring whether the Vote had been beneficial in those countries where Woman Suffrage had been adopted. It was a fine education for them. The public suffered, but the politicians gained in historical knowledge.

The year which marked the Conciliation Bill also marked the death of King Edward VII. The news of the death of one of my day-dream characters came quite as a shock. Throughout all my years of Militancy I never lost my respect for the Crown, or my understanding of the great responsibility Sovereigns have to bear. I should hate the life, never being free to do exactly as I liked.

The news of the death of the King reached me while touring in the Austrian Tyrol as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. So 1910 stands out as one of the large signposts which act as my guides when recalling my life.

Mrs. Lawrence's religious temperament had called her to the Oberammergau Passion Play, which is held every ten years in the village of Oberammergau, in Bavaria. It was one of the most pleasant and inspiring of holidays that I had with these good, generous people. We motored from Innsbruck to the pretty village in Bavaria. During the war I often pictured to myself those simple religious people being called upon to fight in a world's battle. It is a beautiful country, and on reaching the pass which leads to the famous village, one sees ahead, high up on the highest peak, the Cross. To me the Cross is symbolic of man's destiny. Each human person with arms outstretched makes a cross. Our limitations, our selfishness, greed, false ambition, false pride, all those negative qualities that keep us from entering into the peace that passeth understanding, make the cross carried by each human wanderer.

We were the guests of Anton Lang, who acted the part of Jesus—the Christ. How glad I was that it was Whitsuntide, a season I held in loving remembrance owing to the happy time I had in my childhood. Whitsuntide speaks of hope, of beauty, of eternal youth.

We attended the Roman Catholic church on the Sunday, and I prayed with genuine devotion. On the following Monday at five o'clock in the morning the bells told the guests and inhabitants

that the greatest epic of the world was about to be enacted once more, and by so doing the village people would be keeping their promise given in some far-away time that they should publicly worship every ten years as a sign of thankfulness to God for ridding them of a plague.

I shall never forget the play. The one thing that stood out quite vividly was the Jesus, the Personal Man; and the Christ, the Risen Spirit, the Eternal One, which guides us throughout all time. The whole of life being testimony to the fact that each human frame has within it the dual principle, the Jesus, the Christ, there to me lay the whole scriptural teaching of the great truth of eternal hope. Eternal punishment is but our mistakes tumbling upon us, making us unhappy and miserable. The Bible is so simple that the learned have almost compelled us to look upon it as complex. Though symbolic and esoteric in some parts, it is worded in such a way that the student can fathom it and the unlearned can understand it.

My holiday in Austria and Bavaria will never be forgotten, the deep blue lakes, the mountains, the peasants, their cloaks, their hats, the cockades they wore, the comforts of hotel life while I was the guest of these two hospitable people.

I now realize what a tremendous amount I have to be thankful for. Sometimes I look back and I can scarcely believe all that has happened,

all that I have seen, all that I have done since I first met Christabel Pankhurst. I am learning a lesson that is sinking deeper every day and at last solving the problem that vexed my mind before being confirmed, the question of the Three in One.

We are composed of three principles or parts, in fact of a trinity, body, soul, spirit, the body being the vehicle, the soul the formative principle, and the spirit the giver and the receiver, the spirit of divinity that is eternal. I am but on the threshold of what to me is an illumination, an explanation of all life's problems, good or bad. I can honestly say that up to the moment of penning these lines, nothing has ever happened to me that has not been for my good both in small and large things. Suffering and joy, tears and laughter, poverty and luxury, all the phases that I have gone through, have come to me as a lesson that I had to learn at that particular period.

On my return from Bavaria I went back to my centre, and the next big event was another Albert Hall meeting. The advertisement side to these rallies was interesting and amusing. Having no Public Press to boom us, we had to boom ourselves. The first thing that was done by Headquarters was to send out letters to all organizers, members, and sympathizers. Each member and sympathizer was asked to call at Headquarters, where work would be given her. We had rooms

set apart and an organizer who was responsible for keeping members and sympathizers busy, interested, and happy.

Happiness played a great part in keeping members together. Each prominent member was put in just the position which suited her temperament. If she was a great optimist she had all the pessimists put under her ; if she was cheery she had the grumblers to look after ; if extremely energetic she had those who liked to lounge ; if extreme discretion was part of her character we put all the talkers under her. Every quality, good, bad, and indifferent, was studied and the person placed in a position that would bring out the best in her, and so the worst was forgotten. No gossip was allowed, no tale-bearing, no idle chatter. These strict regulations protected us from a small part of humanity which has nothing to do, and lives on picking, not the pockets of other people, but their characters. We were free from those human parasites, who are more to be pitied than blamed. There was no loophole anywhere for the enemy to creep through. We were as safely guarded as though we were in a fortress, surrounded by the walls of Chester and the King's own army.

The Suffragette Movement was an example to all other movements, and no woman who worked with us can ever say that the discipline, the absence of the usual weakness of individuals when collected

together, had not been one of the greatest and finest lessons she has ever learnt. Throughout the war the discipline gained in the Militant Movement was a greater asset than has yet been recognized.

Our optimism was a source of annoyance to our opponents. Our discretion and secrecy were looked upon as cunning. Our loyalty was spoken of as slavish, our devotion was called fanaticism, and yet we remained unmoved, and went on as though our ears needed the attention of a Harley Street specialist. The standard set was high, and we lived up to it. The discipline stern: we accepted it. The work hard: we did it. Opposition fierce: we overcame it. Dangers were many: we faced them. And in the end we won.

A few incidents that happened during the working up of these rallies are interesting to recall. We had a friend in London, a business man, who made my sister Jessie and Mrs. Drummond a promise that he would provide anything they asked for in the advertising line, from a prison van to an elephant. We asked for all the things he had mentioned except the elephant. Had the fight continued, no doubt we should have called for it.

During one of the big processions the idea was to have a white horse for a special feature. The day of the great event arrived. Only those behind the scenes saw anxious looks on the faces of Miss

Dunlop, Miss Hambling, and my sister Jessie, who was one of the hardest workers at these times. She and Mr. Lawrence seemed to me to have the greatest responsibility on these occasions. The news was whispered to me, the white horse had not appeared, and we were to start in fifteen minutes. We were noted for promptness. This reputation we were proud of, as few processionists ever get a good name in this respect. What was to be done? Miss Dunlop rushed off to our friend of elephant fame, and asked the reason for the appearance of a brown horse instead of a white one. Profuse apologies from our friend, and a definite promise that a white horse should be round in a few minutes. Five minutes passed. Another taxi was hailed. Miss Dunlop, very angry at the mistake, rushed into the stables, and there was the brown horse practically finished. He was being whitewashed!

The tickets for one of the large gatherings were not going as quickly as Headquarters wished. Something must be done. Clarkson's was visited. A Queen Elizabeth robe was secured. One of our daring members, and one of the best, Miss Vera Holme, a great rider, fortunately for us, unfortunately for her, came into the office. Just the person wanted. No one was ever asked whether she had time to give. "Come along, we want you to dress up as Queen Elizabeth and ride round London to advertise the meeting."

A group of voluntary workers were gathered together and rigged up in some of the clothes we kept. They were her retinue, and their work was to distribute leaflets. The Queen was but an attraction. It was found that the boots were missing from the costume. Vera's boots were good stout brown country boots. "Oh well, never mind, people won't look at your boots, they will look at your face!" was all the sympathy she got. "But my hair!" "Oh, that's all right!" "I look the funny woman at the play!" "Never mind!"

The horse came. Elizabeth was mounted. Her retinue were all good workers in the fight. Before long there was a hold-up by the police to let the great Queen pass, and as a practical joke they allowed the traffic to make headway before her retinue had passed also. Elizabeth wandered alone for a long time. She sat in stately fashion on her horse, thinking the advertising retinue was behind her. She was turning down one of the streets that lead to the Embankment, when two Cockneys saw her. "Gawd strike me, what's this?"

Banners always played a part in the processions. They lent colour and always proved to be a source of interest to the spectators. We had had our own colours, devised by Mrs. Lawrence, long before this—purple, white, and green; purple for loyalty, white for purity, and green for hope.

One Lancashire banner in the procession met with an accident. When the Lancashire people left their own county their banner had as its motto: "Lancashire Lassies Want the Vote." It was found that as soon as the section arrived there were roars of laughter. This puzzled the factory girls, but on reading the banner at the end of the march they discovered that the "l" had been cut away from the word "lassies."

Sometimes sympathetic men would help to carry the heavier banners. Two new recruits, both æsthetic and anæmic-looking, came forward and offered their help. A heavy banner was given them, under which they frequently stumbled. All along the route the spectators laughed when the section arrived with these two men as banner-bearers. We thought it was because they were not strong, and the banner was overcoming them, but we found the motto had created the amusement. It read "Men Vote, why can't we?"

In the offices at these hustling, rushing, rousing, racing times, the little mistakes made were many. A letter was sent out to sympathizers asking for hospitality for country members. It was a short business-like one, which was duplicated by the hundred. The only thing to be put in was "Mrs. So-and-so," the word "Dear ——" having been typed.

One letter read: "Dear ——, Would you be kind enough to provide hospitality for one or

more of the country delegates for a few nights ? Please reply by return. Yours, etc., MABEL TUKE."

One reply came to Mrs. Tuke : " Dear ——, I address you as you address me. Sorry I cannot give hospitality as you ask. I am a bachelor living in rooms ! Yours, etc."

Whether it was the Conciliation Bill that we supported or a Bill that we opposed, the Albert Hall was always taken to do the supporting or the opposing in. If we did not have the Albert Hall, we had a meeting in Hyde Park, and processions that marched to the Park. If one scheme was a success, it was repeated. If one procession had been successful; nothing less than seven processions would satisfy Christabel and Mrs. Lawrence. If one Albert Hall meeting was a success, we must have two or three a year. If we could raise £20,000, why not £100,000 ? If two women could go to prison, why not two hundred ? If a few women could speak, why not all ? It was ever " Excelsior."

CHAPTER XIX

ALBERT HALL RALLY—£5,000 RAISED—LORD LYTON SUPPORTS US—MR. ASQUITH BETRAYS US—HUNDREDS ARRESTED

Saturday, June 18th, 1910, was another great day for the Suffragettes. The Conciliation Bill was to be introduced. A procession was necessary, and more than a procession, an Albert Hall meeting. Never did a Parliamentary Committee get such a backing as did the Conciliation Committee.

The procession was six miles long and took three hours to pass a given point. We had every imprisonment represented. Hundreds of ex-prisoners in prison dress carried broad arrows mounted on sticks covered with silver paper. Representatives came from all over the world, the saying in other countries being: "Once British women have won, we also shall win."

We had almost a thousand women graduates. Women graduates always, I noticed, awed the public. A woman in cap and gown roused great admiration. Forty bands played triumphant music. Banners made the procession gay and

bright. Suffragettes were always happy, always laughing. We had a lot to laugh at !

It was at times like this that Mrs. Drummond's qualities came to the front. The Press gave her the name of "General." She was admired by Press reporters, police, and Scotland Yard men. Her geniality was catching. Her bright laughing eyes, her more than cheerful face, were like a ray of sunshine to processionists and people. She was a fine loyal figure in the Movement, appreciated by all.

Lord Lytton was the chief speaker at the meeting. We all liked him. He was the brother of Lady Constance, and had shown a genuine desire to get the problem which absorbed us really settled. £5,000 was raised. The truce was still on, but we were sowing good seed and reaping in so many ways rich harvests.

When the Bill was introduced in the House it received a majority greater than the Budget and Veto Resolutions, and yet instead of the Government adopting the Bill, thus making it a Government Measure, which would have been the genuine and honest course to take, it was referred to a Committee of the whole House.

When the news was announced we summed it up in one word—Failure. But the Militants were still loyal to the truce they had proclaimed.

At the end of July, the House, which was in reality responsible for the Measure, adjourned

without making any promise that facilities should be given for the discussion of the Bill. It was a case of: "You shan't have the Vote because you don't want it; and if you want it, well, you shan't have it!" But still we kept the truce.

It was at big crises like these that Mrs. Pankhurst's influence was felt. The truce would never have been kept by the more fiery Militants had it not been for her extraordinary powers of gentle persuasion. The most rebellious spirits grew calm in her presence, the most obstinate grew amenable. They adored her. There is no other word for it. Her calm, quiet, cultured manner appealed to us all, her gentle voice, which could become so passionate in speech, her understanding of human frailty.

She it was who led so many deputations, she it was who suffered imprisonment fourteen times with us, she it was who hungered and did the thirst-strike. Ever ready to do herself anything she had inflamed her devoted band to do, dramatic, dignified, loving, human, cultured, pretty, versatile, this was the Mrs. Pankhurst we knew in the fight. Her bigness came out when she publicly announced that Christabel had taught her how to get the Vote, and where policy was concerned she was prepared to follow as loyally as the humblest member of the Union. Mrs. Pankhurst was a living example of loyalty to her

daughter, who was the statesman of the Movement.

At last things became desperate and we felt something must be done. Ever dramatic in our ideas, Mrs. Lawrence especially so, July 23rd was chosen for another Hyde Park meeting—the day our grandfathers had met and pulled down the railings of Hyde Park to demonstrate their right to free speech and to the immortal right of all Britishers, the Vote.

Two processions were organized, which marched, one from the East End and the other from the West. Every city, town, village, and hamlet had its representatives. Every profession, trade, or occupation of any description had its leader. A friend gave me £20 so that I could invite some of my old workmates from the factory to come down. Amongst them were my never-forgotten friend, Alice Hurst, my Sunday-School teacher, Miss Sarah Broadbent, and another companion and friend of my childhood, Lizzie Steel. I did not see one of them, the crowds were so dense. The Press admitted that a quarter of a million would not cover the number of people there.

I heard afterwards that Alice was lost from the moment she arrived in London to returning home at night. She forgot the name of the station. She said she knew it was something like “St. Pankhurst”! Her ticket was in the possession of one of her friends. She gave shillings away to

odd people to show her the way to the Park. At the end of the day she seemed to have seen more of London and to have heard more speeches than any provincial I have ever met. She asked every other policeman if he had seen a woman with a red rose in her hat. Red roses being the fashion—they had seen many. She mounted a 'bus and by a coincidence my brother was on it. The public were nothing to Alice. "Oh, I'm glad I've seen some one I know! Tell Annie I came up, but could not find her anywhere, and I have forgotten the station I have to go to!" She was taken to "St. Pankhurst" Station and met the woman with the red rose in her hat. She arrived home late at night, tired but full of all the sights she had seen on her first visit to London. The lost one had seen the most. Is it not the way with many people who seem lost in life?

Nothing happened to the Bill though the truce continued. The next diplomatic move was to get Resolutions passed by Councils throughout the country. This was done. Nothing happened, but the truce was still kept. Two more Albert Hall meetings were held. The speeches at the last meeting was a clear call to the Government. "Remove your opposition or we shall call an end to the truce and hostilities will commence!" The speeches could be summed up as follows: "The fight will be sterner. Measures will be more extreme. We have been patient;

we have given you all the proof it is humanly possible to give. Hostility persisted in on your side will be taken as contempt for our repeated efforts to prove in a constitutional way women's appeal for political justice."

The Government's position was very rocky on other issues besides the Suffrage, and the Premier on the 18th of November made the famous announcement that he had advised the Crown to dissolve Parliament—all the time that was left would be taken up by those Measures which the Government were responsible for, in fact, party reforms. This alone ought to have made every one see the wisdom of the Militants' policy at by-elections. But party politics blind one to many things which are obvious to others not so bound down by party prejudice.

It was quite clear from Mr. Asquith's speech that if his Government were returned there would be no mention of the one burning question—Votes for Women. Before the announcement was made we were all ready for the fray in our Militant home, Caxton Hall. This always proved to be our best meeting-ground, as it was near Westminster.

When Mr. Asquith's announcement was given out there was a great storm-burst. All the clouds that had been gathering for weeks suddenly broke, and the downpour was terrific. There was not one of us would not have gone to death

at that moment, had Christabel so willed it. Mrs. Pankhurst, nearly always the leader at these times of crisis, and the late Dr. Garrett Anderson, ex-Mayor of Aldeburgh, followed by 300 women, were all prepared to be arrested in fighting their way to the House. This day was described in our paper as "Black Friday." We had heard that the police instructions were, "Arrest as few as possible," but in a few hours over one hundred women and four men were in the police station after some indescribably rough treatment had been meted out.

Mr. Asquith remained as hostile as ever. Within a few days another raid took place, and 160 arrests were made. Mr. Churchill, who at this time was Home Secretary, had given some facilities to Suffragette prisoners. They made good use of them and enjoyed themselves as much as possible, knowing that the future policy would mean extreme measures in prison.

Another General Election came in December. We toured the country, doing our best to encourage the electors to vote against the Asquith party, but the electors voted for it and so the old Government was returned, and at its head was our avowed enemy and lifelong opponent, Mr. Asquith.

My life in 1911 was spent largely in repeating all I had done in 1910. That is the secret of a well-run revolution. The repetition is so frequent

that you work almost automatically in the end. Parliament assembled. Mr. Asquith was at the head. We did not get the Vote.

It was the year of the Census. We held another Albert Hall meeting. We all refused to fill in our census papers, as a protest against our not being recognized as citizens. As the penalty was £5 or imprisonment, we hoped to see every prison in the country overcrowded. But there was not a single imprisonment. The City and Town Councils sent petitions to Parliament. The Conciliation Bill was read a second time. The majority was increased to 167, but again the Prime Minister referred the Bill to the whole House. The Lord Mayor of Dublin made an appeal at the Bar of the House for Women's Suffrage. Our supporters in the House of Commons pressed Parliament for facilities. Sir Edward Grey made a definite promise in this respect at a dinner at the National Liberal Club, but dinners are never the best places at which to make promises.

Mr. Asquith supported the dinner promise in a letter sent to Lord Lytton. It read :—

“ I have no hesitation in saying that the promise made by and on behalf of the Government, in regard to giving facilities for the Conciliation Bill, will be strictly adhered to both in the letter and in the spirit.” So the truce was kept.

It was the year of the Coronation, a year of

rejoicing, and the Militants took advantage of this to organize another procession and still another Albert Hall meeting. Two things stood out on this occasion. One was a powerful speech delivered by Mrs. Annie Besant, and the other an announcement by Mrs. Pethick Lawrence that the limit of one hundred thousand pounds had been passed in collections. It was only five years since we had raised £2 to rouse London !

The truce was continued and we went on doing the ordinary dull constitutional work that anybody could do. How long had we to wait ? I do not believe one Militant had unswerving faith that the Bill would go through. It was just a breathing-space, and we had to prove that we were Militant only when all other measures had failed. Other measures did fail and the storm again broke.

Mr. Asquith announced that he meant to give more votes to men, the saving clause being that an amendment giving votes to women could be tacked on to the more-votes-for-men Bill—this would not be accepted by the Government but would be left to the whole House. So this was the result of Sir Edward Grey's giving a promise in an after-dinner speech ! Serious threats were made by the speakers, including myself, at an Albert Hall meeting. Mr. Asquith received a deputation of all societies, we, the Militant Party, being admitted on sufferance, as it were. We

were the only people the Prime Minister feared.

I was present, though not as a speaker. Lady Constance Lytton and I were together. Mrs. Asquith stood behind us all the time. She seemed highly amused at the earnestness of all the speakers. When it was over I went to Mr. Asquith and asked him whether he considered himself a statesman. "Who are you?" he asked, looking angry and nervous. "I'm a Militant, and we all hate and distrust you. Do you call yourself a statesman?" The only reply I got was, "I am not prepared to discuss this question with you." "I am quite aware of that," I said, "but the point is, I am going to discuss it with you at every public meeting you may hold!"

Christabel saw the two of us, myself and Mr. Asquith, mentally at daggers drawn. She came up to me and with one look of contempt at Mr. Asquith, said, "Don't fret yourself about him, he is not worth it. Our fight will be on public ground."

It is a strange feeling I have about Mr. Asquith. I have never liked him or forgiven him. I like most people in the world and there is not a soul to whom I bear malice, but I do not like Mr. Asquith. His cold, calculating manner leaves me chilled to the bone. The grand passions of life he cannot understand. He has human weaknesses, but not those big weaknesses which would make him risk losing his soul to satisfy a big

desire. He was not a big opponent. Had he been we could at least have admired him, even though we opposed him.

The truce ended and with the end of the truce Militancy recommenced. The first arrests numbered 223 people, and the first act of extreme Militancy was committed at this time by Miss Emily Wilding Davison. She set fire to a pillar-box, an idea of her own, which afterwards became the policy of the party. It was her trial which marked the commencement of our many visits to the Old Bailey. Her sentence was six months' imprisonment.

It was Emily Wilding Davison who made the supreme sacrifice for the Cause, on the memorable Derby Day when the King's horse was the favourite. She went to the race alone.

No one had any knowledge of her intentions. Just as the King's horse passed she flung herself in front of the horse. The jockey was thrown and she lay as one dead. The whole world was startled. The Queen inquired for her, but she never regained consciousness. She died as she had lived, for women's freedom. The funeral procession was a procession like those given to crowned heads. She had won her crown of martyrdom. Peace was hers.

CHAPTER XX

EXTREME MILITANCY—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST ELUDES PRESS, POLICE, AND PARLIAMENT

The year 1912 was a year of great changes. Extreme Militancy had broken out. Infuriated at what we considered foul play, we all felt we did not care what happened to us provided we could force Parliament to give way. Nineteen hundred and twelve was the parting of the ways. Mild Militancy belonged to the past, extreme Militancy would belong to the future.

March 4th saw the stone-throwing policy in full swing. Women of note, including Dr. Ethel Smyth, Dr. Garrett Anderson, Miss Janie Allen, and Dr. Fraser Ede were among those arrested. We were no longer what the Press called in 1906 "The rag-tag and bobtail Union."

Scotland Yard visited Headquarters and arrested Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence ; Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Tuke were already in prison. The warrant also included Christabel—but Christabel could not be found. She had disappeared.

After the arrests for window-breaking Christabel suspected the arrest of the leaders, and also the seizing of our paper. She had sent me to Man-



MRS. TUKE.

chester to make inquiries about buying a small printing-machine for printing our paper in case of suppression, which we had good reason to fear. I was returning to my hotel when I saw on the placards: "All Suffragette leaders arrested." I knew my place was in London. I rushed to the hotel, paid my bill, got my bag, and caught the night train. I went to my private flat, as I expected a message would be waiting there, giving me instructions. The message read: "All leaders in prison except Christabel, who has escaped, no one knows how, where, or why. Do not come to the office until dark. Detectives everywhere.—JESSIE."

I waited until dark and then went to the office. On entering I knew that my life was once again changing. I had real responsibility to face and genuine burdens to bear.

The following day, no news of Christabel. The message from prison was: Would I go to the court and persuade the magistrate to give me permission to visit the cells after the trial? I went and succeeded with much coaxing to get him to give me a permit to visit the leaders. When they saw me I had scores of questions put to me, scores of instructions given me, scores of messages sent by me to the lost one. I was told that the first campaign must be to get first-class treatment for leaders. It would then be given to the rest. This in itself meant a campaign

throughout the country. I was told I must find Christabel. The one thing I yearned for was news of her.

Two days went past. No news worth having. We had visits from many mystifying people who said they knew where she was or who suspected others were sheltering her. On the third day a mysterious woman came to my office. "I have a letter for you from Christabel." She guessed my thoughts. "I know you don't believe me, but I left her safe, and she wants you to join her with the greatest speed." I opened the letter. It read:—

"BELOVED ANNIE,—The bearer of this note is a good friend of the Cause. She, with another friend, helped me to escape. She will tell you where I am and give you an address that will find me. Keep this a secret. I ask it for reasons I will explain when we meet. I write this in case you cannot get away at once (but do so if you can, as I have much to tell you). I want you to take supreme charge of the whole Movement during my absence, and while Mother and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in prison. There may be people who consider that they have far more political experience than you, but ignore this. I absolutely trust your simple way of looking at things and arriving at the right answer to all questions. Your keen intuition has always appealed to me,

I know that no member or members of the Cabinet would swerve you an inch from the policy laid down. Be brave under your great responsibilities. Be firm under the many pressing arguments that will be brought to bear on you, in the hope of weakening you in your work. I trust you implicitly and I give you complete control over the whole Movement until the leaders are released and we are all once again united. Come quickly, and bring with you a member who understands the language of the country that I am sheltering in. Disguise yourself, and watch closely for Scotland Yard men. Let your friend do all the talking, as you are so well known. I have good reason for mystifying the authorities. What a day when women win the Vote! Press on and give all our loyal ones my love and my faith that each one will obey orders that will be sent through you by me, and by unity we shall win through. Come to me at the first possible moment.—CHRISTABEL.”

My one thought was whom to take with me. I chose a Bristol member, a Miss James, who spoke several languages, and I was very fond of her. I disguised myself as a widow. We caught the Southampton boat-train to Havre and travelled *viâ* Rouen to Paris, but I saw and heard nothing. I was making notes of all the things that had happened since Christabel left.

We arrived, and after much wandering found that she had gone to Princesse de Polignac's house. I went there and Miss James left me once she had seen me safely inside. I was shown into the largest room I have ever seen in a private house. I felt so tiny! There were beautiful books everywhere. I picked one up and found it to be a translation of Sappho's poetry, so pretty, so simple, and yet so profound. The colour of the leather binding was the shade of a ripe pink cherry.

Christabel had gone for a walk. Would I wait? I sat down and started reading the book of poetry, but I was tired to exhaustion, so I sat on the most comfortable seat of all, the floor, leaned my head against a large cushioned chair and fell into a deep slumber. I was in this sleeping state when discovered by Christabel. Then I woke up and we talked for hours and hours. She took me to the hotel where Miss James had secured rooms and we talked there until midnight. We met the following day and discussed and planned until the last minute arrived before leaving once more for my new life, which was to be a life of service and responsibility which I knew would end only when the Vote was won.

I just returned in time. Had I delayed, I should have found a small Committee who were going to decide policy by separating the funds

which were to be used for constitutional and for Militant work. A small sum only was to be set aside for Militancy. Thanks to Miss Barrett and a few others, we made the small enthusiastic group realize that no step could be taken until I had seen the leaders in prison, and visited Paris once more to put their ideas before the one who was still the originator of policy, though that policy was conceived under the blue sky of Paris and not underneath the green trees of Leith Hill.

Needless to say, there was no Committee. It proved to me how careful one has to be when left in charge of a big movement. The people whose idea it was to have one honestly thought it was in the best interests of the work. They overlooked a vital fact, that we were still a revolutionary party, that it would take a few weeks to settle down in the absence of the recognized leaders; that though they might be very clever, they could not suddenly become creative geniuses and decide policy round a Committee table.

CHAPTER XXI

GREATER RESPONSIBILITIES

Then started my life of real responsibility ; Mrs. Pankhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence in prison ; Christabel in Paris. The editors of the paper, the most eloquent speakers and the creative leader, all swept away. Christabel, as I have said, had thought out her plan of action, that there must be one head to whom all instructions must go, making it necessary for every one to go to the one chosen by her for their instructions to carry on the work. Her letter, which I have already given, speaks for itself. I understood her well enough to know that she expected me to read between each line what she had left unsaid. Her one fear was that, in the absence of recognized leaders, certain astute members of the Cabinet would approach those who they thought had a little influence in the Movement, and weaken their determination to carry on the Militant fight, which was embarrassing them. She was also afraid that the old idea of Committee rule would creep in, and her fears were justified. She knew me well enough to know that I should be no use on a Committee except to dissolve it, or

if it refused to be dissolved, to break it. Her fear of intellectualism was still there. Her anxiety lay in thinking that book-learning and knowledge of party politics would overcome me, that my intuition, which she solely depended on, would not be understood or appreciated by the more learned ones, who had also done valiant work in the fight.

What a responsibility for me, I who had always shown a passionate fervour for my work, but who had been quite willing, yea thankful, on the great day itself, to hand over the whole piece of work in hand to another. To move on and labour in new fields was my ambition. Once the work was a success I felt my time had come to depart. New ground wanted ploughing, untouched fields were waiting the sowing of seed.

Christabel knew me like a book. If the emergency was great I should gather together all the forces of strength, courage, determination, and unceasing labour. Then no influence could touch me. The whole Cabinet might have come to interview me ; they would have left me unmoved, unafraid, and undaunted.

When asked by Christabel whom I desired to work under me, I asked that I might have Miss Rachel Barrett. Miss Barrett was an exceptionally clever and highly educated woman. She was a devoted worker and had tremendous admiration for Christabel. She was learned, and I liked her.

Not only did Christabel give me complete control over the work, but she made me finally responsible for everything which appeared in the paper *Votes for Women*. This action roused comment among those who had been representatives on leading papers, and who were sub-editing the women's paper. Here was I, with no experience of newspaper work, placed as censor, yet I detected in a moment if an article or sentence, even a word, was weakening to the policy or would give the Cabinet the impression of fear. I sensed everything that suggested weakness, but when asked to explain why, I just answered, "I know it is!" Very exasperating to real learning! There was I, head of a great Militant Movement, having final responsibility for a paper, I who could not have reasoned the point of why a cat drank milk, jumping at conclusions about words, actions, speeches. I chose Rachel Barrett, who reasoned out everything, and analysed every point, and drew her conclusions carefully and with extreme caution. Was it any wonder that my preserving angel shouted her name?

Rachel alone knows what we went through during those first few months.

Christabel asked me to burn the letter she had sent me, but I thought the wisest thing was to let at least one person read it before carrying out her instructions. A witness was necessary who could support my claim that the responsibility

had been passed on to me by Christabel, and that it was not I who had taken unto myself such a stupendous task. The person I asked to read the letter was Miss Elizabeth Robins, the famous Ibsen actress, and widely read authoress. Miss Robins had always been very kind to me, and understood my way of doing things. She gave me a mascot, which I kept for years until it was lost in some raid or burglary.

Loyalty is a strange thing. Analyse it deeply enough and you will find at the root the word "personality."

When the heads were gone the Movement for a short period languished and became sick. Those who had vitalized it, had given it their life-force, were withdrawn. The followers felt the effect. They were for a time mentally, morally, and spiritually underfed. I saw that if I was not careful the morale would be weakened. How to get the leaders out of prison was the first step in my diplomacy, how to keep in close touch with Christabel, who was a day's journey from me, and yet keep my hands steady at the reins, and watch every move with a detective eye.

Christabel's weekly articles were absolutely essential, a weekly visit to Paris was also necessary. I decided to leave London by the boat-train and take boat to Havre on Fridays, and come back by the quickest route on the following Sunday. This would give us a full day to discuss

the work in, and I should only be out of the office on Saturday morning. This I did for months. Sleep and food were almost unknown things to me for the first few weeks. There was no time to eat, no time to sleep, the work had to be done, and had I not been chosen to do it? Without Rachel Barrett I should have broken down, though I must not forget my Suffragette house-keeper, friend and companion, Mrs. Louie Hatfield, who had been with me ever since my early Militant days. She loved me like a mother, cared for me like a nurse and protected me like an angel.

The very thought of my journeys to Christabel made me feel seasick. How I hated being on the water! Each Friday I wished it was Saturday, and each Sunday I yearned for Monday. Saturday was spent talking and walking. I ate as much as I could, and, like the camel, stored it away somewhere, as it had to last a week. Policy was discussed, future tactics, articles for the papers, meetings, Cabinet Ministers and what we should do with them, how to gain release for those in prison, provincial work, how and where to place organizers, the daily Press, what to prepare in case of my arrest, circular letters, the raising of money, lobbying Members. Before I left, my head would be so full that I had to beg Christabel to give me no more instructions for another week. But by the time I arrived in

London there would be a letter on its way, bulky in appearance. It would contain all the things thought of after my departure. Rough notes were all I was allowed to make in case of arrest, and these notes had to be cryptic so that no one but myself or those in close touch with me could read them. One vow I made: I would never colour any event when describing it to Christabel; I would close my imagination department, and stick to unadulterated facts. This was the only way to give her an accurate idea of the genuine progress or retardation of the work. I was thankful afterwards that I had done so, for on her return, when war broke out, she found a dwindling Movement.

Great responsibility was mine, and I was not prepared to make it greater by exaggerating the enthusiasm or the growth of the Movement. To have done so would have seemed to me a great act of disloyalty.

Christabel's vitality was good for me. She was fresh, virile, energetic. I would arrive sick, tired to exhaustion, and yet on Sunday morning I felt refreshed and ready for the labour awaiting me. She has the most vitalizing personality that I have ever met. She revitalized all she came into touch with. Her strength was wonderful. The Saturdays in Paris were a joy. We would walk along the river or go into the Bois, or visit the gardens. Whoever saw us would also see

stacks of newspapers, pockets stuffed with pencils, and always a knife to sharpen them. To her aristocratic and literary French friends we were a source of amusement, wandering through Paris, I in travelling clothes—I could not be troubled with luggage,—arm in arm, talking incessantly or wandering so far away that the only café available was one that catered for cabbies or taximen. For our lunch we would have horse-beef and dandelion salad, and cheese that you asked to come, and it came! Food never troubled Christabel. A cup of Horlick's or a pheasant were just the same to her.

I grew to love Paris. Like the moorlands, I dare not think of this lovely city at certain seasons. In September I have a real heart-ache to visit the moors, and if I hear the wind howling I could cry with the longing that creeps over me for a smell and a sight of the purple-covered, restless moorlands of the north. At Easter I have the same desire to be in Paris. I dream of the flower-stalls and the cheery market-women. I can smell the ever-steaming coffee and newly baked rolls and see the gay crowds. Then I visit the Madeleine and look on the Cross, made not with thorns but with fresh bedewed flowers, symbolic of all that is good, pure, and beautiful. It has never been a surprise to me that those children who are taught and brought up in agnosticism fly to the Church for refuge in later years, just as those

who have been brought up in the stern dogmatic religious homes invariably fly to agnosticism, and when they have worked through that stage or phase of life, find themselves being drawn to what are called new movements, which really contain the seeds of the old ancient religions, philosophies, and wisdom of all the ages, right back to the dawn of humanity.

When the leaders were released after having done a hunger-strike my work seemed to grow and not diminish. Each had instructions to give, each had messages to send to Paris. They were ill and needed rest and change. Scores of the rank and file were still in prison and had to be got out. Had it not been for Mrs. Drummond, my sister Jessie, Margaret Cameron, Mrs. Sanders, Miss Kerr, Mrs. Archdale, and that splendid Mr. Arthur Marshall, the Movement would have been weakened and discredited. We survived the storm.

Christabel's place of refuge had been kept secret for many reasons, one being that we had a strong presentiment that certain Parliamentary enemies would approach the French Government and make an appeal for her extradition. Christabel and I had interviewed one of the leading legal men on the question and had approached many French people who had influence in the Chamber. We had a definite pledge that such a course would not be adopted, and though later an appeal was

made in our British Parliament for her deportation, no notice was taken of it. The record in Hansard will explain the form in which it was made. Christabel's French friends kept their promise.

About this time I recalled Grace Roe from the provinces. Grace Roe had played a unique part in the fight. Her power of tenacity, her love and loyalty to her chosen leader, will never be equalled. Charming in appearance, soft in speech, gracious in manner, no wonder she got passports and passed barriers whilst others were waiting, stool in hand and lunch in pocket. Her daring was a marvel.

CHAPTER XXII

INTERNAL DISCORD—THE FIRST SEPARATION

From now until April 8th, 1913, when I was again arrested, my work lay chiefly in visiting Paris, reading proofs of the paper, making speeches, interviewing Militants, and in training Miss Grace Roe, who was to take my place in case of my arrest. My sister Jessie at the time had a slight breakdown, and Miss Barrett was sub-editing the paper.

I had to meet Militants at my private flat at midnight, to discuss future plans with organizers, and last but not least, to take the place of Mrs. Lawrence and become the money-raiser for the Union.

It was at this time that the burning of empty houses was resorted to. Both Christabel and her mother were against the taking of human life, but Christabel felt the times demanded sterner measures, and burning she knew would frighten both the public and Parliament. "But no life must be taken on our side," she said, "we alone are the ones who are prepared to give our lives, if necessary."

Those to whom this fiery method appealed came

forth willingly. It demanded more than courage ; it demanded pluck. It was dangerous to the burner, and awful punishment awaited those caught. They only carried amateur materials : a bit of cotton-wool, a small bottle of paraffin, a few shavings and a box of matches. The rest depended on themselves.

The sentences passed on those captured were very heavy. Five years were given to Mrs. Leigh and Miss Evans by the Irish Courts. Added to this, the long sentence meant a hunger-strike and, worse still, forcible feeding. The wonder was that we ever got any recruits after the first few had told of their experiences of prison-life as forcibly fed prisoners.

We did risk human life when we burnt houses, in spite of the care we took to see that all buildings were untenanted, but Providence protected us. No life was lost except on the Militants' side. Many Militants are in fact to-day lying on sick-beds suffering from the after-effects of imprisonments and forcible feeding. What a reward for a brave fight on behalf of a great Movement !

Wars and revolutions have their tragic side, and our Revolution was no exception to the rule. There were those who worked unceasingly and in the end were forgotten, lost sight of amidst the toil and strife. Extreme Militancy brought with it tragedy and suffering, heartache and

loneliness. It was too severe to carry with it the lightheartedness of other days.

Was it worth the trouble, the sacrifices made, the suffering endured? To me it was worth it all, as I believed extreme Militancy necessary. Whether it could have been run in a different way it is difficult to say. Wars and revolutions are made up of surprises, hasty retreats, quick marches. This naturally destroys order for the time being, and yet there is at the head one who sees order where those in the midst of the fight see but confusion. Was extreme Militancy right, even though it was apparently justified? That is a question again which raises deep unsolved problems of Ethics. Each person can only answer the question as he sees or understands it. The day will come when War and Revolution will not only be thought wrong, but will not be necessary. But that time is not now, and during the Militant fight we were living in years preceding a greater Revolution which has done wonders for the evolution of thought,—thought which is now being acknowledged and recognized by Science as one of the greatest forces in the world.

To give a fair and unbiased diagnosis of the Militant Movement, it would have to be divided up into two sections: Mild Militancy and Extreme Militancy. The character of the members who played a leading part in the first great episodes of

Militancy were totally different to those who acted in the second scene. Mrs. Drummond, my sister Jessie, and I were in both acts, and saw the different stages of it and the changes the Movement had to undergo. The first part of the Movement was the genuine constructive part, the real Women's Movement. The structure was complete, but the tower was lacking. The tower was built by the extreme Militants. They had a building upon which to work, but their task was more dangerous than that of the hundreds of thousands of women who had been employed in making the structure grand and imposing. Each group played its part and played it nobly; they were complementary to each other. Without the first section the second could never have lived. Without the second section the first section's work would never have seen the full completion of its labours.

In September, 1912, Christabel decided to make public her place of retreat. This was done for several reasons. She had been assured of protection by the French Government, and the best legal advice had been given her. She was absolutely safe, as her offence was political. Another reason was that a little cloud had appeared between the Lawrences and the Pankhursts. The Lawrences quite rightly wished to be convinced as to the wisdom of extreme Militancy. It was quite obvious to me that opinions were changing,

that there was not the absolute implicit faith between the four that had existed in the earlier days. The breaking of friendship is just as mysterious a thing as the making of friendship. It invariably arises through misunderstanding. Thoughts which before were all openly expressed are locked tight in the mind and grow and grow until the whole idea of the person thought about becomes changed. Unexpressed feelings, if tinged with a grievance or a shade of hurt pride, grow as quickly as mushrooms, and before the aggrieved one knows what has happened the thoughts have been so fertilized that they find themselves encompassed. The person concerned no longer directs his thoughts or controls his feelings, he is controlled by them, and the result proves fatal to real friendship, whose every thought and action must be one of trust and love. Let trust depart and love will follow.

Threats were made by the Government to attack the private income of the Lawrences, as they were the only people among the leaders who could be financially attacked. Mrs. Pankhurst had no private means that it would have been worth the Government's while to touch, but the Lawrences had.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence also questioned the wisdom of Militancy which might mean the loss of life.

To question policy with Christabel meant

everything. Once people questioned policy her whole feeling changed towards them.

These little clouds all have their effect on big movements, especially when one of the heads, and that one the originator, is away. My life was far from happy at this period. I loved all of them: Mrs. Lawrence, who had sheltered, clothed, and loved me like a child; Mr. Lawrence, who had taken me to see countries that would have remained day-dreams but for his kindness (and these personal things play a big part in one's life, though one has given oneself to a cause); Christabel, whom I worshipped, who had seen the good in me as well as the bad, the strong parts as well as the weak, whose first-born Militant and mascot I was and to whom she had looked for help in steering a ship that was to plough turbulent waters; Mrs. Pankhurst, who had given up homely comforts, an income that had meant much to her, who had given her family to the Cause, the one who was admired by friend and foe, and who had loved me with a genuine sincerity.

Another big choice had to be made. How weary I was in body, how troubled in mind. I knew what I should do. I was quite awake as to my action, and yet I had a fear. I felt a little afraid of both sides. Both seemed to look to me. The difficulty lay in most of the underlying trouble being unspoken, the suppressed feelings being unexpressed. Two in each family

and I between them. Others, of course, played a part, especially Mrs. Tuke, but my attitude seemed to be watched and analysed more than all the others together. Christabel never questioned what I should do, the part I should play, the side I should join.

The wordless fight was going on for months, and when the storm burst no one knew what was happening or what had happened until the news was announced from the Albert Hall platform. That action on both sides, I think, is a record of loyalty, especially on the side of the Lawrences. It stands out as a big thing in a terrible crisis.

Again everything but the truth was told, which was that Christabel was afraid of, or rather suspected interference with, policy.

The name I had given me by members, who were justly horrified at what had happened, was "Christabel's Blotting Paper." The title neither flattered nor depressed me. I knew that blotters were useful things, and I had no ambition but to be of use to the only one I firmly believed could ever win the Vote. An incident happened very like the one which occurred when I was troubled about the Holy Ghost. One night before retiring I was sitting down in front of the fire in my new flat. In a sort of dream I found myself in one of the offices at Clement's Inn. I had only been there for a few minutes when who should

walk in but Miss Elizabeth Robbins and Miss Mary Neal, and afterwards Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Tuke. We were all sitting round the table, when the door opened and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence arrived. Mrs. Lawrence looked very sternly at me, and Mr. Lawrence looked troubled. The Committee, as it was called, commenced its business, which turned out to be nothing but the why and wherefore of the autocratic action of Christabel and her mother. The conversation was quite clear. When it was over Mrs. Lawrence saw me for a moment, and said she wished to speak to me.

This sentence brought me back, as it were, and I found myself sitting on the floor again in front of my own fire. I was puzzled. Was I really in the flat or was I dreaming I was there—was Mrs. Lawrence calling me? The following day I called at Mrs. Tuke's flat on the way to the office and told her exactly what happened. She told me there was to be a Committee meeting. The day arrived, and everything happened, including the conversation, just as I had seen and heard it in front of my own fire. Mrs. Tuke looked at me and admitted it was strange and unaccountable.

The decision was a difficult one to have to make. Whichever side I took I knew I should bruise and hurt the side I had left. Had I thought they would just be angry, I should not have cared half so much. I do not mind people being angry with

me, but it makes my heart bleed if I think I have hurt them. The choice had to be made. The only thing I could do was to ask my higher self what it would do. The message was clear: "Follow Christabel." Against this I could make no appeal. I had appealed to the highest tribunal and I was quite prepared to follow out any instructions it might give. It is the final tribunal for us all when faced with human problems, where decisions have to be made not between black and white, but between many shades of grey.

The old days were over. That was quite clear to me. Visits were made to Paris by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, but still there was not the same trust on either side as before. And the end was inevitable. Again Christabel's fears were those of a general on a battlefield. Sweeping tactics! Were they to be interfered with? That summed up the second split, the first and last serious separation. Christabel won, the fight continued, but the Movement, as a Movement, lost. The two had gone who had been the creative geniuses of the constructive side of a world-famed fight.

CHAPTER XXIII

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND SIR EDWARD GREY RECEIVE A PUBLIC DEPUTATION—FIREWORKS —A PRIVATE INTERVIEW WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE

By the end of 1912 the work of the Union was done more and more in secret, and this had to be. Scotland Yard men watched our every move, and who could blame them, as our every move meant another fire, and what is Scotland Yard for but to dog law-breakers?

Another letter was sent to the Prime Minister, asking him to receive a deputation of working women. The reply was "No!" Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey, however, consented to do so. Working women headed by Mrs. Drummond and myself were received. My instructions from Christabel were to cross-examine Mr. Lloyd George and to draw from him a reply as to his attitude and the attitude of the Government in connection with the Reform Bill and the Conciliation Bill. My position at these deputations was always the most difficult. Mrs. Drummond had to interest and amuse the men, I had to fight them. Miss Beatrice Harraden's

impression of this deputation, taken from our own Suffragette newspaper of that date, is a clear description of what happened :—

It was a delightful and thrilling experience to go with the Working Women's Deputation to lay the Working Women's case before Mr. Lloyd George. As we drove along in the omnibus, which was flying the W.S.P.U. colours with an access of triumph, I reflected that here was one of the many compensations which fall like blessings on the distraught authors taking part in this movement. Gone is the serenity of our spirit, and the seclusion of our studies seems like a dream of the dim past. But unexpected interests and adventures spring up to take the place of that lost solitude of soul and body ; and as I sat with the bonnie fishwives from Newhaven, Scotland, and surveyed my company, I said to myself that I would not have exchanged these comrades for the most cultured scholars in the whole world, nor that omnibus for the quietest and most safely guarded temple of thought and imagination.

Quiet we certainly were not. We were merry and happy. I was particularly struck, from the very beginning, with the entire absence of all fear and self-consciousness in these hard-working women.

" Shall you be nervous ? " I asked one of them.

" Nervous ? " she answered. " And who's Lloyd George that I should be frightened of him ? "

And the pit-brow lassie said :

" I'm not frightened of any of them. They can't be worse than some of the men I've had to reckon with."

And the fishwife said complacently :

" If I feel comforted, I shall be able to say straight out what I want. Plain and straight."

And the East End woman said :

" Nervous. No, bless you. If I once get on my feet I shan't be able to leave off telling him to do the right thing by us."

And the bright little laundress said with a twinkle in her eyes :

" They'll hear a thing or two from me ! Never fear ! I'm

going to tell them they couldn't do our work if they tried ! ”

And the General, beaming on them all, said :

“ Say whatever you have to say. But let us all remember our dignity.”

Well, they did indeed remember it. I have never before seen anything approaching to the dignity with which those women, later, in the Treasury, stood up, one by one, and stated their cases, and their need of the vote with which to get their grievances remedied. I need not do more than just pick out a few points here and there, by chance, as it were ; for really all the speeches, as Mr. Lloyd George himself said, were so admirable and concise, and so much to the point, that there was nothing to choose between them either in interest or importance.

And the effect they produced on Mr. Lloyd George and some of his colleagues present—Sir John Simon, Dr. Macnamara, and others—was cumulative. It could not have been otherwise. For even politicians are said to be intermittently human where other people's welfare is concerned—we know, of course, that they are permanently human where their own welfare is concerned—and these gentlemen were having the privilege of listening to a continuous human record, given with dignity and fearlessness, in simple, direct language, without anger, or bitterness, and without any appeal of pathos except that of the bare stern facts of life. Of course, they were impressed. They would have been monsters if they were not.

They heard the claims of the teachers so admirably advanced by Miss Bonwick, and the disabilities of the nurses clearly explained by Miss Townend, who spoke of the nursing profession as a dangerous one in which there was no compensation for illness, and for which there was no legislation against long hours. They heard the story of the tailoresses from Mrs. Cohen of Leeds, and learnt how the girls worked for $3\frac{1}{4}d.$ an hour, whilst the men were paid $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ an hour for the same job. She told them how in the slack time the girls went day after day to the factory and got no work given them, and how the hunted look came over their faces as they realized they were being driven on to the streets.

“ *Raise their status, Mr. Lloyd George,*” she said. “ *Help them to get rid of the hunted look.*”

Then Mrs. Bigwood spoke on behalf of the Sweated Workers of the East End, and told of her 6s. a week earnings in the making of pinafores, "and buy me own cotton and fire and gaslight."

Then came the turn of the cheery little laundress, Mrs. Ward Brown, who got in what she wanted to say about the men not being able to do the laundry work properly, much to the amusement of the assembled statesmen!

"We ought to have the vote at once," she said peremptorily. And in conclusion, "It's a shame we've not got it already, Mr. Lloyd George."

Soon the imposing and picturesque fishwife, Mrs. King, gave her testimony, and by reason of her great dignity looked as much in place in the Treasury as she would have done with her creel on her back in Newhaven.

"Give me my vote, Mr. Lloyd George," she said. "I've come four hundred mile to get it, and I want it before I go back."

Then the pit-brow lassie spoke for her comrades, and as she stood there, in her quaint costume and clogs, I longed to tell those men how she was called the Florence Nightingale of the Hulton Mine, and how in that dreadful disaster, when 344 miners were killed, she had taken charge of the dead, and had worked for sixty hours on end, receiving them and rendering them the last services.

Nothing could have been better, either for effect or instruction, than the clever arrangement of the speakers, so that each personality should stand out clearly defined and contrasted. They were all deeply earnest, of course, but their temperaments were different. My only regret was that the deputation had been limited to twenty, and did not include the charwoman from Liverpool, who told me "that she was making history," or the tinsplate worker from Mr. Lloyd George's own country who said she had come alone, and was determined to come whether "she got killed or what." I was glad to know later that she had not "got killed or what," for I think I saw her starting out with a gallant three hundred to the Drury Lane pantomime!

Well, to return to that Treasury, where at last Sir Edward Grey put in an appearance, belated and elusively apologetic. But before he arrived on the scenes, Miss Annie Kenney and

the Chancellor had had their breeze, and I would like to say about this breeze that I respected more than ever that little brave woman who dared to introduce a note of discord into the harmony of the deputation because she felt it to be her duty to make certain remarks and to ask certain questions which had to be said and asked, and which have now been proved to be more than justified by this latest development of the Suffrage situation. Hers was, in fact, the hardest and most trying part of the drama of the morning, and she went through it with a calm courage which filled me with admiration, whilst at the same time it shattered what remains of my nervous system.

For the Chancellor's brow grew "dark and ominous," as we say, or used to say, in novels. Restive and indignant became the countenances of his supporters and colleagues. Phantoms of Liberal followers rushed in to uphold the honour of the Prime Minister and menace his accuser. With my mind's eye I even saw the Liberal women joining in the phantom onslaught on that heroic figure. That was too much for any eye, whether of mind or the flesh. I closed it. And when I had the pluck to open it, I still saw Annie Kenney confronting the Chancellor, Annie Kenney who with body or brain would face without flinching the difficulties and perils of any situation.

And of Mrs. Drummond herself, what more need one say except that she was the General at the General's very best? But I cannot leave it at that, because I am really haunted by her wonderful management of the deputation, her good-natured wit, her *finesse*, which many a statesman might well envy, and the genius of her temperament, which gives her a free pass into any camp, however hostile. Mr. Lloyd George in complimenting her and commenting on her was obviously using the language of sincerity. One could not help reflecting what a sad pity and a wasted chance it has been that he and his colleagues have not allowed themselves until now, at the eleventh hour, the opportunity of meeting face to face in frank but friendly council the women of the W.S.P.U., whose personalities have hitherto been unknown quantities to the members of the Government.

Well, these so-called statesmen have now shown that they prefer war to peace. But at least they know now, direct

from this deputation, that the working women are determined to have their grievances remedied without delay, and have risen up in their numbers to form a solid phalanx against which all the opposing forces must inevitably hurl themselves in vain.

When the public deputation was over it was decided that we should ask Mr. Lloyd George to receive Mrs. Drummond. We knew he would not receive me if he could help it! Mr. Lloyd George consented to see her, but I went too, to act as spokeswoman, she supporting me.

I first went to Boulogne to get my instructions. Christabel I knew would go through the whole Parliamentary procedure and explain what the effect of the Government proposals would be. Then she would explain what they ought to do, following her arguments up with illustrations. She did, and when she had finished I had got a very clear idea of the conversation which would take place in Downing Street between Mr. Lloyd George and myself. I almost heard every word that would be uttered. In that way I got my replies ready before I started on my journey! The one point which I could not decide was this: Would it be wise to let Mr. Lloyd George say all he had to say first, or would it be wiser to say all I had to say and let him reply to me? The success of the whole deputation revolved round that point. My mind worked like this: "If I let Mr. Lloyd George have the first say he will commit himself before hearing what our point

of view is.” This seemed to me to be unwise. I had heard of his pride ; I had heard of his quickness in grasping any and every idea brought forward by others. I had been told that he was vain. I thought, “ If all these things are true, why let him commit himself before knowing exactly where our party stands on this question ? ” The second course seemed the wisest to take. If I put forward our ideas, making clear our claims and proving the practicality of such claims, and the wisdom of our demands, I might bring forward ideas that he had never thought of in connection with the question of Woman’s Suffrage. These ideas that I always got before venturing on a new course Christabel always left me to work out for myself. I can see us now, Christabel and me, and the boat standing at the landing stage ; my thoughts not on the arguments I had to use, but concentrated on a far more important point to me, which was, “ Who shall enter the fray first ? ” I knew the decision when I arrived at Downing Street would rest with me. There are certain things in life one knows, and this was one of them.

Another point in my favour was that we understood Mr. Lloyd George’s strength and also his weakness.

Mr. Lloyd George did not know anything whatever of my make-up, as he had never met me, and I had no political past on which he could

meditate and form conclusions. My instinct or intuition said, "Give him a chance to listen to your claims," and my reason then explained to me the wisdom of this action.

I met Mrs. Drummond, and we went to Downing Street together. My word of advice to her was, "Say nothing until the end of the interview, as we shall want all our wits about us to compete with the quick-witted, intuitive person we have to meet." I was interested in the interview and looked forward to meeting Mr. Lloyd George.

When we arrived we were greeted with amiability. We had tea with the family. Mrs. Lloyd George was kind and courteous, but very much against the Militants. I was glad when the tea was over. I felt I was playing a part, and I did not wish to give anything away at the tea-table. My ammunition was for the real fight. I saw in Mr. Lloyd George a man I had to be on my guard against until our position was made clear. Once acquainted, the more honest, the more straight, the more downright, the better.

After tea, Mr. Lloyd George, Mrs. Drummond and I adjourned to another room. The one thing I remember about this room was a big roaring fire. I sat in a chair for a few minutes, but I was not comfortable. This put me at a disadvantage in argument, so I sat on a stool and felt very comfortable and cosy.

I can always argue better and also listen with

more deep attention when I am wearing neither hat nor gloves. This free-and-easy way did not offend Mr. Lloyd George, and he asked me to have a cigarette, which I refused.

Once I felt firmly seated in my saddle, as it were, I started the conversation by asking him if I might be allowed to state our case and explain the reason of our distrust and dissatisfaction with the public interview. His reply was, "Decidedly." I went into the whole details of the dangers of a private Member's Bill, a private Member's Amendment, in fact all the paraphernalia of Parliamentary procedure, and told him why the Government ought to take responsibility for the Bill. He understood as well as we did the necessity of the course we wished to adopt to ensure success.

When I had spoken my Brief, making it as short as possible, it was summed up in two sentences:—

A Government Bill, which meant security.

A Private Bill, which meant delay, and finally defeat.

His reply from beginning to end was an evasion of these two points.

The interview ended in our standing by the fire, hurling questions at each other with flashing eyes and hot cheeks. I asked if he would leave an "open door," so that we could return after having reported to Christabel his points against our demands, and he promised that he would

see us again. We rushed to the station, caught the night train and boat, saw Christabel, talked all night, caught the early boat and train to London the following day, and put in another appearance at Downing Street.

We had only been in the hall a few minutes when we saw him come rushing down the stairs. He gave us a hearty welcome. "Guess who is upstairs?" he said. We could not. "Mrs. Fawcett," he replied, and I saw the twinkle in his eye which said, "I've convinced her all right." "Look here," I said, "you may have talked Mrs. Fawcett over, don't try those tricks on us, please. We shall see through the whole thing too clearly." That sentence brought about a lower vibration between us immediately, and we were more formal than on the first occasion. From the first we argued and accused, and accused and denied, and denied and challenged, and we ended up by letting off mental fireworks that almost blew the roof off our heads. When we left we had arrived nowhere, but both parties knew that neither would meet the other again on such heated ground.

In spite of our useless interview, I liked Mr. Lloyd George. I could not help it. He seemed to me to be a man with two distinct personalities. Primarily, he is a born modern statesman, a lawyer and a man of the people. He has the keen, penetrating eye that reads the unexpressed thoughts of others; he understands the weakness

of human nature and manipulates it to his own ends. His keen sense of humour sidetracks many a serious situation. He understands politics so well that political problems are solved almost instinctively by him. He has a way of picking the essentials from an argument and never burdening his brain with superfluities. He is democratic in so far that he is not snobbish. In such a wily way does his brain work that he sees not one way, but hundreds of ways, of getting out of a tangle. Politics as run to-day tend to develop a subtle deceptiveness and evasion, and blur the vision. Keen, quick-witted, free and easy with opponents, vital, enthusiastic and ambitious, these qualities placed Mr. Lloyd George at the head of the Mother Government of our Great Empire. His tenacity gave him the power to hold on where Clemenceau, Venizelos, and others were overthrown. One great point that kept him enthroned was his love of simple pleasures and recreations. He was surrounded by people who did not take life too seriously, who loved fun and could enjoy a bit of gossip and laugh at other fools in the world. His simple home-life saved him, in spite of all political intrigues, deception, and struggle for supremacy that was part of political life.

There is another Mr. Lloyd George, another man, who is an artist in so far that he at times reaches the heavens and responds to the soul of Nature. He can respond to the vital soul

of life. At brief periods he understands the meaning of the words—Immortal, Eternal.

Mr. Lloyd George, I felt, had at some time experienced a communion with his higher self, and I said on my return, "That man could rise to any height in heaven or fall to the lowest depths of hell—the marvel is that he keeps a fine balance." I am sure that if he were talking confidentially he could give one a good description of both places, having mentally gone through purgatory and consciously experienced the joys of the Celestial City.

I saw quite a lot of Mr. Lloyd George during the war, but my first impressions have remained unchanged.

If I had not met the Ministers privately I should have met them publicly. There is scarcely a politician on the Liberal side whose meetings I have not broken up. The way we broke up meetings was quite clever. We secured tickets, and when the speaker arrived at a sentence beginning with "Liberty," "Freedom," "Equality," "Fraternity"—all Liberal catchwords—we rose in a body and made some such remark as, "Liberty for women, please!" The word "Liberty" pleased the audience, but the word "women" seldom did. The Liberal stewards very soon showed us how they interpreted the word "Freedom." I admit there was no other way of securing a quiet meeting.

If we could secure fifty tickets, all the better. We waited our turn. The result was that the speaker's turn to speak was rare. As we were noted for our eloquence we made little short speeches in the time allowed before we felt the cool fresh air once more.

One of the most successful meetings, from our point of view, was the Colston Hall meeting in Bristol. Mr. Birrell was to address a great meeting. We decided to hide in the famous organ. There was a concert the night previous. Two Suffragettes not known in Bristol attended the concert, and when it was over went to the ladies' cloakroom and hid themselves. The watchman came on his round but discovered no one. Then the Suffragettes did their rounds with the aid of a flash lamp. The only suitable hiding-place near the platform they could find was inside the organ! They discovered a splendid seat on some scaffolding, and so they prepared. They slept by turns during the night, and when dawn came they breakfasted on a bar of chocolate, an apple, and a roll. Morning arrived, and with it the charwomen all joking about the Suffragettes. They searched every crevice, except of course the one where the Suffragettes were hidden. Then there was a real search by men in the afternoon, and they heard the sigh of relief, "No Suffragettes."

The great hall soon filled. The organ started.

The noise, the wind, the vibration nearly knocked the Suffragettes off their high perch.

Louder the organ pealed, greater became the excitement of the two extra human pipes attached to it. The vast audience cheered as leading politicians came on the platform.

At last the Minister started his oration. He was getting on famously and was in the middle of one of his most telling sentences when suddenly there resounded through the hall a shrill voice, "Votes for Women ! Give women their political freedom."

You can picture the consternation ! Where in the world were those women ? The audience looked to the ceiling as though they thought anything was possible. Stewards scampered here, there, and everywhere. The Suffragettes from their hiding-place watched and enjoyed the scene through chinks in the organ. Things settled down. No Suffragette could be found anywhere and the Minister resumed. He was labouring a point about "Liberty." "Why don't you give women liberty, then ?" suddenly came the same shrill voice. Then there was a scuffle. The audience was convulsed at the predicament of the stewards. The Suffragettes were in the organ.

But how could they reach them ? The hall was in an uproar. Everybody suggested ways and means to everybody else. They got a ladder,

but by the time they got the ladder to one place the Suffragettes had scrambled to the other side, making speeches all the time.

After long and strenuous efforts they were captured and cast into the street. The night and day spent in the organ had, however, served its purpose.

We repeated the organ episode on the occasion of Mr. Hobhouse's visit to Bristol. Incredible as it may seem, the women succeeded once again in getting into the hall. There was a gathering of women in the afternoon, employed cutting up sandwiches for a party that was to be held the night previous to the meeting. Two of our women, one of them being the same that got into the organ on the first occasion, went as friends of one of the local women and helped in cutting up sandwiches.

They concealed themselves in the hall, and when night came went to their place of hiding. This time they found the door of the organ locked, a special lock and key having been put on. They climbed over the top and soon found themselves in the old nest. On looking round they found that electric globes had been put inside, so that the whole organ could be lit up if required.

The meeting started. Mr. Hobhouse spoke for a few minutes, then the clarion voice rang out, "Votes for Women!"

The stewards rushed to the organ door, but the women had manipulated the catch inside to keep the intruders out!

Much to the amusement of the audience, the poor stewards couldn't climb over the top very easily, and the audience literally shook with laughter at their efforts. At last ladders were brought. The stewards climbed up and turned on the lights of the organ and saw the hidden ones. But, alas! the organ door was found too firmly fastened.

It was like a game of hide-and-seek. The Suffragettes were like eels. At last, after numerous stewards had gone boldly over the top, they caught the two rebels, and hauled them up one ladder inside and down another ladder outside on to the stage, the women talking all the time.

The shouts and cheering and laughter of the audience were enough to break up any meeting. There were the stewards with white suits and black shirts! The dust had played havoc with their clothes. The Suffragettes, shoeless, with hair down, elated with their success, looking merry and bright; they had had a good innings and made a fiasco of the meeting for the poor Minister.

The Government made the next move. They prevented women going to meetings unless they were accompanied by two men, not as a protec-

tion to the women but to the Cabinet Minister !

Our next move was made in the middle of the night. If humanly possible, we climbed to the roof of the building where the meeting was to be held next day. We occupied positions that the cleverest cat climber in the country would envy. How we did it, it is now impossible to say. From the roof we made our protest. It created such a stir outside the hall that the people inside were disturbed by the whistling, the booing, the cheers and counter-cheers of the great assembly collected below, watching the performance of the agile Suffragettes, who at any moment might be dashed to the ground. But we were secure in our heights.

The next move was to track Cabinet Ministers to their private homes. We succeeded in capturing them nine times out of ten. Poor Cabinet Ministers, what they suffered through false pride !

It was rumoured that the Prime Minister was going to Clovelly, and rumour was right. He motored half the way to escape Suffragettes, but, alas ! on the Sunday when he got safely seated in the church, he saw three women facing him, and who of course could have such looks of determination but Suffragettes.

To the Suffragettes the Psalms seemed so appropriate, as there were Suffragette women in prison. One line in the Psalm ran, "He bringeth the prisoners out of captivity." Mrs. Asquith

saw them first and passed a note to Mr. Asquith. Immediately the service was over he hurried, very flustered and nervous, out of the side door, but the Suffragettes just caught him neatly before he got to the small path leading towards Clovelly Court. They asked for a short interview. "Not a second will I give you," replied the Minister. The Suffragettes said: "If you won't listen willingly, we shall have to force you." He said: "I will not listen to you." He hurried along, the women with him. Once at home, he hastened inside and closed the door quickly.

The following day the three women renewed their attack. They went back to Clovelly Court and hid among the bushes and trees. The detectives and police found them and moved them on. But they meant to again capture Mr. Asquith and not be beaten by his detectives, so they escaped by climbing over rocks and scrambling over cliffs. They emerged in about an hour and made for the golf course before anyone could get at them. They tried to get to Mr. Asquith and called out to him not to be a coward, but he called for the police and ordered them to be sent away. He was so unstrung and nervy that afterwards the ball always went in the wrong direction, which was a pity when he had gone to have a fine game of golf.

The Suffragettes were still unsatisfied. They found that wherever they went they were followed

by detectives, so they hit on a fine plan. They packed their luggage and drove away to Bideford, twelve miles distant. They deposited their luggage at the station and immediately started to walk back the twelve miles, and arrived at Clovelly Court in the small hours of the morning. They had got the whole plan of the grounds and Court. They took with them hundreds of small discs of paper with "Votes for Women" written on them. It was about 2 a.m. when they arrived at the Court. The rhododendron and other bushes were all decorated with "Votes for Women" mottoes, and the front page of the Suffragette paper *Votes for Women*. They made a little banner from all their handkerchiefs and painted it from a small box of paints bought in the village. When their work was finished they started their twelve miles tramp back, as other work was awaiting them in another part of the country. The following appeared in a London paper:—

In church he sat with contrite air
And sweet stained-glass emotions,
And chastened mood;
A halo fluttered o'er his hair
And lightened his devotions.
He felt quite good.

He passed outside with stately stride,
When (exit exaltation)
Those women stood, Importunate!
The sanctified are burned with indignation,
They were so rude.

“ My breakfast, lunch, and dinner too,”
He said, “ bring indigestion.
I cannot sleep,
In fact, life wears a sultry hue
Since first this deuced question
Made my flesh creep.

“ My nerves, thanks to your most abrupt
Unwomanly gyrations,
Are far from strong.
Women, how dare you interrupt
My pious meditations ?
It’s wrong.”

The poetry was never good poetry, but it all brought the question home and kept the Press occupied (to us) with something worth recording.

It was discovered that Mr. Asquith would be going to Lympne. The three Suffragettes that had caught him at Clovelly were chosen to track him to Lympne. One of them disguised as a nurse. Knowing that Mr. Asquith would attend church, they decided to wait until church service was over before approaching him. When he came from the church he was making his way to a small door that led to Lympne Castle. He just missed slipping through the door in time, for the Suffragettes had caught him. He struggled and the door was narrow ; he got wedged in. There was quite a struggle, his hat got knocked off in the fray, and he looked afraid and most disturbed. Both his dignity and his hat disappeared at the same time. Some one came to his rescue and dragged him through, and the door was shut.

The Suffragettes, more by instinct than any information they had received, decided to walk to a small seaside village, Littlestone-on-Sea. They arrived at the golf links and stationed themselves near the entrance, so that they could watch the people leaving. Among the last to go were Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Asquith's car was near, and when they saw him making his way down the path one of the Suffragettes made a dart; he saw her and tried to run, but he was not so nimble as his opponents, and she caught him. He threatened to have her locked up; his hat was knocked off again and he cried for help. Lord Herbert Gladstone (then Mr. Gladstone) came to the rescue, the two Ministers trying to push the Suffragettes down the steps of the clubhouse where the struggle was then taking place, and the Suffragettes pushing back as hard as possible. Two other men came and rescued the Minister, who fled in the car.

In the evening the three women made a further attack on the Castle. They managed by much climbing and crawling and scrambling to get right up to the Castle, under the window where Mr. Asquith and the party at Lympne Castle were at dinner. One woman was hoisted on to the window-sill and reported that all was serene. Every one inside was happy and laughing. She was hoisted up a second time. She put her head through the half-open window and shouted,

“ Mr. Asquith, when are you going to give us the Vote ? ” They then threw some gravel on the windows, which sounded like stones. They heard feet approaching and they scampered away and gradually climbed down to the place where they had a boat waiting, and rowed away as fast as they could. The police station was rung up ; every one was in search. No Suffragettes could be found. The people never suspected a nurse and two quiet, studious-looking young ladies to be Suffragettes, and when the Suffragettes heard that Mr. Asquith had left Lympne, they left the district also.

The following verse appeared in the Press :—

Mr. Asquith reposing at Lympne
Runs risks that are ghastly and grympne,
But he hears not the din
Of remote Clement's Inn,
Suffragettes have no terrors for Hympne !

None of these methods being extreme enough decided the Suffragettes to adopt more militant ones and see whether by more extreme militancy Ministers would listen to our cry and grant us the Vote.

When things became more serious and extreme methods were adopted, we collected stores of combustibles on the quiet and hid them until the day arrived when they could be put to further use. I was thankful when the burning days were over. I felt they were necessary, but I was never

quite happy about them, and I do not think Mrs. Pankhurst ever felt so comfortable about this phase of militancy as she did about the milder forms.

The Militant Movement was a sign, if a sign was necessary, that we as a people are not of a revolutionary nature. The majority of the people of the country did not believe in militant methods, and as these were the only methods to which the Press gave prominence, who can blame the constitutionally constructed mentality of the British public for expressing its hostility to the Militant Suffragettes? The marvel is that we won the people over as we did at all our meetings.

We had many men supporters, men of fine character, whose devotion was admirable. The real militants among them formed a "Men's Political Union" and went with us through storm and calm. They were thrown out of meetings, went to prison, some of them were forcibly fed; they helped in our processions, spoke at meetings, worked in our secret organization, and all of them sacrificed their business or professions for us.

Among men who played a prominent part in our fight were Mr. Victor Duval, Mr. Frank Rutter (the art critic), Mr. Hugh Franklin, Mr. E. G. Clayton, Mr. Herbert Goulden, Mr. Charles Pantlin, Captain Gonne. They risked their all in the Women's Cause; they were sincere and honest

and would have given their lives, if need be.

There was another section, among whom were Mr. George Lansbury and Mr. Henry Harben, and yet another, comprising men who spoke for us at any time, at all times, and were a great asset to the Movement—Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Lord Lytton, Mr. Israel Zangwill, Mr. Henry Nevinson, Mr. Brailsford (the leader-writer), Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. John Masefield, Mr. Laurence Housman, Professor H. W. Bickerton, Mr. Baillie Weaver, and many others. Then we had two doctors who saved our lives time after time, and who charged nothing for so doing—Dr. Hugh Fenton and Dr. Moxon.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE REFORM BILL—THE WOMEN TRICKED—CAT AND MOUSE ACT—ALBERT HALL MEETING— £15,000 RAISED — ARRESTED — MAIDSTONE PRISON

The Reform Bill, which was to have a Suffrage Amendment tacked on to it, and which we had been told would decidedly give us the vote, was withdrawn. So once again Parliament failed in its promise. From this day, January 27th, 1913, increased arson was the policy of the Union. Fires everywhere, long sentences, hunger-strikes, forcible feeding. We were no longer the happy, joking crowd we had been in earlier days. I felt the responsibilities far more heavily every day, and my visits to Paris were no longer a joy but a drag and a dread. On each journey I expected arrest, and on each return I expected a raid. Mrs. Pankhurst in her speeches accepted all responsibility for Militancy except the taking of life. She was arrested on February 24th.

This was a sign to me to be ready. The Government were at their wits' end as to what to do. Women who had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment were being released in five days.

Mr. McKenna, the Home Secretary, brought in a Bill, the "Prisoners Temporary Discharge for Ill Health Bill," which we named the "Cat and Mouse Bill." The Government was the Cat, we were the Mice. The time spent by the Commons discussing the Bill, should have been given to discussing a Bill to enfranchise women. Why was this not done? Many are the reasons underlying the opposition. It could not be because we were militant, as we had lived under a truce for months, which was a proof that we only reverted to Militancy when all else failed. If Lord Northcliffe had removed the opposition of his press, and Mr. Lloyd George had threatened resignation, I think those two men could have won the vote for women. But we had fought Mr. Lloyd George and he was angry with us. We had never met Lord Northcliffe, and he did not understand us.

So the fight had to continue. The "Cat and Mouse Act" was passed. In less than one month Parliament had found time to pass it; it had received the Royal Assent and had become an Act of Parliament.

From that time to the declaration of War we were evading Scotland Yard detectives, and Cabinet Ministers were evading us. Mrs. Pankhurst's trial at the Old Bailey hurried the Bill through. The counts against her were many, the chief one being that of inciting people to burn Mr. Lloyd George's house at Walton Heath. The

sentence passed was three years' penal servitude. She resorted to the hunger strike, and, later on, to a thirst strike. She was kept in prison nine days, when the authorities had to release her. Mrs. Pankhurst was not forcibly fed because she had not only private friends to plead her case, but the whole Movement would have been one flame had the authorities resorted to forcible feeding. The "Cat and Mouse Act" had not at that time received Royal Assent, but they let her out on a ticket-of-leave and it is interesting to note that the Act received Royal Assent three days before her licence expired.

I was the first to come under the Bill. We had worked hard to raise a good round sum as a proof of our determination, and also to show that we were as strong as ever financially if not in other ways. I had got a promise of £2,000 from one person, £1,000 from another, and of £500 from many more. I never saw people who gave less than £100, as I felt others could do that work. I got a good reputation for money-raising.

The Albert Hall meeting was advertised for the 10th of July, but on April 8th, while busy at work, the door of my office opened and two Scotland Yard men were before me with a warrant for my arrest. I must admit that if anyone had asked for arrest I had, with my inflammatory speeches and my visits to Paris to discuss work, which was composed at that time chiefly of Mili-



MISS JESSIE KENNEY.

tancy and the raising of money to carry on the Militant fight.

I was taken to Bow Street and had to answer a charge of inciting to riot, etc. I was allowed bail as I promised to be good until my trial.

I attended the Albert Hall meeting, sitting in the dress circle. I enjoyed being one of the spectators immensely. Mrs. Drummond took the chair. Mr. Lansbury spoke. The money raised was £15,000. A record. What did I care about Bow Street, or magistrates, or prosecuting council or prison? Was not Grace Roe ready to step into my shoes? Were not the staff loyal and was there not £15,000 in the bank?

Mr. Lansbury had been swept away with righteous indignation at our treatment, and Mrs. Drummond had indulged in some good plain talk, so within a week they also had writs served on them, though they were allowed out on bail.

I sped to Paris to see Christabel and to get my instructions for the trial. Before leaving her I had a very strong presentiment that I should be again captured on my way home. I was taking all instructions to Grace Roe, and enough work, as usual, to last a year, but which of course had to be got through in a week. A friend happened to be in Paris who was returning by the same train. She kindly promised to take charge of my dispatch-case all the way. Should she scent danger, she said, she would deliver it into the hands

of Grace Roe without fail. Fortunately for me this was arranged. I disguised myself and went by the midnight boat, hoping not to be so easily detected by the sharp piercing eyes of Scotland Yard. To my horror when I arrived at the gangway I saw that each passenger was being questioned. When it came to my turn I was asked one question, "First or Third?" My reply gave me away. I saw one of the detectives give the faintest glance at the other.

I was travelling as Miss James. When we arrived at Folkestone I felt a hand on my shoulder. "Well, Miss James, how are you?" I turned round, knowing who was speaking. So I laughed. "We know you as Miss Kenney. We have a second warrant."

We had a nice journey, and chatted quite freely all the way. I arrived at the police-station and tea was found me, and every possible comfort. I was searched, but not so much as an address was on me—they were all safely lodged at Lincoln's Inn with Miss Roe, so that was all right.

When I arrived at the court I found not only Mrs. Drummond, but Miss Kerr, Mrs. Sanders, Miss Rachel Barrett, Miss Lennox. Fortunately for us, neither Grace Roe nor my sister Jessie were caught. The printers were raided, our paper, *The Suffragette*, captured. Every one who printed *The Suffragette* for months afterwards

was arrested. It became so grave that no printer would accept the responsibility, so the printing, the type, etc., had to be used in a cellar belonging to one of our most faithful members. We became printers as well as fighters.

Mr. Lansbury's trial was taken quite separately to ours. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He adopted the hunger-strike, but owing to the great support he received among his friends in the House, was not tracked by the Cat as I was, when it became my turn to visit gaol once more.

The following day another arrest was made, that of Mr. Clayton. My sister Jessie and I always felt very sad about this. Some papers he had sent to her were laid aside in a moment of illness. They were found at our private flat and were the cause of his arrest. Let me say here that to me Mr. Clayton stands out before all men for loyalty, chivalry, faithfulness, and abounding generosity of action. He never uttered one word of reproach, nor one word of condemnation. These are the fine spirits of the world, whose nobility of character is so little understood, and so undervalued.

The trial at Bow Street was most amusing. We laughed all the time. If we had not something funny to say to each other, the evidence brought against us gave us cause for merriment. Christabel's letters, which could not be read because

of the tumbling of one word over another, were a constant source of amusement to me, who knew every letter and understood the meaning of every dash. Mr. Arthur Marshall, that faithful friend of ours, was our counsel. Mr. Bodkin (now Sir Archibald Bodkin), prosecuted.

Heads have always interested me, and those who have seen Mr. Bodkin's will have noticed that his head is exactly the shape of an egg, large part upward. At times I was quite lost as to what was going on around me, I was so taken up with the shape of Mr. Bodkin's head, noticing how his eyes were placed, and whether his ears were low down or high up. I have a bad habit of getting fixed as it were. I do not intend to be rude, but I seem to see right inside a person and almost watch their thoughts forming. I cannot quite explain this process, and yet it is quite clear to me what they are made up of. I mean their chief characteristics. It is quite spontaneous—if I try to do it something closes and all is sealed.

One morning I got fixed on Mr. Bodkin ; something that I saw unexpressed in him amused me. I gazed and gazed, and I suppose I must have been smiling at him as though he were my best friend and not prosecuting counsel for the Crown. I was lost in a dream, when suddenly I heard Mr. Marshall's voice : " Miss Kenney, Mr. Bodkin asks me to inform you that he does not appreciate your constant stare ! "

I looked at Mr. Bodkin, his face was hot and red, and he and the magistrate were having words about me. I grew indignant. The Suffragette prisoners grew more hilarious every moment. They enjoyed the joke immensely. The court broke up soon after for the day, Mr. Bodkin to get over my stare, and I to solve my problem about his head.

At the end of the Bow Street proceedings we were all committed for trial at the Old Bailey, and on June 9th, 1913, I became a lawyer. I conducted my own defence, not because I wanted to, but because Christabel said it was necessary for one of us to defend herself. I knew what her idea was. I had to insist on practically all political articles in the paper being read, to convert the jury, to cross-examine on those points only which would give a hit at the Government, and, in fact, to make myself a nuisance to prosecuting counsel, in which, as they would admit, I did my best. Then I had to make a long speech, lasting for hours maybe, and at the end, a protest. That summed up my trial.

We never, never, took these trials seriously. They were just part of our propaganda.

After my speech, the Solicitor-General, in summing up his case to the jury, spoke of it as being "powerful and inspired by deep feeling." I did not feel he really meant that, but he gave me the impression that he felt the jury had been

impressed, and that he did not wish them to think him prejudiced, but rather to think that he was one of those who "give credit where credit is due."

All through the trial I had to make the greatest effort not to dissect the heads of those against us.

We were all found guilty. My guilt lay chiefly in making inflammatory speeches, which I had decidedly done, but the interesting and rather amusing thing about them was that they were copies of speeches made by Lord Willoughby de Broke and Sir Edward Carson, only I had changed "Irish" to "Women," etc. I cross-examined the detective with great gusto over one speech that was read out, asking him if he considered such a speech merited arrest. "Certainly," was the reply. "Then," I said, "issue a warrant for the arrest of Sir Edward Carson, for the speech is his, the alterations alone being mine!"

I was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. It would have taken me three years of my life to complete it if I had stayed there. Judge Phillimore, when giving the sentence, remarked that if we went on hunger-strike and the Home Office appealed to him, he should refuse facilities for release. My last speech was, "You have sentenced me to three years. I promise you I shall be out in three days!"

Prison! It was not prison for me. Hunger

strikes ! They had no fears for me. Cat and Mouse Act ! I could have laughed. Could I not rest there and be at peace ? A prison cell was quiet—no telephone, no paper, no speeches, no sea-sickness, no sleepless nights. I could lie on my plank bed all day and all night and return once more to my day-dreams. These would lead me to other countries and give me all the joys, pleasures, and excitement that any human person could ask or pray for. I rather looked forward to this brief three days that I should spend in prison.

When I arrived downstairs where the cells were, I noticed the Governor from Holloway. I always did forget that people were enemies, so I rushed up to him. “ Good morning, Governor ! What are you doing here ? ” “ Oh, I have brought your favourite wardress to look after you.” “ Thanks. I have always wanted to experience being a lady with a maid ! ” I told him I had got three years, as though he would be interested in the news. But he seemed to have heard it already.

I was then shut in the cell, and I sang all the old hymns that we used to sing at the Sunday School. I felt as though instead of having sentenced me to imprisonment the judge had given me my release from the burdens that had nearly snapped my body. So I sang as though I had gained my liberty.

After a short time the cell door was unlocked and there I saw my favourite wardress. I wanted to hug her, but I knew she would be censured for my rash act, so I refrained. Another wardress, unknown to me, was with her. I was put in a taxi. I noticed a man in plain clothes sitting beside the driver. We had been going a long way when I realized that we were not in London. I demanded to know where we were. So the sealed papers were broken and it was discovered that our destination was Maidstone Prison. It was a glorious night, there was a high moon, and I saw fields and fields of ripe corn. The breeze was faint and the whole earth seemed beautiful. Had I been going on a holiday I could not have felt a greater relief. I could sit down and not have to think of anything. I have a habit of closing down certain sections of my brain when other sections are open. I had done all I could ! I had done my best, the only thing was the work in hand, which seemed play to me after the strenuous times I had had.

The taxi broke down, for which I was thankful, and we only arrived at the picturesque Maidstone Prison at midnight. Every one had retired. We nearly pulled the old rusty bell down with our vigorous ringing. We were a merry little group and looked more like trippers going home after a good day at Brighton or Blackpool than two wardresses with a prisoner under a heavy sentence.

The matron opened the door and tried to look matronly, but I shook hands with her and told her not to be frightened, that I was only small and not at all bad once she knew me. I was shown into my cell and supper was brought, but there was to be no supper for me. For one thing I had insisted on having a feed during the breakdown. I told the wardresses they were my maids and that they must do as they were told or I would dismiss them. So for peace' sake we had dined.

The following day I had as my visitors the matron, the Governor, the doctor, the clergyman, and a visiting magistrate. They all asked me to eat or drink, but nothing would tempt me. The matron, the doctor and I became good friends. We had a lot of fun, and I told them all about the fight. The doctor was ever so kind and did his best to persuade me to have fruit, but fruit was no use to me. "I must be out in three days, doctor, or I'll die on your hands!" And the good doctor did not want a death.

In three days the gates were opened. The prisoner sat in her carriage. Another carriage passed at the same moment and who should be sitting in it but Judge Phillimore. So the promise I gave the judge was fulfilled. I was a little feverish. I stayed one day in the hotel at Maidstone and then returned to London by ambulance. The local doctor demanded this. I may have

been more ill than I thought. I was still very tired. Mrs. Brackenbury, that beautiful character, who went to prison at seventy years of age, the wife of the late General Brackenbury, lent us her house at 2 Campden Hill Square. We called it "Mouse Castle." All the Mice went there from all prisons and were nursed back to health and prepared for further danger work. This was to be my home for quite a long time.

CHAPTER XXV

ESCAPADES—HUNGER STRIKES—SMUGGLED IN AN ACTRESS'S HAMPER—I VISIT THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Gradually all the conspirators who had been tried with me were released. We compared notes ; described our matrons, our doctors, our special wardresses, but I kept to myself the story of the taxi breakdown. I thought it wiser. A few days elapsed and the one subject of talk was, " Shall we be re-arrested under ' The Cat and Mouse Act ' ? "

Rachel Barrett and I put it to the test. We went for a taxi ride. Nothing happened. The second time I ventured out I was arrested and taken back to prison, but this time to Holloway. Whether the authorities had an idea that we should object to being separated and thus sent us to different prisons the first time I do not know. The minds of Cabinet Ministers when harassed do curious things.

When I arrived at Holloway I felt quite at home, though I did wish the kind Maidstone doctor were there also. I adopted the hunger-strike and was again released in three days.

Before leaving I had the licence read to me, telling me to report myself at the prison in a week. Was it any wonder that the Governor smiled or that I laughed ?

I took the licence. I folded it carefully. I had an idea. I waited a few more days. I escaped from "Mouse Castle" in the dead of night and I appeared at the weekly London Pavilion Meeting. After my speech I pulled out my prison licence and put it up for auction. Being the first "Mouse" who had received a licence from the Cat, it brought down the house. I banged down the hammer at the first bidding for £5, which was a proof that I was no business woman ! On leaving the Pavilion I was re-arrested.

News travels quickly, for the news of my selling my prison licence had reached Holloway before me. The Governor met me. He had to laugh, though he did not wish to do so. "Look here, Miss Kenney, if this goes on and you turn auctioneer I shall expect a commission !" And off he went, obviously amused at what I had done.

The Press were very indignant at my action.

I again adopted the hunger-strike and was out in four days. The licence gave me seven days to recuperate in before reporting.

Things were becoming serious. Mr. Asquith had made a statement somewhere that I had to be prevented from speaking. The house in

Campden Hill Square, "Mouse Castle," was surrounded with detectives. I got away within five minutes of entering it this time. But before the meeting, ten days later, I had to decide how I could get there and evade detectives. I decided to dress as an old lady. Two friends of the Union invited me to lunch and afterwards they dressed me up.

When lunch was over I was taken upstairs. There on the bed lay my new disguise. I was to be dressed up as an old lady, with a rustling silk skirt, a silk blouse, elastic-sided boots, a cape, an old-fashioned bonnet, and a grey wig. I was to be very old. To complete my outfit I had to wear glasses and carry an ebony stick.

When I had completed my disguise, I looked at myself in the glass. I was no longer Annie Kenney—I was Annie Kenney's grandmother!

Something, however, had still to be done to fill my face out a little. Two plums were found and I put one in each cheek. It was perfect, but not a word could I utter.

An ancient cab came to take "the old lady" to the meeting. Two friends accompanied me. My instructions from the member in charge of the meeting were to go in at the front entrance just like an ordinary member of the audience.

When we arrived at the front entrance I saw in a flash "my own special detective." His eyes were piercing each individual. I couldn't

speaking—the plums were going to be my downfall. In a second they were out.

“For God’s sake drive on; don’t you see Detective Renshaw? Get to the stage entrance as quickly as possible,” I exclaimed breathlessly.

Instructions were given to the driver. After we had gone a short distance we told him to take us to the stage entrance. When we arrived there were other detectives, but none who knew me like Detective Renshaw, so I felt safer. I hobbled out and limped to the stage door.

Once safely inside, I flew like the wind. The old lady was suddenly turned into a brisk flapper. In two seconds I was in the dressing-room. I took off my disguise as it might be useful again if too many people did not see it. The meeting started. It was known that I was to attempt to run the blockade, and the one thing discussed among the audience was—should I get in or shouldn’t I? The air was electric.

Every one had taken their seats on the platform, when in I strolled, waving my licences—or tickets of leave. The enthusiasm was unbounded. After the chairman’s remarks I was called upon to speak. I auctioned my licence when the meeting was over.

I was again re-arrested and spent a few more days in prison. I had the same licence read out to me, only they gave me eight days to recuperate instead of seven, why, only the authorities could

say. I again escaped from "Mouse Castle." My one thought was of what disguise I could choose to ensure my getting into the meeting and making my defiant speech.

We all had special messengers and a small bodyguard; my messengers, who were not known to the police, taking messages backwards and forwards between Miss Roe and myself. We had also a "Mouse Secretary," so I sent her with a letter. My instructions were to procure two actresses' hampers, one for myself and one as a blind. I also wanted her to procure a house not too far from the Pavilion, where I could spend a short time before the meeting. Headquarters at once replied that they could get what I wanted.

Monday morning arrived, the day of the Pavilion meeting. I was smuggled into a taxi, and driven to the house which had been hired, went up some stairs and was ushered into a back room. There were two good-sized hampers. One was labelled "Marie Lloyd, Pavilion. Luggage in advance," and the other was addressed to a solicitor in the city. The hamper that I was to occupy was labelled "Marie Lloyd," the other one, a fake, was to be dropped into an underground office somewhere. My one fear was that a mistake might be made, and the Marie Lloyd hamper left in the cellar!

Anyhow, I took the risk. I got in, and the hamper was packed with as much paper as it

would hold—once I was inside that was not much.

A little later two workmen, who were not in the plot, arrived with their lorry. They were accompanied by a man supporter disguised also as a workman. They were asked to drop the Pavilion hamper first, and then to take the other hamper to the city. I still wondered if I should arrive in the cellar.

The weight of the Pavilion hamper made the driver swear—it nearly downed him, which of course would have done for me from two points of view. The distance to the Pavilion was not far, but it seemed hours before we got there. I think the men must have called for a drink—if they did it showed great wisdom on the part of the male supporter.

At last we stopped. Then the growls began again about the weight, about actresses having no consideration for the poor men who had to carry their baggage, and so on. I was turned, toppled, banged, dropped, before one of them got me (in my hamper, of course) on to his back.

I arrived safely on the platform and made my speech. No one in the audience had any idea of how I had got there, but the same fate as before awaited me on leaving the Pavilion. I was re-arrested, marched off to Holloway, and did a four days' hunger-strike; then the same old licence was read out quite solemnly, and I was free once more for another eight days.

This was on August 1st, 1913. I spoke at two meetings at the Kingsway Hall. There were no attempts at arrest.

I decided to go abroad. The Government had found themselves beaten for the time being, so I left on the 19th for Deauville, where Christabel was staying as the guest of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. I stayed at this fashionable French watering-place for a week, but I was not happy. I had no desire to dress up every day and carry a sunshade and wear white gloves. I wanted freedom, so I left and went to a spot far dearer to my gipsy heart, a little place on the coast of Brittany, and stayed at the tiniest wayside inn with the sweetest and best of people, who loved us like children. My own party consisted of my sister Jessie, my old friend Mrs. Hatfield, a new friend, Miss I. A. R. Wylie, the novelist, and Miss Mary Richardson. We did just as we wished. No sunshade, no gloves, no fashionable clothes were needed, the essential things being a sun-bonnet and a bathing costume. We laughed all day and all night. The people at the hotel called me "the laughing one." They little realized that I was a gaol-bird, a ticket-of-leave person, and that on my return I should be captured and put into a big London prison.

There is nothing like hard conscientious work to make one enjoy a real holiday—I mean a holiday where you can run wild, not a parade

holiday. A parade holiday exhausts me in a week.

I was having a glorious time, but poor Grace Roe was in the thick of it and only I realized what being in the thick of it meant for the one so placed. But, alas! by the second week in September I had a message to be ready to depart from France and to prepare for a strenuous fight.

So I left beautiful quiet La Guimorais, with its kindly people and banks of wild thyme, its rocky coast, golden beach, and rough seas. How I wanted to stay, but the call came. So I departed, I admit with a heavy heart. Miss Wylie, ever a good friend to me, accompanied me. We went to Paris, where I was to get my instructions, and then it was decided that we would return, I disguised, *viâ* some port that would not be watched too closely. I arrived safely and repeated the actresses' baggage episode.

This time greater dangers awaited me. I had no sooner left my hamper than steps were heard. I rushed behind a door and wedged myself tightly there, when I heard a voice say, "Any Suffragette here?" and some one answer, "No, sir." The door was pushed a little but I stretched myself a little more, so the door gave quite naturally and the police officer withdrew. It was only at these times that I felt my death might be recognized in the Press as "Heart Failure," not because I was afraid of the police or prison, but

because I was afraid lest I should be captured and spoil the meeting. I appeared on the platform. The only way I could do this was by crouching down in the middle of the bodyguard, and walking as though I were preparing to amuse the audience as Little Tich.

I had not spoken a dozen words when the platform was swarming with detectives. I was nearly killed in the fray, my supporters pulling me one way, the detectives another. I was captured at last and a taxi was ready to take me back once more to Holloway Prison.

I at once adopted the thirst-strike as well as the hunger-strike. A hunger-strike is bad, but it is child's play compared to a hunger-and-thirst strike, and both are as nothing to being forcibly fed. For the first twenty-four hours when I was on hunger-strike I felt a little hungry ; the second day I felt a little worse ; the third day I felt a little better ; the fourth day I wanted to cry ; the fifth day I felt dazed ; the sixth day I wanted to cry, sometimes out of sheer boredom, at other times out of rebellion, and at others out of weakness, and if I was there longer than six days I felt sleepy, a little feverish, and very tired.

I was usually let out on the third or fourth day, but this time I found that they had no intention of releasing me. Late that day the prison doctor came and announced that two special doctors had been sent to see me. I guessed

that they had come from the Home Office. They tried to look at my tongue; they tried to feel my pulse, and they made an attempt to feel whether my throat was swollen. When they went to one side of the bed I got all the bedclothes round me and turned over on the other side. Not a word would I say. At last the three doctors had to give it up. They departed looking very angry, firm, and stern. As soon as the door was closed I said to myself: "You've done for yourself. You won't get out of this place for days!" And I did not.

I burst into floods of tears. I cried bitterly for over an hour, yet I could not have done a better thing. The crying seemed to clear my brain, and the sobbing in a weird way, when it was over, made me feel not quite so empty. When I was released on that occasion I had to be carried out.

I was very ill. Dr. Mansell Moullin, Dr. Hugh Fenton, and Dr. Flora Murray had a consultation. The strange thing was I could not speak, and felt as if I was floating on air. I have marvellous recuperative powers, however, and being strong-willed I determined that I would defy Mr. Asquith and appear at the next meeting, even if I had to be carried in. I did attend the Knightsbridge meeting, but I had to be taken in an ambulance and carried on a stretcher. I tried to speak, but found it impossible. I also attended the big

Earl's Court meeting at the Skating Rink, but was obviously too ill to be re-arrested.

This was on December 7th, 1913. After the meeting it was decided that I needed rest and quiet, so a good friend made it possible for me to go to the land of mountains—Switzerland. I had three months' real rest, after which I felt better. I stayed in Paris for a short time and helped Christabel.

Once a Militant, always a Militant until the Vote was won. I knew that I was needed at home, so I returned quite secretly to "Mouse Castle." I still had the best part of three years' sentence hanging over me.

On April 15th there was a Teachers' Conference at Lowestoft. Mrs. Pankhurst had been asked to speak, but she was too ill, so I volunteered. I shall never forget my flight from "Mouse Castle."

At the bottom of Campden Hill the detectives were in full force night and day. And at the top were men we looked upon with suspicion. What was I to do? How could I escape? We found that we had members in a house whose side-garden wall was the back-garden wall of "Mouse Castle." That was the way of exit: no other way was possible. The people were approached and they consented for rope ladders to be used, and all other necessities to help me to get away.

My "get-up" was amusing: a black bathing-costume, black stockings on the arms as well as legs, a black veil with holes for me to see where I was going. I just looked like the Black Cat of the pantomime.

About ten o'clock news came—"Only two 'tecs' but a high moon." I was just ready to go when another message arrived—"Tecs just arrived in full force," so I had to wait all dressed up until the signal came about midnight, "All well."

I went out at the back door. All doors had been oiled, greased, sandpapered, and strips of carpet had been laid across the back garden. There was a chair and a rope ladder attached in some mysterious way. I climbed the ladder and found myself sitting alone on the top of the wall. Then I heard a whisper, "It's all right," and there was a ladder being hauled up for me held by two men. How I got down I could never say, but I arrived safely on the ground and I was guided indoors. I went to bed and felt thankful that the first stage had been so successful. The following day I was up early. I was told that the best plan was for me to go with the family in a taxi-cab to church, so I dressed in dark clothes and carried a Bible. I jumped into the taxi and off we drove. We saw the Scotland Yard men looking at "Mouse Castle" and no doubt wondering what would be our next move. I changed the

taxi at Oxford Circus, drove about a bit and changed again, and went to Hyde Park ; changed and hired a passing taxi which took me and my friend to the place where we had to stay until it was time to start for the meeting at Lowestoft. I, and the Suffragette who accompanied me, had a private car lent to us, and at midnight we started our journey. We arrived at the Vicarage—where we were being sheltered a few miles from Lowestoft—about lunch-time. We stayed with the kind Vicar and his wife until the day of the meeting. Then we started off once again.

Rooms had been booked by unknown Militants in the teaching profession at Lowestoft, and there my disguise was awaiting me. My disguise this time was very plain, a large fur being the main thing, and no heels to my shoes, so that I looked small. I wore glasses. But the best disguise was the Suffragette with me, slight in build, who was dressed up in a sailor suit, white socks, and carried a school-bag full of books. She was a born actress. We were warned that it would need the greatest care, as the whole place outside was lit up with great arc-lamps and a flashlight. It was Mrs. Pankhurst they expected and they were determined to capture her. We walked to the hall in the midst of teachers and the general public—detectives everywhere, all well known. Each face seemed to be peered into, but my little sailor-clad “niece” did well. She

giggled and talked and laughed at the fun she would have when she saw Mrs. Pankhurst caught. She chatted and explained loudly what all the school-girls thought of Suffragettes. My heart beat rather quickly, but in we marched arm-in-arm, niece and aunt, past the regiment of detectives, and I found myself in a few moments inside the dressing-room, changed and ready to speak. The meeting went wild with enthusiasm. Before it was over I changed my dress, and I marched out as a girl with my hair hanging loosely down, a picture-hat on my head, a scarf round my neck and my eyebrows blackened, and my lips and cheeks a little rouged. I got safely away and safely back in London, for which I felt happy. I was once again in the thick of the fight.

Practically all the plans for escape were thought out by the women themselves. One of the younger members was exceedingly clever in thinking out successful escapes. She was known as "The Elusive Pimpernel."

She was a tiny china-like figure, but wiry—and it must be admitted, wily.

Pimpernel was arrested in connection with the Kew Pavilion fire in London. She was kept in prison on remand, went on hunger-strike, and in three days had worked her way out of prison. She was taken to a house, round which detectives promptly posted themselves to watch for any attempt at escape.

The elusive one had her "get-away" all planned before she left prison. Within a few days a laundry van called, and the week's laundry was taken away.

The bundle was heavy, but as it was a friend who carried it there were no complaints; the bundle was dropped inside and the van drove off. With the van went the Suffragette—leaving a squad of lynx-eyed "tecs" industriously watching an empty nest.

She stayed in a secluded spot until ready for further work. Unfortunately for her, she was caught accidentally, and once more remanded in custody, which, of course, meant Holloway.

She went on hunger-strike again, and this time was forcibly fed. The authorities, however, could only keep her eight days. She was again released and taken to a house where she once more eluded the detectives. This time she changed clothes with a member about her own build. While the "cat" was sauntering down, the elusive "mouse" strolled up the street, and disappeared.

This time she went into the heart of the country for a rest. She was next heard of in Doncaster. A woman had been arrested in connection with a burning, but it was the Elusive Pimpernel who had done the damage, so to save the other person who had been accused of it, she gave herself up to the police.

Before her case had been tried she went, as

usual, on hunger-strike, and also as usual was released—on this occasion in seven days. She was taken to a friend's residence. The same day a van called with bread. Beside the van-driver there was a van-boy, who walked in with the bread. Out came the van-boy again, mounted the seat beside the driver, and drove away. The Elusive Pimpernel was the van-boy. She had once more outwitted Scotland Yard.

Unfortunately for me some of our very able women had been looking up Church History, and had discovered that in the early days of the Established Church, any outlaw or criminal, whether his offence was political or otherwise, could fly to the Head of the Church and appeal for sanctuary. This idea appealed to Christabel. Who, of course, should she choose but myself? The news came. Would I go with my luggage in hand to the Archbishop of Canterbury's Palace and ask for sanctuary until the Vote was won? Christabel knew that this would not be granted. Of course, if it was part of the policy, I would go, so I went, accompanied by another member. We had not announced by letter that they were to expect such fiery guests. I was admitted. The other lady withdrew.

After a short time I was shown into the Archbishop's study. I had never in all my life seen an Archbishop, and here was I in the study of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Head of the

Church. I wondered if he knew my old vicar, Mr. Grundy, the "Old Man of the Church," as he was called. I told the Archbishop about him and how I had been confirmed. I did not tell him about my passion for Voltaire, which immediately followed. I asked him if he would provide sanctuary for me, as, like the people of olden days, I was an outlaw. I remembered all the things told to me by the members who had discovered that important fact.

When I told the Archbishop that I had come to stay and that I had brought my luggage, he became hot and irritated. We had a heated argument and did not agree about ancient Church History. He said we were living in modern times, which of course was true. I asked him to use his influence and demand that the Government should give way on this question. We both got hot, and the Archbishop looked disturbed and troubled. Before long his quiet chaplain came and said he wished to speak to me. I was taken into another room, where gentle persuasion was used, but I had come to stay. After a short time a lady appeared. She was an anti-suffragist. This cheered things up a little. It is difficult to argue with those in favour of a cause, easy with those against. We made good friends and I think she was honestly puzzled at my action. Afterwards Mrs. Randall Davidson, the wife of the Archbishop, came in. I felt really sorry for her

and I did wish a telephone call would come to say Votes had been granted, then I could have left. I liked her, she appealed to me as being a really good woman who had known silent suffering and deep sorrows. I know nothing of her life, I only say she gave me that impression.

When they all left me I could think. My first thought was how unethereal an Archbishop was, and what a good thing it was for the Church that such dignitaries as he were wrapped either in mystery or in gorgeous robes. I also wondered what place they would occupy in the orthodox heaven.

In the midst of my soliloquy lunch was brought in. I was hungry, so I did justice to the hospitality of my host. In the early afternoon my "anti" friend returned and warned me that Scotland Yard was in full force outside and had threatened to come in and arrest me. Would I not be wise and go out at a side door? "No, I came in at the front door, and I must go out at the front." Before long, while we were at tea, the quiet chaplain and my "anti" friend, who I felt was a born Militant though she did not know it, and myself, the door opened and there were my old friends of Scotland Yard. The end of the day saw me back in Holloway. Before leaving the Palace I announced to the chaplain that I should return when I was released.

I was kept there six days, and again I did a

thirst- as well as a hunger-strike. So on the 28th of May, 1914, I was again released. I went to "Mouse Castle," ordered an ambulance van and drove to Lambeth Palace. I lay outside the barred gates for a time, secretly wondering what would happen. I had not to wait very long. Scotland Yard appeared, and trundled me off on a police stretcher to the police-court. I would give no address, so was sent to the Workhouse Infirmary. I had not been there long when I heard that my faithful friend Dr. Ede had come to take me back to "Mouse Castle." How glad I was to leave the Workhouse and once again see the warm fire of the "Castle," where all the "mice" were safe from the Government "cat."

This was my last arrest. The following day I went to Fulham Palace to see the Bishop of London, but as the kindly Bishop reminded my friend and me that he was a bachelor, we decided to leave him in the peace which falls to the lot of the bachelor world. Between that date, the 28th of May, and July 16th, 1914, I visited different parts of the country, raising money for the next big rally.

On July 16th I was announced to speak at the Holland Park Skating Rink. The disguise I decided on was rather unique. I decided to be a fair-haired, gay, flashy East End coster type. At the time I was in hiding in a furnished flat in Maida Vale. My wig was hired. It was a rich

gold, with curls over the eyes and ears. I had beads, rings, ear-rings, a feather in my hat, a silk dress, a fancy coat, a feather boa, and two inches added to a pair of patent-leather shoes.

It always took two or three taxi-cabs to take us to a meeting when in disguise, so that no taxi-cab driver could be traced. News came just before we started for the hall. All the detectives excepting one were at the main entrance. When I arrived with my escort, a lady friend, we went to the side door. The escort always had to start a voluminous conversation just as I was getting out of the taxi. We got safely inside the hall. We were shown into seats right at the front. In a few minutes some one came and said I had got the wrong seat. A group of Suffragettes, stage managed, were there, tickets in hand, waiting for their seats, and while every one was supposedly being placed I was gradually pushed towards the stage entrance. Once there we were safe. A quick change took place in the dressing-room. A Suffragette, my height, changed into my Cockney clothes, and with profuse apologies was taken back to the seat I had been missed from. This was done so that if any spies were about it would be the one in disguise that would be scented and followed.

In a few minutes I was in platform dress. Once the meeting started I marched boldly on to the platform. Storms of cheering took place, and

enthusiasm was at fever height. Scotland Yard outwitted once more did much to help towards the success of any meeting. We raised about £16,000 in about half an hour.

Just before the last speaker had finished her speech I left the stage and another disguise awaited me. It was very, very ordinary, the chief features being furs and eye-glasses, and I left with the audience, surrounded with a bodyguard. I left by the front entrance and I walked under the noses of the detectives, the fair-haired damsel not far behind me being scrutinized and watched by those who were waiting to seize me and take me back to Holloway Prison. I arrived home quite safely and we laughed heartily about the scenes and began planning my next move.

During this time my sister Jessie, Grace Roe, Mrs. Dacre Fox, and the staff under them, were working night and day. The older Militants would not have recognized the office or the work. Life was one mad rush. Grace had also been arrested, so had Mrs. Dacre Fox. Grace Roe had gone through the horrors of Forcible Feeding. Her tenacity, her courage, and her loyalty to her leader, will ever remain one of the biggest things of the Movement. She was one of those whose life meant action, and to whom action meant life.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

We had not long to wait before a great storm burst which shook the world. Miss Mary Batten-Poole, a charming and devoted member, had accompanied me to Scotland. We stayed at a small village, and on buying a newspaper read the fatal letter to Serbia. Mary was more versed in wars than I was, and had a clear knowledge of the Balkan Question. "This means war!" she said.

War seemed a very far-away thing to me, whose whole idea at that moment centred on our own little war. Few people in the country, indeed, quite grasped the gravity of the situation. Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel were among those who did.

Orders came from Paris. "The Militants, when their prisoners are released, will fight for their country as they have fought for the Vote."

The prisoners, who were being literally tortured at this time, were released; the staff was reduced, only a few workers being kept on. Mrs. Pankhurst, who was in Paris with Christabel, returned and started a recruiting campaign among the men of the country.

This autocratic move was not understood or appreciated by many of our members. They were quite prepared to receive instructions about the Vote, but they were not going to be told what they were to do in a world war. They were right—it was for them to choose whether they would be pacifists or not. The letter sent out to them stated that each must be free to act in whatever capacity she felt best fitted for. At the same time a war policy had been decided upon by Christabel.

Christabel was in Paris. She saw the danger of that city being overrun by the German Army. She knew that we in England were unready, and in her swift way she decided that one of the Heads of our Movement must be out of harm's way in case of invasion.

So it was decided that I should go to America and that temporarily I should address Suffragettes there and help them in their activities.

All liners were filled, but we had friends everywhere, so one of the finest, bravest, and most loyal of members, Miss Janie Allan, was called upon to secure two berths, one for me and one for Miss Batten-Poole, who had decided to come with me.

I had very little money once my fare was paid. It had always been my weakness not to know whether I had enough to get through with or not. We left Glasgow in a good Scottish vessel,

and arrived at Boston in about seven days. I was held up there for hours. I had been in prison. I faced the Emigration Board of three, and won my case by a majority of one.

I then put my foot on American soil for the first time. We went to an hotel that we had been told was good and, to me still more important, reasonable. We booked our rooms, went down to dinner, and afterwards strolled round certain parts of Boston, and then retired for the night. I wishing I was back at home. The following day I rang up Mrs. H. P. Belmont at her home at Newport. She asked me to go and see her. Mary and I were relieved when we left the hotel. To me, with my empty purse, the prices seemed very high. We went to Newport, crossed over by ferry to Jamestown and booked a room in the attic of the hotel. The intense heat nearly baked us, but economy at that time was the rule of the day.

The following day we crossed over to Newport. I put on my best clothes. We went to Mrs. Belmont's and found ourselves in the thick of a Suffragette Conference, the leaders being two young women we had trained in the arts of Militancy in our own Movement—Miss Alice Paul and Miss Lucy Burns. Alice Paul had studied the American Constitution and was a little imitative of Christabel in her tactics.

I was invited to go to Colorado and work there,

but I felt that Alice Paul and I would not work in harmony. After a week's rest I decided to move on to New York, and then determine what line of action to take. I discovered that there were six State elections where a referendum was being taken on Woman Suffrage. I looked down the list and said to Mary: "I will go to these three States, why I don't know, but I like the names." The States chosen at random were North Dakota, Montana and Nevada. A friend of the Pankhursts and an ardent American Suffragette wrote to the Secretary of North Dakota and gave me a letter of introduction to her. So Mary and I packed our luggage and started off to North Dakota. I wanted to see the much talked of city, Chicago. I had also a keen desire to visit the Niagara Falls. We visited Chicago first, the Niagara Falls afterwards.

There were four things that I wanted to see before returning to England: the Rockies, Niagara Falls, wild buffalo, and the Red Indians. When I chose the State of Montana I did not realize that three of my ambitions would be fulfilled. Mr. Lawrence had once told me that his advice to any person visiting Niagara was not to stop at the Falls unless they could spend two days there. He said that one had to watch them for hours before seeing their overpowering grandeur. I remembered this, so we decided to spend two nights at Niagara. We put up at a cheap

hotel, and the following day I spent hours watching the great Falls. One has to see them in the sunlight to get them in their full beauty. Each hour they seemed to grow in power. The colours were clearer than any I had ever seen before.

We left the following day, and on we sped to North Dakota, the land of Hiawatha. We booked a room at one of the hotels, the name I forget, and Mary took our letter of introduction to the Secretary of the Suffrage Society. The reply came, would we go and have tea. They were a charming family and far and away the most enthusiastic Suffragists that I met during my short stay, except Miss Janette Rankin, who later became a member of the Senate. We had a long talk and I felt very shy about my position financially. I did not wish them to think that I had visited America to make money, because that was not true. I had not been in America a week before I made a discovery. Do not admit your poverty if you want to be a success. If you are poor, that is proof positive to Americans that there is something wrong somewhere, and that you have failed in some way. Prosperity is their watchword. "Do not feel poor or you are poor" is an unwritten saying.

So I guarded my financial position, and we arranged that I would give my services without a fee, they covering my travelling expenses from

place to place and paying my hotel bills. Within a few days a theatre was booked and I found myself addressing my first American audience. Before the meeting commenced I had a long conversation with the Secretary, who asked me to refrain from talking Militancy.

I kept my promise. I made a speech on the principles of Women's Suffrage. When I sat down the speech received splendid applause. At the end of the meeting a man asked if I would speak again and tell them all about Militancy. This I did, and the second speech proved a greater attraction than the first. Never again was I asked to refrain from discussing Militancy. During the two weeks I spent with them I addressed Drawing-Room Meetings, Theatre Meetings, Women's Meetings, and scores of Trade Union Meetings. Having been a member of a Trade Union I received a good welcome wherever I went. We had a fine campaign. The North Dakota Suffragettes said that our fight at home had inspired them to action, and that I seemed like a furnace perpetually burning with enthusiasm and zeal.

Before leaving, a letter had come from Miss Janette Rankin, the Secretary of the Montana organization, inviting me to go and speak for them. Again all expenses for travelling and hotel would be found. I arrived, and found waiting at the station a Miss Neal. I liked her

at once. We put up at a small hotel in Bute, where we had to prepare our own breakfast. The following day we met, and I put my services at their disposal.

Meetings! I felt as though I were back in Bristol. I could not have missed having my ambition satisfied had I tried. I seemed to speak in every conceivable place, however small. I saw the Rockies, I saw the wild buffalo, and visited the hut of the leading princess of the Red Indians, who did the washing for the small hotel. The place was so tiny that the Town Hall could be moved on wheels, and placed wherever the Council wished. In this far-away little place I found women who had heard Mrs. Pankhurst speak and had followed our fight. I met the leader of the Red Indians, who was half Scotch. His father, having left Scotland when America was in the making, and the roving life of the Indians appealing to him, married the daughter of the Chief. I saw this man, the son of the Scotchman and the Indian princess, for ten minutes, and the expression of his eyes, the curl of his lip, summed up the whole problem of mixed races for me. What a world of unexpressed tragedy, of unutterable moods, the intelligent half-caste has to face. That one man standing outside the lonely little wooden station in the heart of the Rockies, sneering at the world's tragedy, was symbolic of the great problem that

lies before the half-caste ! If we, whose blood for generations past has come from the same source, feel at times within us two distinct personalities, what must be the moods of those who have the blood of two distinct races flowing through their veins, especially if the blood of one race belongs to a hardy, practical people, while that of the other is that of the impetuous child of Nature, run wild in his freedom, unrestrained in his actions ? . . . To see this intelligent, artistic half-caste running his long Indian fingers through his black hair, was to feel as though the whole wild Rockies were repeating the refrain, "The moods have passed their fingers through my hair."

We held a meeting in the little wheel-about Town Hall, and it was a great success. It seemed strange to me to be discussing prisons, prison-dress, police, Scotland Yard, with those delightful people. All through the meeting I saw two black piercing eyes, two hands clasped under a chin, and a face that will haunt me always : the face of my Scottish Red Indian, who in a short period of ten minutes had told me the whole tragedy of the embodied souls which make up the unsolved problem of the half-castes of the world. I saw the wild buffalo the following day, and I visited once again the Indian princess.

CHAPTER XXVII

AMERICA

America ! America ! How truly wonderful is the land of the Pilgrim Fathers.

I had a happy time in Montana. Miss Janette Rankin and I became real friends, and Miss Neal constantly told me that I "tickled her to death." Our evenings were enjoyable. When the meetings were over we assembled at a pretty café in Bute, which was famous for its hot chocolate and club sandwiches. A club sandwich is bread cut thick with ham and tongue between—not just a vision of ham or tongue like our station sandwiches, but a genuine slice between the two thick slices of bread, with bits of gherkin added as an appetizer. When you have finished eating it you feel as though you have had a six-course dinner. That is the real secret of a club sandwich, it makes you think you have had something you have not.

We discussed each country's ideal. I said our ideal was Freedom, which to them seemed a strange thing for a Suffragette to say. But I proved to them by the most illogical reasoning that the Suffragette fight was a proof of the desire of all Britishers to be free. Miss Rankin

said that at the present time the American ideal was the dollar. She explained very carefully why Americans had had to make their ideal the dollar, and the arguments were very sound and well reasoned. She said, however, that the day had come when the ideal was changing. They had the dollar, and every one knew its value, so now they could begin teaching the new generation that the dollar would only be of real use so long as they realized the highest purpose to which it could be placed. Miss Rankin and Miss Neal discussed quite seriously coming to London and studying our Movement, if they did not get the Vote very soon.

I spoke at every Trade-Union meeting. The Trade Unionists of America are a very polite and well-bred people. I always felt they were gentlemen. They had their "Strike, ever Strike" section, but I enjoyed being with them, and my correspondence classes for Trade Unionists proved of real help. So nothing is ever lost in life provided we store it up for another day.

I had to move on. A letter had come from the Secretary of the Nevada group, giving me a welcome. The Secretary, Miss Ann Martin, had not only been in London to study our policy, she had been in prison. Miss Martin and I were like old friends. We had a fine campaign in Nevada, and it was more like a holiday than it had been in other places. Meetings were organized in the

open air ; Chinese lanterns were lit, and we had a real Suffragette gathering. I was taken to see the natural springs and the baths. They looked more like a little wash-house, and as far as I could see, you stood on a hot floor and let the natural steam, which rises from the earth, envelop you—a Turkish bath, minus the bath. I was not happy at the solitary inn ; the man who kept it was one whom “ the spirits move ” and had always vowed he would murder the first English Suffragette who crossed his threshold. Why they took me in I could not make out.

When lunch was over, my friend, who was no tactician, left me alone to discuss the Vote with my high-spirited host. I, being older at the political game, saw it would be wiser to discuss the marvels of nature. Then, in a stage whisper, he said : “ I like you ; I hate that woman, she only comes to pry, but I’ve warned her that there will be trouble if she ever lets one of those cursed Suffragettes enter my door ! ” pointing to the particular door at which an hour ago I had entered. He looked at me. “ I hate the lot of them, don’t you ? ”

As he was a little drowsy I again talked of the marvels of nature, inwardly praying that the bad tactician would return before my host questioned me again as to my hatred of Suffragettes. She did return, and in a stage whisper said : “ Has he promised to vote for us ? ” The staggering

mental blindness of some people is overpowering ! We returned home, I thankful that we had escaped a brawl. I advised Miss Ann Martin to be careful whom she chose to represent her at the Natural Springs.

My work was over. What was I to do ? I had always had a desire to visit California and see the big trees. I had also heard of an old friend, Dr. Aked, of Liverpool, who used to preach sermons in our favour. He became so popular, that America, ever ready to receive the idol, offered him a good living, which he accepted. I had only a few pounds left. We went to an hotel and booked a room, where again we had to prepare our own breakfast, but it was cheap, at least cheap for America. I then tramped club-land until I found where Dr. Aked lived. Mary and I in the meantime had decided to hold a meeting. We booked a hall, and had leaflets printed and a few posters. Mary gave out the handbills to the public and interviewed the Press. My only worry in life at the time was the uncertainty about the expense of the meeting. I never have more than one worry at a time, but that solitary worry so absorbs me that there is not one little crevice where another can creep in. I hear of people who have dozens all at once. How they find space for them is beyond my limited intelligence.

The night of the meeting arrived and with it about a hundred people, and on the hundred

people I had spent my last money. Anyhow, when I began speaking my absorbing worry dissolved. I was swept away with a desire to see all American women enfranchised. I must have made a decent speech, for afterwards the Press came forward and all expressed regret that the hall was not crowded. Would I not have another meeting? They would help me to fill it. I was about to say I could not afford it when I remembered the unwritten motto on the heart of every American—prosperity! So I said my movements were uncertain, which was quite true. One of the editors invited me to spend the week-end with him and his wife, at their home among the hills and orchards. So I promised, not knowing where I should get the fare for my ticket, but on counting our takings we found that I had still about £1 left. So I went and spent a short, happy time with this kindly editor and his artistic wife. Strangely enough, the conversation turned on Russia. Perhaps it was owing to my telling them the never-ending story of “prison life.” He told me something that I have never forgotten. He said that in Russia no beggar is ever turned away, no hand outstretched is ever passed; and I wished that I was in Russia, where poverty was not ashamed, and where prosperity was not the passport.

On my return to the hotel Mary announced that Christabel had arrived in America. Christabel in America! What was wrong at home? I must

go to New York to see if I was needed. So I went to an American Suffragette friend who had been sent to organize in California, and she advanced me sufficient money to get me back to New York. We took the southern route for a change.

I had heard a lot about the comforts of American travelling—all true except as regards the sleeping accommodation on the trains. During the day we looked out at the lonely tracts of land, but if I looked too long I felt homesick and longed to see once more the farmsteads of Sussex, the old cottages of the North, the peat fires of the Highlands, and the rosy warm hearth of a well-tidied Lancashire homestead. I wished I was again a child with no experiences behind me and no problems before, roaming the cornfields and tramping the moors of Saddleworth. I wanted my mother. Mary saw that I was moved, and being a sensitive person, she left me alone to pull myself together, to face the present and have courage to live whatever life came to me in the future. I thought of a novel where the man says to himself: "It's not life that matters, it's the courage you bring to it." I have always behaved as a child when I feel lonely or sad and am a long way from all that I cherish.

When night came on and we were shown where we had to sleep, we were both staggered. In a workhouse it is a case of "Men to the right, women to the left," but here it was not so. We

were all mixed up. The thick heavy curtains which hide one must be most unhealthy. We slept little, turned much, and the noises some of the men made reminded me of the sixpenny night shelters of the Salvation Army, where every other person has a cough. I think it must be the chewing-gum that creates such irritation in the throats of some of them. I noticed that the heavier the men were in weight the more noise they made. We did not enjoy it very much. Being short of money, I had to use my old Lockhart eye, which chose the best things at the smallest price.

At last we arrived in New York, I with an addition, a fine healthy germ that had been attracted to my throat in the train. I was laid up with tonsilitis for days. Mary nursed me like a sister. The first thing I said when I saw Christabel was: "Christabel, I feel lonely. I want to go home!" So after a long talk she decided that I could return to England and organize a campaign explaining the Balkan situation to the people. We got our tickets and sailed away on the *Lusitania*, little realizing that that voyage was practically the last the good ship was to make. For a week I had nothing to do, no duty to perform, so I reflected on my American visit.

I was not long enough in America to arrive at definite conclusions. One should live there, a visit is not sufficient to undertake such a task.

The impressions I received, however, were many. The first was that American women are not as free as British women. The Americans have not the happy, joyous, laughing faces that the people have at home; they all seem to have a hidden worry which makes their faces set and less flexible. Other conclusions were that the police surveillance is far stricter than it is at home; that Americans are snobbish; that you are taken at your face value until the people thoroughly know you; that voluntary work is not fully appreciated; that humility and modesty are qualities that are not understood; that it is an expensive country to live in unless one works there also; that China Town is worse than Canning Town, and Broadway worse than Piccadilly; that the majority of Americans feel rich, where we as a majority feel poor; that in America a sense of prosperity awaits one, whereas at home an "unemployed" procession greets one; that new ideas attract the Americans, where we repulse any new thought; that no country on earth can breed a better, finer man than America, but no country can produce a worse; that America is great and big, and, like all great and big things in life, needs understanding.

I had only been in England a short time when a letter arrived. Out of the six States which had voted by referendum on Woman Suffrage, two alone had won the day—Montana and Nevada!

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE WAR—MR. LLOYD GEORGE APPROACHES US
—OUR MUNITION WORK—LORD NORTHCLIFFE
—I VISIT AUSTRALIA

I cabled from the boat to Miss Roe: "Have to speak on Balkans. Get me all the books possible." So on my arrival I found that Grace Roe had procured a library for me.

They could organize a meeting at which I would start our Balkan campaign, I said, but I must be allowed a full fortnight to study the maps I bought.

Anyone coming into my flat would have thought that Lord Kitchener had instructed me to plan out the Balkan side of the war. For ten days I read and studied maps. Fortunately for me and the work, I found the Balkan history and its baffling problem of territory greatly interesting. Names of mountains, rivers, shores, were impressed on my mind without effort.

I made my first speech on the seriousness of the Balkan situation in Huddersfield. The audience enjoyed the history of those unsettled lands, so that gave me encouragement. I prepared a map, and took it with me to all meetings.

I had not been at home many weeks before Mrs. Pankhurst came to see me. A messenger had come from Mr. Lloyd George asking her to meet him. I was to go with her.

We met Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions; he told us he realized the extreme gravity of the munitions situation, that nothing would remedy it except the employment of millions of women, but he said: "I have such opposition to face among the Cabinet that some pressure outside is needed, and you are the only people who can bring that pressure to bear."

Mrs. Pankhurst's reply was brief: "If you, Mr. Lloyd George, feel it necessary to convert men to the need of munitions, we will have a procession of women, but fully understand, this procession is to convert men to their country's danger. Women are fully awake, fully aware of it already."

It was decided that we would have a procession, his department defraying the cost. We worked again with zeal and vigour. The procession, as all the papers admitted, was a fine piece of organization, and a proof of British women's loyalty. The deputation which accompanied it was received by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill.

This was the beginning of munition-work for women, and this is how the seed was sown which afterwards grew to be a tree whose fruit was Votes for Women. So Mr. Lloyd George turned

out to be our best friend and also the friend of the country.

Not only did we rouse the country to the need of women making munitions, but we kept in close touch with the women once they were employed in the gigantic factories throughout the country. The thousands of munition women were a new element in industry, they were well paid, well looked after. Ranged against them we had pro-Germans, Bolshevists, Pacifists. We knew that there would be repeated efforts by every section against the war to influence and coerce the women, who were showing themselves remarkably adaptable to every new scheme and device of munition work.

I spoke at practically all the large munition centres, and once they knew that I also had worked in a factory the women and I made good friends. It was acknowledged by friend and foe that our Movement had played a great part in maintaining unity among the new workers in what was practically a new industry.

Besides speaking at all the big works, we organized deputations of women, who were taken from our own factories to visit the French munition works, the French women in return visiting our country. Baroness de Brimont was one of the people who played a big part in making a success of the return visits. Either Mrs. Drummond or I were always chosen to organize and

carry these schemes through. It was interesting work, and both countries admitted that the plan had been a helpful one.

Then I had once again to enter the fray on the Balkan question. Those who followed the war know only too well the history of that poor little troubled land—Serbia. This work brought me in close touch with the chief actors at home. Professor Masaryk, now Prime Minister at Prague, was one of the people I used to meet frequently. Bohemia should prosper under this clever, able, practical, philosophic statesman. Mr. Wickham Steed, Mr. Crawford Price, Mr. Seton Watson were three people with whom I discussed the Balkan question. Mr. Leo Maxse was a tremendous help. If naval questions were being discussed by Christabel, Mr. Gibson Bowles' advice was asked. The cross-examination that I put some of these learned people under, well, it was a marvel they tolerated me in their houses! Had they put me under one quarter as strict an examination, the interview would have been quickly over. They realized I was only a student in foreign diplomacy, so they were patient and helped me in every way.

Mr. Leo Maxse appealed to me most of all. His candid sincerity, his simple earnestness, are rarely met with in diplomatic circles, especially among those who are so brilliant in intellect. Mr. Wickham Steed was a good friend while we

stuck to the Balkan question. His advice was invaluable, as he was not a student only, but a famed writer on the Austrian question, his book on the Hapsburg Monarchy being recognized as a standard work. We seemed to be friendly with every one, and every one was friendly with us.

It was about this time that I met Lord Northcliffe. I can see him now. He sat in his big chair and looked at me very critically, and I sat opposite and looked at him with great interest. He was War Lord of the Press.

Lord Northcliffe did not strike me as being temperamental in the way that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Hughes of Australia were. I felt that if he lost himself it would be in a big scheme in connection with his work. His brain was the calculating type of brain which arrived at conclusions through deduction and keen analytical processes. One meets his type in the British Museum among the Greeks and Romans, and like the Greeks and Romans of other days, he recognized no equal. He ranged people into two classes—"superior" or "inferior."

I always looked forward to seeing him, as the shape of his head was a great attraction to me, and as I was not afraid of him and he knew it, we were good friends after any interview. Like practically all the big men of the world throughout all time, there was a shade of ambition in his face. He seemed to me proud of his power, con-

scious of his force. He at least had something to be proud of. He could uproot statesmen who were as mighty oaks. Parliaments could be carried away in the great surging stream of his united Press.

He was a born autocrat, who enjoyed being democratic among his chosen people. I liked him very much, and I realized the opportunities the heads of his offices had for development under his critical, observing, calculating, and detecting eye. He was a mighty force during the war, and had the Women's Movement won his support in the early days of the fight, no Parliament could have withstood the combined strength of the Northcliffe Press and the highly organized Militant Society.

Fate ordained otherwise. If one of the new religious movements had won his support, that movement would have gained an adherent who would neither have slumbered nor slept in his efforts to popularize any reform which attracted and held him. Theosophy, Christian Science, Spiritualism, New Thought, might have appealed to his reason, yet I believe much would have depended on the personality of the individual who discussed these questions with him. The greatest men of all time, including Napoleon, have been swept away by an engaging, magnetic personality, where others far more able, more experienced, have failed to convince them.

During our Balkan campaign I do not think there was one London editor of any newspaper, periodical, or review, whom I was not sent to interview, and I met kindness and patience everywhere. I think our British editors do credit to their country.

I used to marvel that they ever saw me twice, I so young in foreign politics, my only learning being fourteen days' hard reading—they with years of wide experience; and yet because they saw we were sincere, they were willing to help, willing to advise. Creditable qualities have we as a people, enviable manners towards those to whom we are sympathetic. These men will never know the pride that swept over me when I thought of the patience and the time they gave to one who was but a representative of a society whose fame was becoming a name and whose history was already belonging to the past.

When the news was announced that Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, was to attend a Conference in London, Christabel decided that there must be a welcome.

Fortunately I had met that most able Australian representative, Mr. Keith Murdock, so I approached him and expressed our desire to show our appreciation of the work done by Mr. Hughes. Mr. Murdock thought the idea a good one.

Mr. Hughes was a man after Christabel's own

heart, outspoken, impulsive, daring. So a procession was organized, and we gave him a great welcome. Afterwards Christabel and I became close friends with both Mr. and Mrs. Hughes.

Mr. Hughes and I got on extraordinarily well. I had not seen much of him when I realized that he was a statesman who wanted very careful handling. I saw that he was hasty in speech, quick to take offence, and that owing to illness more than anything, he had a quick temper. I also detected just a shade of false pride. This weakness is found among so many Labour men; they become obsessed by an idea that people are not respectful enough to them, because they have risen from the ranks. Having met this weakness before, I recognized it in this giant intellect that has run, ruled, governed, protected, and saved Australia from the hands of every rebellious section that can be gathered together under the name of Revolution.

Sometimes Mr. Hughes would take me for long motor drives, then we would talk of the early days of the Labour Party. He was always at his best with one person. He and Christabel got on when discussing questions they agreed upon. They were too much alike for opposition. I found in Mr. Hughes a quality that lies in practically all the veterans of Labour except Robert Blatchford. They will not or cannot discuss a question; it always ends in heated argument.

This robs so many questions of their instructive value. Mr. Hughes and I were great friends, and I think he is one of the finest and most earnest characters of the age. The word "duty" is inscribed on his heart and is to be found in every cell of his brain.

Once the Conference was over there was a call for Mr. Hughes to return to his native land, but he had scarcely got there when Christabel felt that it was more than essential for him to be on the War Council, owing to his astuteness on the Near Eastern question, which was so dear to his heart.

So I was sent to Australia to persuade him to return. I caught the boat at Plymouth. There was a delay of a day owing to the war, but the time was not lost. I made friends with my old friends, the Scotland Yard men. They were courteous and helpful, and my having met them and their having taken care of me, altered the whole voyage. They introduced me to the captain, the doctor, and the purser, all the people who play a big part on a ship bound for a long voyage.

Captain Jenks was the real, genuine, sailing-vessel captain. He could not have been kinder had he been charged to look after my every comfort. He had a fine reputation in Australia, being a great reader; and like practically all good sea captains he was a man with a warm

heart towards emigrants. He had become one of the most popular captains of the Orient Line. We talked politics day after day for weeks. I had dozens of books and maps, which amused some of the passengers and interested others.

I told the captain the object of my visit. He gave me letters of introduction to Editors, the head of the Australian Bank, Mr. Denison Miller, and to a few women who he thought would be interesting.

For the first two weeks I dozed. After that I became a full-blown passenger, no better, no worse than anyone else. We had the usual voyage with the usual gossip and the usual tournaments and such amusements which fill up your life when living on a boat for seven weeks. I made good friends with a Miss Spencer, daughter of Professor Spencer of Melbourne University, and we always went on shore together. When we left Cape Town our small company was increased by Sir John and Lady Forrest, who invited me to lunch with them at their delightful old house at Perth. I spent a pleasant day with these interesting people, Lady Forrest's paintings of the wild flowers of Australia being an unexpected pleasure. In the afternoon Sir John took me motoring, so that I could see as much as possible before joining my boat.

We arrived in Melbourne. In the early morning the stewardess—I would insist on calling her

“wardress”—called me. She brought a note from Mrs. Hughes, telling me not to leave the boat as she was meeting me in the absence of Mr. Hughes, who was touring Australia on a Referendum. It was good to see her with her homely face and kind, gentle ways. She took me to the Hotel Victoria, and there was the Australian morning tea waiting for me. It was arranged that Mrs. Hughes should look after me until Mr. Hughes returned. I made friends with the hotel staff, and the telephone-girl might have been receiving £5 a week for the work she did for me. She made my appointments, and cancelled those I could not keep. The staff at a big hotel can be a help or a hindrance. My lady telephonist was a godsend.

At last Mr. Hughes came. We had a long talk, but he laughed when I said that we wanted him back. He said, “We? Who are *we*?” That caught me. “We,” I said, “is Christabel, and I feel sure the country would rejoice at the news of your return.”

We parted, I to go to Sydney, where we were to meet once again, and he to Adelaide for another big gathering. I arrived in Sydney and found the Socialists at every street corner passing resolutions expressing the hope that I would take Mr. Hughes back with me. “The sooner the better,” was the motto on a banner. One of the papers there had a caricature of Mr. Hughes

and myself, he handcuffed, I dragging a most reluctant passenger to the boat.

Mr. Hughes came to Sydney, but he was completely occupied with the Referendum, knowing as he did that his defeat and the defeat of his supporters would mean the triumph of Bolshevism and all the reactionary forces of Australia. After a final talk I agreed with him that his place at that time was in Australia.

I liked Australia, I liked Australians. Courtesy, kindness, met me everywhere, and I did not feel as far away from home as I did when I looked on the lonely tracts of the American prairie.

Christabel was again in Paris. Christabel, who never touched a thing without it becoming red hot, studied every military move. As hers is the tactical and strategic brain, she saw moves on the part of our military strategists which she considered weak, unpolitic, which spelt failure. So we started a campaign of pros and cons of military strategy. The rights and wrongs of moves made would take too long for a book of this description.

Certain Generals were being criticized in our paper. This brought upon us once again the force of Scotland Yard, raids, and the seizure of the paper. Again we had to print underground.

It was at this time that the heaviest burden fell on Grace Roe. Passports were difficult to obtain. She had to visit Christabel each week

as I had done, and retain all the instructions given in case of search. It was a weary fight. At last the situation became so grave I sent a letter to Christabel. Before she had finished reading it she said: "My place is in London." She returned.

Two years before the Peace was signed there were symptoms of Bolshevism in all industry. A campaign was started by our small group. We called it "The Anti-Bolshevist Campaign." Some parts of Scotland and Wales were affected, also Coventry. We had gigantic meetings all over the country. Both men and women munition workers were appealed to, and the dangers of a munition strike, a coal strike, and a dockyard strike were explained. In this work I met many of the veterans of Trade Unionism; they were as anxious as we to see our country safe from invasion. I also met most of the large employers, Christabel's one idea being an amalgamation between captains of industry and the heads of the big Trade Unions.

Whichever side one met one found among them men of giant intellect, but there was one great barrier to real understanding between them, the same barrier which prevents each one of us at times from acting either wisely or justly—Fear. There is no sorrow, however deep, no joy, however great, but can be explained by two words—love or fear. Fear is ruling the industrial world

to-day. Fear on the part of one man that the other may get the best of him. We have always been told that what Job feared came upon him. What we fear in our hearts for our nation will surely come upon us unless we turn our fear to genuine trust by giving the other man credit for at least doing his best. Our greatest sins are but our mistakes, and our individual suffering is but our past mistakes overtaking us. That is punishment. Punishment is always self-inflicted, and once we have really grasped that principle we shall not be so hard on the one who is down and out. It only means that he is catching up, and our turn may come any day. It is very unwise of us to get conceited because of our momentary prosperity or success, or to boast of our benevolence. Unless these victorious moments are rightly used, the fate of the unsuccessful one will overtake us. Whether we are masters or men, we both have faults, and we each have the great lesson to learn of tolerance. The course of human life is like the sweeping tide of a great sea.

Our war work never ceased until Peace was declared. And so we who fought the fight for Women's Freedom stood together until we saw our country free from foreign oppressors.

We played our part and did our bit in the greatest war ever waged in human history.

CHAPTER XXIX

VICTORY—WOMEN VOTERS

In the year 1917 the question of granting the vote to women was discussed in Parliament. It was admitted by friend and foe that British women had played and were playing a unique part in the war. They had built up the Voluntary Home Army.

There was great rejoicing among all sections of women. What a relief to think that once Peace was declared abroad peace on a more modest scale would be declared at home. The agitation was at last drawing to a close.

Though very definite promises were given, Christabel felt we must be on the alert. There were two men, she declared, who could pilot the Bill safely through both Houses—Mr. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister, and Lord Northcliffe, head of a great Press. Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Northcliffe were not over friendly to each other just at this period, but that did not affect Christabel's policy of making sure that there was to be fair play. The Prime Minister in Parliament, Lord Northcliffe for the platform of the Press, she felt were the captains needed to bring

the ship into harbour. On February 6th, 1918, Royal assent was given to the "Representation of the People Act." Women were voters.

Soon after the Vote was conferred on women in 1918 a General Election was mooted, and there was a question of Christabel standing for Parliament. Poor Mr. Lloyd George, poor Lord Northcliffe! I was never off their doorsteps. By the time they had answered one question, Christabel thought of another. If Mr. Lloyd George was away at Walton Heath, resting quietly, I had to go and ask him about some problem in connection with the Vote or a Constituency. Strange to say, I was never turned away once. Christabel said that was the reason why she sent me! Mr. Lloyd George used to be very cross, then he would relax when he saw that I was really sorry to have to disturb him.

I remember venturing to see Lord Northcliffe. He was in retreat at his beautiful home in Broadstairs. There was some important question of giving publicity to part of our election work. It had been announced in the Press that Lord Northcliffe was not seeing anyone. That made no difference to Christabel. I had to go. I had a private car lent to me, so I asked my sister to join me for company. We arrived late owing to my calling at Walton Heath to see whether I could get the information required. Mr. Lloyd George saw me, but I came away dissatisfied.

When we arrived at Lord Northcliffe's house at Broadstairs the driver could not find the entrance. We picked up a tradesman, who naturally took us to the entrance he knew the best. A maid came in answer to my ringing, and said that his Lordship was not seeing anyone. "But," I said, "he will be very cross with you if you turn me away without first asking him to see me." I scrawled a note telling him I had been on the road a long time and that I trusted he would break the rule and see me. The maid came and said I was to be allowed in. I was shown into a large room with a glorious fire; a fire always makes one feel at home and puts one at ease. I saw Lord Northcliffe looked a little stern. I did not like that, so I asked him not to be stern or cross, adding that I was very tired and I would not keep him long. He relented and asked if I were alone. I told him my sister was with me, but that she had a dog with her. He had no objection to the dog, so they joined us. He gave us tea, and once again I admired his homely and kind nature, which I admit was hidden away beneath a business-like manner which seemed to say: "Tell me all you have to say in five minutes. I am busy!"

I had another interview with Lord Northcliffe at *The Times* office. The question I had to put was: Would he give us his Press support. He promised to send one of his best lady journalists

and to devote part of a column of the *Daily Mail* to news of Smethwick, the constituency Christabel had decided upon. He was splendid about these things, and I can honestly say that he never once failed in his promise, though at times we must have been very trying.

When we entered the field there were two candidates at Smethwick, a Conservative and a Labour man, but before many days were over the Conservative had withdrawn to make a clear fight between Labour and Christabel, who stood as an Independent candidate.

When the poll was declared, Christabel had polled the highest vote recorded for women candidates at the first General Election after women were enfranchised. She was disappointed that she had not been returned, but it was amazing that she did so well considering that so many of those who knew the whole field of electors were not free to be with her. I was occupied raising her election expenses, which I succeeded in doing.

It was not long after the election that I had a feeling of exhaustion creeping over me. I could scarcely drag my body along with my thoughts. I met Christabel. We had a long talk, and I was free. The something that means the personal me decided upon this course of action.

And so my Suffragette pilgrimage was ended.

The strange thing was that my warning had come long before. I felt as though a thousand unseen hands were holding me down, and my inner voice spoke to me, "Don't fight. Relax. You have finished." I wondered at first whether it was a premonition of death, but on reflection I knew that this was not the case, as my thoughts were always working on definite scenes, and I was part of the scene being secretly enacted. The whole truth is summed up in a sentence—I could work no longer. I was exhausted to death, my nervous system called for rest and recuperation. My spirit yearned for peace, and my eyes ached for Nature's colours, which are healing and soothing. I had been on the social pilgrimage for fourteen years. In stony fields I had had to sow seed and plough rocks. Prison had been my home for so long; I had faced starvation, sleepless nights, heavy responsibilities, and I was tired. For the first time in my life I yearned for death. I felt no bodily life would give me the rest I needed. My heart ached for Christabel as I was leaving her in the midst of a difficult situation, and yet had I stayed I could not have helped.

I left the Movement, financially, as I joined it, penniless. Though I had no money I had reaped a rich harvest of joy, laughter, romance, companionship, and experience that no money can ever buy. I wrote to a good friend who had

been like a guardian angel to me for years. We met and had a talk. I told her what my desire was ; to go abroad. Within a few weeks I was speeding towards Rome. Before a fortnight the Eternal Alps called me. I went to the beautiful mountain village of Orselina, above Locarno, and close to the ancient church, Madonna del Sasso. Here I could see the towering peaks that pointed heavenward and gaze at the still Lake of Maggiore, that spoke of peace and tranquillity. I went to the church of the Madonna and prayed that I might be guided in the future as I had been in the past, and that I should be forgiven for all past mistakes :

“From the unreal lead me to the real. From darkness lead me to Light. From death lead me to Immortality.”

After I left, what happened is not part of my life. There is a cord between Christabel and me that nothing can break—the cord of love. Distance or absence makes no difference. We started Militancy side by side and we stood together until Victory was won, and as Christabel says in one of her letters to me, dated “April 19th, 1922, British Columbia” :

“We accomplished what we set out for, and to move on was the only thing. To have had a great interest and inspiration was a happiness that lasted many years. It would not have lasted for ever, and mercifully our task was

fulfilled and we were set free. You, my true friend and helper of past years, I send my thanks and love."

What finer words could a follower receive from her leader? Christabel on penning these words had not the remotest idea that I was writing this book. They seem so much part of it, however, that I take the liberty of making public a letter which was meant to be private.

Women are now voters. Have they shown insight and sagacity in using the Vote? I think they have. The first election after women became enfranchised was an important one. The question before the electors was—"Bolshevism or Patriotism?" They chose the British side, and many Bolshevik candidates who had thought their seats were secure found that the new element in politics had undermined their power and had helped through their votes to defeat them. The defeated side will always blame the Women's Vote.

For a long, long time the Women's Vote will be the Mystery Vote. Women are as yet an unknown factor in politics. They are not so pro-party as men. One thing is certain, that should a big crisis arise, provided the truth is told in good plain English, the Country will get their vote, whether the representative is a Duke or the Pearly King of donkey fame.

Women are by nature Conservative. They

could not be otherwise ; if they were constituted differently there would be bankruptcy in most households. The handling of the weekly money makes them look before they leap. Whether the money handled is gold coin or the paper "Bradbury," there are more worries attached to the spending than to the earning of it.

Strikes, out-of-work days, unemployment, are not lightly discussed by the working man's wife. They want their husbands to work during the day and be "out of work" at night, but should a great danger threaten either their homes or their country, then the strong, emotional, romantic side of women is awakened, and all is forgotten save the one thing—Security.

It is a strange thing, and to some people an unaccountable one, that of those women who played a prominent part in winning the Vote not one of them sits in Parliament, and most of them are out of the political world altogether. Why is this ? I think on a final analysis it will be found that most of them gave all they had to give in winning the Vote. The others, who kept themselves free from the political turmoil, were more ready to enter into the new realm of politics. Both Suffragist and Suffragette leaders had spent their vital force working for Women's independence, but once that freedom was theirs it was necessary for them to withdraw to recuperate and revitalize themselves for the next piece

of work in hand. Personally, I think it better that it should be so.

Practically all leaders of big movements, revolutions, or revivals become too autocratic. This is very natural. For years they have governed; their very power gives them prestige. Their every word is law and their every command obeyed. They almost develop a sixth sense. They sense a thing before it happens. They are so much above the average person in intelligence, wisdom, general knowledge, special knowledge, that the average person seems but a babe to them. If they continued leadership once their original object were gained it would stultify the spirit of independence in others.

Rarely are such leaders good at executive work, neither is it fully valued or appreciated by them. Their impatience for results would be bad for the ordinary slow, everyday, practical world.

To be autocratic, self-assertive, dictatorial, is necessary on the battlefield, whether the fight be waged in Parliament Square or in Flanders, but once Peace is signed each soldier must be free to act as he thinks best and to judge for himself. During battle the Chief in Command has to fight and plan with enthusiasm, inspiration, emotion, and force, but the fight over, should they continue to act as though they were still in command? The fate of the great

Napoleon invariably awaits such people ; their St. Helena may be found in the very city which has bowed in worship before them. Such is life, with its rugged path which all leaders must climb. Fortunate are those leaders like Christabel Pankhurst, who have found, after well-earned rest, another mission which brings with it peace of mind and rest for the body.

Christabel Pankhurst taught her followers great dexterity in manipulating the political kite. Her sweeping tactics, her skill in political strategy, were such a good school for apt pupils that all in turn felt capable of flying their own kites once the Vote was won. Those with ambitions now had an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Leaders can no more prevent their followers from growing in independence than I can prevent the wild bluebells, the golden gorse, the curly bracken, the daisies, and the buttercups from growing, or the stately old oak from throwing its branches towards my window, in the little Wendy house near the Sussex Wolds where I am writing the story of my life. Spring will have her resurrection, summer arrive, autumn come, and winter will return, whether we wish it or not, and human beings will evolve and grow into a deeper and more awakened consciousness as one age succeeds another.

CHAPTER XXX

CONCLUSION

No Suffrage book would be complete without the name of Mrs. Fawcett, the leader of the Constitutional Movement.

Mrs. Fawcett's life has been one of devotion and service on behalf of women. Without the patient, persistent, plodding labour of the old Suffrage Society, the Militants would not have had an argument on which to base their claim that "other methods had failed." For over forty years the Constitutional Suffragists pleaded, they entreated, they persuaded, and then were told to wait until the time was ripe when there was a sign that women really wanted the Vote.

Mrs. Fawcett's name is world renowned as one of the pioneers and leaders in the Women's Movement.

Why were women Militant? What was the attraction which swept the cultured and highly educated women into the ranks of the fighting section? What was the secret of the success of the Militant Party when the party was at the height of its power? What inspired women to

suffer imprisonment, to lose friends, and to be exiled from family and home? What impulse was it that made women leave a life of ease and luxury and take up one which had nothing to offer but hard, unpopular, and apparently unprofitable labour? What made the school-teacher, the nurse, the factory-girl, the shop-assistant, the clerk, the doctor, the scientist, the novelist, the housewife give all their spare time and hard-earned money to a cause that was creating unrest in the land? These are questions that will be asked by future students of past movements.

Coming generations will naturally be anxious to know why women were militant. The police courts, the prisons, Parliament, the British Museum, contain records in which all future generations may read, mark, and learn what the Militants did, and many most exciting things that they did not do!

The first question the inquiring student of the future will ask is: Why did Christabel Pankhurst choose militant methods to win a constitutional reform? The records of the Women's Constitutional Movement partly answer the question. Because all other methods had failed. But what gave her the idea, or how did the idea come to her? The germ of rebellion against the apathy and hostility of politicians was lying dormant. The germ became a living thought. Christabel's thoughts had wings. Once the idea was con-

ceived, the battle was won in her mind. She was fearless and confident.

The success of the Movement lay primarily in the highly individualized and magnetic personality of Christabel Pankhurst, secondly in the sensitive, temperamental, cultured and gifted personality of Mrs. Pankhurst. These two women were the guiding spirits who influenced every action, every thought, of their followers. Devotion such as theirs wins devotion ; love such as theirs attracts and draws towards the givers a veritable cordon of protection and love that only a few characters in the history of ages can claim.

It was also a psychological moment to strike. An old party was resigning, a new party was taking its place. There had been the South African War, and a war always means progress in thought, if in nothing else. Women were restless, though they could not have explained why they had become so. The new era was about to dawn, and with each new era new methods are adopted to meet the requirements of the struggling souls who are consciously or unconsciously awaiting their freedom. History does but repeat itself ; its garb may be changed, but the principle actuating the change is ever the same, which is Freedom. The Movement was fortunate in having among its leaders and firmest supporters women who were highly evolved, whose private lives were open books for all to read.

Women were ready for the Militant battle. Had they not been ready they would never have joined us. Qualities that were counted most essential in their make-up were courage, earnestness, loyalty, and keen intuition. Christabel was never impressed by the highly intellectual woman who did not also possess these other qualities. Her theory was that without courage and loyalty, cleverness could be a source of danger.

The unswerving zeal of the hundreds of thousands of women who laboured in their solitary fields alone and unsupported was one of the hidden causes of the success of the Movement. All women owe a debt of gratitude to those women who worked in silence, suffered in silence, unknown to any save the odd speakers who visited their tiny hamlets or villages. How different was their life as Suffragettes to ours whose lot was cast among the multitude. Such courage as theirs was the cement which bound together the great structure called the Militant Movement. The women who came from the hills of the North Country or some little hamlet of the South to join our deputations and face arrest and imprisonment, returned not to city life where one is lost among many, but to their cottages or to the Manor House, as the case might be. There was no one there to show appreciation of their deed or to bid them welcome. They were met with ridicule and scorn, and yet they continued their

work as though the whole village had erected a tablet in their honour. How anxiously did these women await the day when a speaker would visit their part of the country to explain to the villagers the whys and wherefores of the Militant fight. Once again the old saying proved true: "A prophet is without honour in his own country."

Movements are built up by silent followers, and few realize the sacrifices they make, the secret suffering they endure, in their effort to be true to a great principle which has stirred their hearts. For the first few years the Militant Movement was more like a religious revival than a political movement. It stirred the emotions, it aroused passions, it awakened the human chord which responds to the battle-call of Freedom. It was a genuine reform for emancipation, led by earnest, unselfish, self-sacrificing women. A cause that works for emancipation must always draw to itself those who feel the need of freedom, and those who consciously feel their position rouse in others the same desire for liberty. The call was universal. All women were appealed to. Class barriers were broken down; political distinctions swept away; religious differences forgotten. All women were as one. The fight was "*Women versus Parliament*." The one thing demanded was loyalty to policy and unselfish devotion to the Cause.

The Movement represented the pent-up indig-

nation and tightly suppressed anger or grief of highly individualized women, capable, clever, and learned. Their hearts in many cases had been scarred at the constant barriers that faced them in their walk in life. The life of Queen Elizabeth had been proof to them that women could understand the science of Government. The works and life of the first pioneer of women's economic independence, Mary Wollstonecraft, had been studied and re-studied by those advanced souls who could find no outlet for their desires and capabilities.

There arose a woman, young in years, charming in appearance, cultured in manner, brilliant in learning, masterly in political strategy, fearless in action, courageous in danger, unflinching before opponents, speaking women's thoughts, expressing their ideas, but expressing them with passion, fervour, and determination. She was the idol, the loved and honoured one, who gained their hearts as well as their heads in a big fight. All petty ideals and feelings were forgotten with the arrival of a big person with big ideas who had faith in them and implicit trust in the wisdom, the courage, of those who followed her.

Harmony vibrated through Christabel's whole body. The one thing she dreamt about was women's immortal birthright. We were conscious that she was the woman of the age, and that she alone could lead us to the land of political

freedom. Followers have rarely such a leader, but few leaders in the history of humanity have had such unselfish, unquestioning followers as those who followed the one who had come forth to "plough the rock until it bore."

Evolution is but a growing or extending of consciousness. Many men thought women should have the Vote, but they were not conscious of the need and justice of such a principle being made law. To be conscious of the whys and wherefores of desires, which are but promptings to action, is a sign of progress. It is people of this type whose works in life stand out clear-cut, finely defined, whether the self-conscious one be a Northcliffe, a Lloyd George, or a Christabel Pankhurst. It is they who make a plan of action and faithfully adhere to it, come what may. They are ever ready to adapt their schemes to some new, therefore unforeseen, situation which may arise.

If Voltaire did more than any other Frenchman to make the people think, Christabel Pankhurst has done more than any other woman to make British women not only think, but act. Without her there would have been no real Women's Movement. She has never believed in the exceptional woman. She has always lived in the hope of seeing all women endowed with intelligence and an awakened consciousness of their place in the scheme of life. She is a born

leader, possessing the creative gifts which belong to genius. It is easy to copy, to follow, but the real leader is the one who can create. There is a saying, "When the disciple is ready, the master is waiting." So it seemed with the women and Christabel Pankhurst. The women were ready and the leader was there.

Mazzini, writing on the minor works of Dante, said: "Great men are the landmarks of humanity, they measure its course along the past and point the path of the future, alike historians and prophets. God has endowed them with the faculty of feeling more largely and intensely, and as it were, of absorbing more than their fellows of that universal life which pervades and interpenetrates all things. Their words are frequently unintelligible to their contemporaries, and their thoughts appear at times to vanish, submerged beneath the waves of the present; but God watches its passage beneath the abyss until it again emerges in a new splendour fertile of benefits to posterity."

These words could have been written about Christabel Pankhurst as I know her. As the creative leader of the Women's Movement she seemed to interpenetrate all things. Faith? One had to be in close touch with her during the first years of the Movement to realize what the word Faith meant. Christian Scientists, Apostles of New Thought, Theosophists, have been struck

with amazement at her absolutely unquestioning Faith about everything in connection with the child of her brain—the Militant Movement. The only thing that touched it was our sublime faith in her. Fear, doubt, uncertainty, were words that never crossed her brain. She saw in British women a free, a proud, and a brave womanhood. She knew in her heart that no power on earth could withstand the united forces of such a glorious combination. She united thousands upon thousands of women in a bond of fellowship, and turned them from a life of enforced idleness into the path that led to service.

The Militant Movement as an organization was a great success. It was one of the most highly organized movements we shall ever see. The success lay in the concentration, not only of the creative leader, but also of thousands of other women on one object. The whole Movement became so highly vitalized that we seemed to speak the word, and lo! the thing was done.

No small body of people ever had more obstacles to overcome than had the militant section when they first entered the political field on behalf of women. There had been the concentrated thought of generations ever revolving round the fixed point: "Woman's place is the home." Therefore concentration had to break through concentration and dissolve until the opposition of ages gradually crumbled away through sheer

inability to overcome a great mental and moral force.

Our forces were united. We were pledged to join no other party or work for any other society, or subscribe to any movement save the Militant Movement. The thought, the energies, the vital force of thousands was kept in one straight channel and concentrated on one thought, and that was "Votes for Women."

Was it not concentration that made Lord Northcliffe one of the greatest press organizers the world has ever known? Concentration on politics decidedly kept Mr. Lloyd George at the head of a Peace Government as well as at the head of a War Government. What created the war? Concentration by hundreds of thousands of Germans on warfare and world supremacy. What keeps the Vatican intact? The religious concentration of Jesuits and orthodox priests. What is the miraculous cement which binds all Jews together from generation to generation? Concentration on the God of their fathers. Take the greatest geniuses in science, art, music, poetry, and you will find that they have all possessed the gift of concentration. All great people are past masters in this respect; concentration is the base upon which true genius is built. Was it not Queen Elizabeth's concentration on a fixed idea (England's greatness) that laid the foundations of a world Empire?

People, movements, governments, countries, seem to be divided into two sections. These sections of course could be again divided and subdivided according to capacity, intelligence, and so forth, but broadly speaking, humanity seems to be composed of Vitalizers and Energizers.

Our Movement was no exception to this rule. We had in our ranks both among organizers, among voluntary workers and among members, women who came under both of these heads. In one section we got the energizers, those organizers whose gifts lay in pure action; work was their life, but they lacked creative power of any kind. They were like electric clocks run by one master clock. They found it impossible to run for a second without the guidance of the larger one. In the other section there were the vitalizers. They worked because it was necessary to work in that particular way, not merely for the sake of work itself, and they fed the energizers of the Movement with ideas and enthusiasm. They were creative, intuitive, and profoundly earnest.

Looking back on the workers as I knew them, it seems to me on a final analysis that the energizers drew their inspiration from the human beings around them. The vitalizers, besides being inspired by others, also possessed an inward inspiration. The energizers drew vitality from

others ; the vitalizers from life itself. The energizers were over-nervous, self-conscious ; the vitalizers were super-sensitive. The energizers found their building fallen when the individual inspiring them withdrew. The vitalizers' work seemed to flourish in their absence. The energizers believed in what they saw, the vitalizers knew in what they believed.

Both had their uses in the construction of a big movement. They were complementary, but they viewed results with a different eye. The energizers saw the result of their particular piece of work ; the vitalizers saw the result of the work done collectively. The energizers raised tremendous admiration for their activity and capacity for work : the vitalizers inspired and roused others to self-sacrifice. The Vitalizer who possesses the gift of organization should never be put to work under an energizer ; the strain becomes too great and the final results are fatal for both. I saw this happen many times in our Movement. It was never quite understood, as outward appearances are at times deceptive, even to the most intuitive brain.

Unseen forces must have been at work, seeing into futurity and realizing the necessity of uniting women and rousing within them a desire to serve, thus preparing their mentality and making them ready for the Great War. " No country can rise above its women," is a statement based on a great

truth ; and it is acknowledged by all that the war would never have been won without the liberal, concentrated, harmonious labour contributed by freedom-loving, consciously awakened British womanhood. The Militant agitation worked miracles. This fact will be accepted by future generations. It quickened the mentality of women and inspired them to action. It awakened within them a consciousness of their individual entity in life, and gave them a confidence which women as a body had never possessed before. It was a stage women had to pass through to prepare them for more useful fields of action.

The country has been the gainer. When war broke out women who had never done organizing before suddenly found themselves at the head of thousands of women and girls in the large munition works, and it was discovered that in some of them the country possessed born organizers of human material. It rests with the women, who are now voters, to see that women's capabilities are utilized to the fullest extent.

The granting of the Parliamentary vote to women and the passing into law of Bills allowing them to sit in the House of Commons, has given them absolute equality of political rights. Much depends on the labour and patriotism of women, whether we shall keep our place as the first Great Power of the world and the Guardian of the Seven Seas, whether the Union Jack shall be

looked upon as the flag of justice and the symbol of human liberty.

The greatest teacher of all time, Jesus, taught the people of His day the absolute need of the moral and spiritual independence of women. Two women chosen by Him to be His intimate and chosen friends were Mary and Martha, two maiden ladies of Bethany.

“Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.” This message, which Jesus left for all mankind to read, was a testimony of the admiration and love in which He held Mary, and through her all women.

Our country is the land of heroes, the land of the immortal Shakespeare, the land which bore Nelson, the land of Drake, Bacon, Hawkins, Raleigh; the land of Beatty and his world-famed Navy, of Kitchener and his noble Army, of Queen Elizabeth, Grace Darling, Mary Wollstonecraft, Florence Nightingale, and the immortalized Edith Cavell. . . .

Great Spirit, who has illuminated all our history, watch over us in these troubled times, guide us in this hour of our country's destiny. Protect us from our own folly, our weakness and our failings. Teach us anew the lesson of self-abnegation for country. Lead us to greatness of purpose, strength, and liberty, until we in our turn pass

the gates which lead to the Beyond. May we pass out of this life having played our part and added our bit to the shining structure of this our illustrious and beloved Empire.

THE END

Telegrams :

"Scholarly, Wesdo, London."

Telephone : 1883 Mayfair.

41 and 43 Maddox Street,

London, W.1.

Messrs. Edward Arnold & Co.'s

AUTUMN

ANNOUNCEMENTS, 1924

THE YEARS OF MY PILGRIMAGE.

By the RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN ROSS, Bart., last Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. With Portrait. 18s. net.

Sir John Ross, the distinguished Irish judge, has lived through an eventful period of history, during which he has met many of those who played a memorable part in public affairs. The judicial system which was carried on within the walls of the Four Courts in Dublin vanished with the destruction of that beautiful and noble building in 1922, and it seemed fitting that some one should essay a portrayal of the personalities and surroundings of a Bench and Bar so famous in their day, and *inter alia* rescue from oblivion scenes and stories of their times. This Sir John has done with the happiest results, and there are few of the well-known men of his day who do not figure in his pages. But the book is by no means confined to legal luminaries or to striking incidents in Civil and Criminal Trials. The author sat as a Member of Parliament for years, and though he eschews politics as such, he has many good stories of election times and of life in the House. The leaders of Irish Society, both men and women, were well known to him, and he

draws interesting pictures of Court ceremonial and social functions in pre-war days. Nor is sport forgotten, nor the humorous side of Irish life, which suggests a fund of entertaining anecdotes and stories. It is interesting to know that though Sir John, an Ulsterman, lived in Southern Ireland for more than forty years and in the execution of his duty was often obliged to do unpopular things, he can write that "neither I nor any member of my family had to complain of an unkind deed, or even word."

LIFE OF JOHN WILLIAM STRUTT, THIRD BARON RAYLEIGH, O.M.

Sometime President of the Royal Society and Chancellor of
the University of Cambridge.

By his Son, ROBERT JOHN STRUTT, FOURTH BARON
RAYLEIGH, F.R.S.

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. With Portraits. 25s. net.

In writing this book, Lord Rayleigh's aim has been not so much to give an account of his father's scientific work as to depict him as a man. The narrative would, however, be without substance if his scientific career was not made its guiding thread. In the selection of topics, it was clearly impossible to refer to more than a small fraction of the papers in the six large volumes of his collected writings. The topics have been chosen for their comparative simplicity and for their bearing on the external circumstances of his life. Many investigations of epoch-making importance have necessarily been left unnoticed. But it is hoped that some others have been brought within the reach of readers who would be repelled by the severely technical form of the original account.

Lord Rayleigh's friends included the most eminent men of his day in the spheres that appealed to him: among those who figure in these pages are Dr. Routh, Charles Darwin, Clerk Maxwell, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Lord Balfour, Lord Kelvin, Mrs. Sidgwick, Joseph Chamberlain, Sir J. J. Thomson, Sir J. Larmor and many others. In his later years Lord Rayleigh amused himself by making a collection of humorous stories and anecdotes, and though some of them may be familiar, it has been thought worth while reprinting the collection in an Appendix.

MEMORIES OF A MILITANT.

By ANNIE KENNEY.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. With Illustrations. 16s. net.

The reader will not get far into this volume without falling in love with Miss Annie Kenney, however strongly opposed he may have been to the Suffragette campaign. The fight is over and the angry passions roused by it have subsided, so that in a calmer atmosphere we can admire the courage, resourcefulness, and devotion to their cause of women who like Miss Kenney were ready to sacrifice everything for a principle. She and her friends possessed the qualities of which martyrs are made, and though we may laugh at the humours of the struggle, actual tragedy was never far off. Fearsome and terrible indeed to the feminine nature must have been the hostile crowds, the certain prospect of rough handling, of arrest, prosecution, imprisonment, and forcible feeding. The protagonists were no viragoes, but well-educated women from happy and comfortable homes, to whom the mere thought of making themselves conspicuous would in ordinary life have been abhorrent. Miss Kenney herself is evidently one of the kindest folk, though her zeal knew no bounds. Probably she seemed to her opponents a dangerous fanatic, but she reveals herself in this book a true woman, tender-hearted, sympathetic, cheerful, and gaily humorous whatever happens. Her devotion to the other leaders of the Movement was unbounded, and it is interesting to read her affectionate tribute to ladies whose very names were anathema to the other side during the heat of the fray. Interesting too are the interviews she reports with statesmen of the day—Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Balfour, and Mr. Asquith—whose methods of dealing with very perplexing and novel situations differed widely.

HUIA ONSLOW.

A Memoir by MURIEL ONSLOW.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. With Portraits. Price 12s. 6d. net.

Victor Alexander Herbert Huia Onslow, younger son of the 4th Earl of Onslow, was born on November 13th, 1890, in Government House, Wellington, New Zealand, where his father was then Governor. To commemorate the place of his birth he was given the Maori name of Huia, by which he was known throughout his life. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. At the University he studied Natural Science and, later, Mechanical Science, his intention being to qualify for the Parliamentary Bar, but during a mountaineering holiday in the Tyrol, he met with an

accident, while bathing, which left him paralysed below the waist, with no hope of recovery.

It was in these circumstances that he determined to devote what time and energy remained to him to the cause of Science, and for the rest of his life he worked with indomitable courage and brilliant success at intricate biological and biochemical problems, taking special interest in Mendelian research. The success was the more astonishing inasmuch as many of his investigations called for exceptional manual skill, which he acquired by dint of almost incredible perseverance, in spite of the fact that his hands and arms were still partially paralysed. In the summer of 1921 a list of his published scientific works was submitted to the Council of the Royal Society, in order that he might stand for election as a Fellow, but he died before attaining that distinction, on June 27th, 1922, leaving an example of high courage to which it would be hard to find a parallel.

FROM CHINA TO HKAMTI LONG.

By CAPTAIN F. KINGDON WARD, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR of "THE ROMANCE OF PLANT HUNTING," "THE MYSTERY RIVERS OF TIBET," ETC.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. With Illustrations and Map. 18s. net.

Captain Kingdon Ward has already made a reputation as one of the most intrepid explorers of the difficult and little-known country on the marches of Burma, China, and Tibet. The important journey described in this volume gives the reader an insight into the changes—physical, climatic, and botanical—which take place as the traveller passes westwards from the Yangtze across that narrow strip of earth's crust where the great rivers of South-East Asia escape from Tibet, and where jungle hides the head-waters of the mighty Irrawaddy. Captain Ward's primary object was to discover new plants, but to reach the wild districts which are his hunting-ground is no light task. Even to reach the city of Likiang in the heart of Asia involves a formidable journey, for there is no "Magic Carpet" to transport one thither. A glance at the Map which accompanies the book shows how formidable were the obstacles he had afterwards to surmount, at one moment bathed in tropical heat in the river valleys, at another wellnigh frozen on mountain ridges, 16,000 feet above sea-level. Of great interest, apart from the difficulties of travel, are his accounts of the inhabitants and their manners and customs. Captain Ward possesses striking descriptive gifts and an admirable style: he has the philosophy of a man who has spent much of his life in the vast open spaces of the world; above all, he has the spirit of adventure.

RUSSIA AND RUSSIAN ART.

By SIR W. MARTIN CONWAY, M.P.

FORMERLY SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ARTS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE. AUTHOR OF "PALESTINE AND MOROCCO," ETC.

One volume. Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 16s. net.

The present condition of Art in Russia has received little attention since the war, and Sir Martin Conway's visit this summer cannot fail to throw much new light upon an extremely interesting subject. Magnificent collections of pictures and priceless objects of Art formerly existed in Petrograd and Moscow, but how far they have suffered destruction or dispersal during the last few years is an open question. The result of Sir Martin Conway's inquiries will be extremely valuable to all students and lovers of Art in this country, and his shrewd and impartial observations on the general state of the country in 1924 will be especially welcome in view of the too often one-sided and interested glimpses which reach us from the interior of that darkened land.

ADVENTURES OF CARL RYDELL.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SEAFARING MAN.

EDITED by ELMER GREEN.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. With Illustrations and Map. 18s. net.

This is a thrilling tale of adventure by a sailor of the old school, in various parts of the world. Carl Rydell is a Swede who began his remarkable career in the Swedish Navy. But being of an unruly disposition he soon got into trouble with the authorities, worked his way out to America and had a chequered career for many years, finally coming to anchor as Superintendent of the Nautical School in the Philippine Islands. "I am not proud of some of my doings," he says, "but I have told the bad along with the good"; and as few men can have seen more of the seamy side of a sailor's life, his narrative is extraordinarily interesting. In 1888 Rydell found himself in San Francisco, and it was on the Pacific coast that most of the following years were spent. That was the exciting period of the gold rush to Alaska, the period of sea-otter hunting and fur-seal "piracy," when bold men defied the law at the risk of their lives and were ready to suffer incredible hardships in their lust for gold. Many curious characters, the flotsam and jetsam of civilization, figure in these pages, and the whole book is one of those rare human documents which a seafaring life occasionally creates for the enjoyment of the stay-at-home reader.

JORROCKS'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES.

BEING THE HUNTING, SHOOTING, RACING, DRIVING,
SAILING, EATING, ECCENTRIC AND EXTRAVAGANT
EXPLOITS OF THAT RENOWNED SPORTING CITIZEN,
MR. JOHN JORROCKS OF ST. BOTOLPH LANE AND
GREAT CORAM STREET.

By R. S. SURTEES,

AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS," "MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR," ETC.

With 15 Coloured Plates after H. Alken. Crown 4to.

21s. net.

Robert Smith Surtees, the greatest hunting novelist of all time, whose biography has just been published sixty years after his death, has only recently begun to receive his due from the literary critics. Yet he is the man whose gift Thackeray once said he envied more than that of any man. And no wonder he did—for Surtees is the Dickens of the hunting field, and many of his odd characters are more alive to-day than most of our flesh-and-blood acquaintances. Surtees is a national treasure, for he is one of the most peculiarly English writers of the last century. His pages are crowded with delightfully drawn types, and of them all none is more beloved than the immortal John Jorrocks. It was the success of "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities," according to Mr. Thomas Seccombe in the Dictionary of National Biography, which led to the conception of a similar scheme which resulted in "The Pickwick Papers."

"*To be taken before 'Handley Cross'*" is the author's recommendation in his preface to the second edition of this jolly book, in which are recorded the "eccentric and extravagant" exploits of Surtees' greatest character. And those people who have not already made the famous grocer-sportsman's acquaintance will do well to follow it and read of the earlier doings of the M.F.H. of Handley Cross. Those who are already devotees of this delectable story-teller will need no recommendation, beyond the fact that they have here for a reasonable price a handsome reproduction, including Alken's famous coloured plates, of a work which in its earlier editions costs from fifty to a hundred pounds, according to the state of the copy purchased.

UNSCIENTIFIC ESSAYS.

By F. WOOD JONES, M.B., D.Sc.

ELDER PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE. AUTHOR
OF "ARBOREAL MAN," ETC.*One Volume. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.*

Professor Wood Jones is one of those men whose scientific attainments are combined with the possession of a charming literary style, and who, like Huxley, Drummond, and Fabre, have the art of writing round science in a way that the public can understand and enjoy. The pages of this volume are the products of his idle moments, some of them passed in London, some in Australia, and some upon a Coral Island in the Indian Ocean. The short essays have fascinating titles. Who would not envy the author his acquaintance with Fire-flies, with the Sea Serpent, with Wer Tigers? The first chapter on "Marvels" strikes the keynote of much that follows. Such essays as those on Evil Spirits, Moon-gazing, the Crab's Secret, Oily Patches, Sights and Scents, show how varied and uncommon is the *menu* presented to us. In others, less intriguing headings such as Coco-nuts, Seals and Sea Birds, Coral Islands and Clay Pans serve as pegs on which to hang a wealth of original thought and suggestion. And all through the book runs a strong vein of sentiment and romance which adds to the subtle spell the author weaves for our enchantment.

ANTIQUES :

THEIR RESTORATION AND PRESERVATION.

By A. LUCAS, F.I.C.,

CHEMIST IN THE DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES, CAIRO.

Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

The preservation of antiquities is one of the most difficult problems that confronts collectors and curators of Museums and Art Galleries. Mr. Lucas has written a practical account, devoid of technicalities, so that his accumulated knowledge may be readily available to those interested in the subject. His practical experience has extended over a number of years, and he has recently been associated with Mr. Howard Carter in regard to the preservation of the numerous art treasures found in the Tomb of Tutankamen. He commences with a general account of methods of preservation and restoration, emphasizing the necessity of a preliminary examination as to the nature and composition of the object before applying any specific treatment. This is followed by an account of the best methods available for use with the different materials such as papyrus, paintings, bronzes, etc.—the materials being

arranged in alphabetical order. Finally, descriptions are given of certain simple physical and chemical tests which should be applied to the object in order to obtain information as to its composition, with a view to ascertaining the best method of preserving it. Detailed instructions are given for making up any solutions required in the course of the work.

A HUNDRED YEARS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By OSGOOD MACKENZIE.

New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Illustrated.

7s. 6d. net.

The late Mr. Osgood Mackenzie's delightful collection of Highland lore and memories, including those of his uncle, Dr. John Mackenzie, has passed through several editions in its original form, and has been acclaimed as worthy to rank with such classics as Scrope, St. John, and Colquhoun. This new and cheaper edition will undoubtedly be warmly welcomed by a large circle of readers for whom the price of the original work was somewhat high and will enable the possessor of the smallest library to add to it a work of the highest interest. "To all those," said *The Times*, "who reverence ancient customs and lore of the West Coast Highlands, this book will be a real delight." The Author loves the hills and the sea, the heather and the loch. He loves the people, their language and traditions; he has even a soft place in his heart for their superstitions. All forms of Highland sport are familiar to him, and he possesses a keen and kindly sense of humour, which gives rise to many a well-told anecdote and permeates the whole book.

ENGLISH LITERATURE BEFORE CHAUCER.

By P. G. THOMAS, M.A.,

READER IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

The time has gone by in which it was possible to speak of Chaucer as "the Father of English poetry." He will always remain one of its greatest masters, but investigation into the sources of English literature has brought to light materials many centuries older, and these not merely of antiquarian interest, but evidently the products of an advanced civilization.

In this book the author has set himself the task of giving within moderate compass and without excessive detail a reasoned serial recital of the examples we possess of Old and Middle English

literature, and an illuminating exposition of their value and characteristics, both linguistic and literary, thus bringing into clear perspective the development of the various forms which served as the prototypes for later work.

Not only will the book prove a useful introduction to the student preparatory to a more detailed study of individual texts, but the reader whose literary interests are more general, and to whom this period has been perhaps a *terra incognita*, will find much to attract him in the early examples of English epic poetry, romance, lyric, satire, and the short story, with whose later manifestations he is familiar.

TRAGEDY.

By W. MACNEILE DIXON, LL.B., LITT.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

Crown 8vo. Probable price, 6s. net.

Though the author of this Essay points out some features of the Athenian theatre which fatefully combined to favour the birth of Tragedy, he is not greatly concerned with any ordinary question of "origins," and holds simply that Tragedy burst from the brain of Æschylus like Athena from the head of Zeus, attaining at once its fullest imaginable stature. The justification of "the ways of God to Man," "the Problem of Evil," "the Riddle of the Universe"—in such phrases as these Professor Dixon's conception of the scope of the Tragic theme are faintly adumbrated, and one is left wondering whether, without Æschylus' lead, even Sophocles would have compassed it fully; of Euripides there is no question. Only once—with Shakespeare—was Tragedy reborn.

The history of Tragedy is thus not a literary one; it is to be sought rather in a way in which the world-philosophers, from Aristotle to Hegel and Nietzsche, have reacted to it. In the tracing of these reactions lies perhaps the principal interest of a stimulating book.

NEW FICTION.

MUCH DELUSION.

By GERTRUDE SPINNY,

AUTHOR OF "THE PAINTED CASTLE."

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Miss Spinny's first novel, "The Painted Castle," won golden opinions from discerning critics who were quick to recognize qualities revealing unusual promise. In her new novel, the author has chosen a less difficult subject and one that will appeal more directly

to the experience of the reader. The story is lightly and amusingly told while developing a situation that becomes increasingly exciting. It begins quietly with the appearance of a stranger, Andrew Redman, who takes a furnished cottage in Sussex to recover from a nervous breakdown. He becomes acquainted with his neighbours, in particular with the Vicar, who is morbidly interested in Spiritualism, and with Miss Charlotte Masters, who lives there with her grandparents. Charlotte is regarded by the Vicar as a promising medium, and by Redman with eyes of love. Gradually the reader perceives that Redman is living under an assumed name, and learns that his breakdown was caused by circumstances not unconnected with the Vicar's mental disturbance. Redman's identity, when revealed, adds to the difficulty of his winning Charlotte. But a more terrible obstacle arises through the menacing attitude of the Vicar, whose delusions rapidly develop into mania and bring about a catastrophe in which Charlotte barely escapes a horrible death. The story is carefully constructed and interesting from start to finish.

THE PAPER MOON.

By L. C. HOBART,
AUTHOR OF "THE SILKEN SCARF."
Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Hobart's second novel is in every way stronger and more interesting than her first. The plot is well constructed and developed with much emotional power. She has the gift of bringing her characters and their setting vividly before the reader, and communicates the strong sympathy and antipathy she herself feels for them.

The book opens amid idyllic surroundings on Dartmoor, but the scene soon shifts to a certain house in Chelsea, in outward appearance not different from its neighbours, but pregnant with some strange uncanny influence, some dimly apprehended evil lurking in the background, waiting for the moment of consummation. This malign atmosphere, the tense expectancy, the breathless suspense, Miss Hobart renders most vividly.

The inhabitants of the house are Jonathan Fane and his son Greville; from them also there seems to emanate a mysterious suggestion of hidden evil, of menace that may become reality. Greville is the villain of the story: he is a man who exercises irresistible fascination over the opposite sex, and first April Arless, then Rachel Strangways fall victims to his Mephistophelean attractions. In strong contrast with Greville is his cousin, Jake Fane, who is also in love with Rachel, and the characters of these two men typify the forces of good and evil which contend for mastery throughout the book.

THE BIRTHMARK.

By ALAN SULLIVAN.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Sullivan's book is a sheer delight. Conceived in a spirit of satiric comedy, it is packed with witticisms that keep the reader chuckling happily to himself from the first page to the last.

To Molding-on-the-Ooze, in "the lowest, flattest and dampest section of the Midlands," the seat of Henry Hardinger, Esq., come Colonel and Mrs. Bostwick, desiring its owner as a husband for their daughter Grace. Henry (who looks on life "as something between a polo match and a satiric comedy") has no money: the Colonel has no money: each is ignorant of the other's want: each sees in Grace a solution of his difficulty. Every one takes a hand in the game of deceptions, and as all concerned are both deceivers and deceived, the complications and the fun can be imagined.

Mr. Sullivan is never at a loss: he "keeps the ball rolling" merrily. Unhesitatingly he puts his finger on the laughter-feeding qualities in every one and every thing. He mocks, but it is with a kindly mockery that adds zest to life.

As for the Birthmark—the part it plays in the game it would be unfair to reveal, but the comedy both above and below stairs makes joyous reading. To all who enjoy laughter we recommend this whimsical and witty book.

SMITE THE ROCK.

By OSWALD H. DAVIS,

AUTHOR OF "SOFT GOODS."

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

All readers of Mr. Davis's brilliant first novel must have looked forward with eager interest to a second book from his pen. They will not be disappointed.

"Smite the Rock" is, like "Soft Goods," a chronicle of the great Midland city of Ardencester, and is marked by the same sincerity and fineness of detail that distinguished the earlier book. Life in a provincial city: the niceties of its class distinctions: its "high teas": its chapel "socials": the ugliness of its industrialism, are described with a vividness that is almost uncanny.

Against these pettinesses of existence: these social differentiations: the drabness of the workers' lives: the things that "always have been and always will be," Frank Calder rebelled. The son of an employer and a capitalist, he ranges himself on the side of

Labour, only to find his idealism shaken by contact with the individual representatives of the class he champions, and by the brute force of the mass. But the ideal of service, the purity of his conception, the instinct to fight for an idea, survive, and the book ends on a note of high hopefulness.

Mr. Davis's subject is a fascinating one—the gradual development of a young man's character, his aspirations, his temptations—and he has handled it with masterly skill.

A QUEST FOR A FORTUNE.

By PHILIPPA TYLER.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The scene of this interesting story is laid in Italy, land of romance and intrigue, which has so often attracted English novelists and provided them with exciting and entertaining plots. It was the happy hunting ground of Marion Crawford and of Richard Bagot, to mention only two favourite authors, and after reading Miss Tyler's work one wonders whether there is not some special deity who smiles upon the choice of that wonderful land as a field for fiction. Miss Tyler's novel has the atmosphere of Italy breathing through every page. We have the old aristocracy typified in the Prince di Consa and his beautiful daughters: like their magnificent palaces, glorious without, but faded and decaying within, the family presents to the world an appearance of stateliness and pride of race which hide ruined fortunes and an abandoned *morale*. The Prince himself carries off the situation boldly to the end, but the inevitable crash develops and wellnigh overwhelms his son Sigismondo, round whose efforts to restore the family fortunes the plot thickens. A good marriage is evidently the obvious solution, but what shall a young man do when love pulls one way and purse-strings another, not to speak of a very able and intriguing Marchesa di Pina who knows exactly what she wants and holds strong cards played with entire unscrupulousness. The Marchesa is a most original and effectively drawn character, and both Anita and Raffaella are such charming girls that it is hard to say which is the real heroine. We have purposely avoided unravelling the plot, which is extremely ingenious and well constructed and holds the reader's attention to the end.

THE MIND OF MARK.

By H. HERMAN CHILTON.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

This is Mr. Chilton's first novel, and it is made noteworthy by his clever study of the character of his hero, Mark Rawson. The

author knows intimately the manners and conversation of the self-made Midland manufacturer and his associates, and his picture of Mark Rawson, so utterly absorbed in "getting on"—in "besting the other chaps"—that his home is, as it were, but a bye-product, has a photographic exactitude.

As Mark's wealth had increased, so had his self-confidence and dominance. Once resolved on a course of action, he bends his Board of Directors to his will. When a strike occurs, he thinks to dominate his workpeople in like manner. But they are of less pliant material, and in the uproar Mark receives an injury to his head which brings on a long illness.

For the first time in his life, he becomes an onlooker: he has leisure to think, and begins to readjust his values, to see that there is such a thing as compromise.

But this new Mark Rawson is incomprehensible to his colleagues and—with the exception of his daughter Amy—to his family: he loses the support of the one and the sympathy of the other.

The sincerity and power of the book are unmistakable, and the tragedy of the end is marked by a fine simplicity.

A PASSAGE TO INDIA.

By E. M. FORSTER,

AUTHOR OF "HOWARDS END," ETC.

7s. 6d. net.

* * Also a Collector's Large Paper Edition, limited to 200 copies, each copy signed by the Author, printed on Hand-made paper.

Demy 8vo, price £2 2s. net.

Reviewed by ROSE MACAULAY in The Daily News: "Mr. E. M. Forster is to many people the most attractive and the most exquisite of contemporary novelists. . . . Never was a more convincing, a more pathetic, or a more amusing picture drawn of the Ruling Race in India. . . ."

"It is an ironic tragedy, but also a brilliant comedy of manners, and a delightful entertainment. Its passages of humour or beauty might, quoted, fill several columns."

Reviewed by SYLVIA LYND in "Time and Tide": "Reader, lo here, at last, a great book. There have been brilliant books in recent years, witty books, original books, books written in limpid and exquisite English; but not until now has there been a book that was all these things. . . ."

"'A Passage to India' is a delicious and terrible book. . . ."

From The Spectator: "Of all the novels that have appeared in England this year, Mr. Forster's is probably the most considerable. . . ."

"'A Passage to India' is a disturbing, uncomfortable book. Its surface is so delicately and finely wrought that it pricks us at a thousand points. . . . The humour, irony, and satire that awake the attention and delight the mind on every page all leave their sting."

Uniform Edition of Mr. E. M. Forster's Earlier Works.

A new uniform edition can now be obtained of the following books.
Bound in cloth, 5s. net per volume.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW.

"Mr. Forster's new novel clearly admits him to the limited class of writers who stand above and apart from the manufacturers of contemporary fiction."
—*Spectator*.

"It is packed with wonderful impressions and radiant sayings."—*Evening Standard*.

"We have originality and observation, and a book as clever as the other books that Mr. Forster has written already."—*Times*.

THE LONGEST JOURNEY.

"This novel is a very remarkable and distinguished piece of work. Its abundant cleverness fills even the more strenuous passages with vivacity. The strength of the book consists in its implicit indictment of the mean, conventional, self-deceitful insincerity of so much of modern English educated middle-class life. This is certainly one of the cleverest and most original books that have appeared from a new writer since George Meredith first took the literary critics into his confidence."—*Daily Telegraph*.

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.

"A remarkable book. Not often has the reviewer to welcome a new writer and a new novel so directly conveying the impression of power and an easy mastery of material. Here there are qualities of style and thought which awaken a sense of satisfaction and delight; a taste in the selection of words; a keen insight into the humour (and not merely the humours) of life; and a challenge to its accepted courses. It is told with a deftness, a lightness, a grace of touch, and a radiant atmosphere of humour which mark a strength and capacity giving large promise for the future."—*Daily News*.

HOWARDS END.

Crown 8vo. 6s. net. A few copies still obtainable.

"There is no doubt about it whatever. Mr. E. M. Forster is one of the great novelists. All will agree as to the value of the book, as to its absorbing interest, the art and power with which it is put together, and they will feel with us that it is a book quite out of the common by a writer who is one of our assets, and is likely to be one of our glories."—*Daily Telegraph*.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA.

By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI,

OFFICIER D'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE; AUTHOR OF "BEASTS, MEN AND GODS."

With Map. Demy 8vo. Third Impression. 14s. net.

Morning Post.—"Every whit as enthralling as 'Beasts, Men and Gods.'" *Spectator*.—"The most salient feature of Dr. Ossendowski's book is its revelation of the author's complex character. We are deeply impressed by his power of telling a story, for every chapter is not only interesting, it is exciting. One of the most exciting and vivid narratives we have ever read."

THE ROMANCE OF PLANT HUNTING.

By CAPTAIN F. KINGDON WARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF THE BLUE POPPY," ETC.

With Illustrations and Map. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON in *The Queen*.—"It is a book to be much commended to the expert and to the general reader alike."

THE LAND OF THE SUN (QUEENSLAND).

By E. J. BRADY,

AUTHOR OF "AUSTRALIA UNLIMITED," "THE KING'S CARAVAN," ETC.

With Illustrations and Map. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Liverpool Courier.—"Reads like a novel and sounds like a poem."

LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN PEACE AND
WAR.

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ELLIOTT WOOD, K.C.B.

One Volume. With Portrait. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

THE ASSAULT ON MOUNT EVEREST.

By BRIG.-GENERAL THE HON. C. G. BRUCE,

AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION.

With 33 Full-page Illustrations and 2 Maps. Med. 8vo.

25s. net.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

THE WANING OF THE MIDDLE AGES:
A STUDY OF THE FORMS OF LIFE, THOUGHT AND ART
IN FRANCE AND THE NETHERLANDS IN THE 14TH
AND 15TH CENTURIES.

By J. HUIZINGA,
PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LEIDEN.

With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

"This thoughtful and well-ordered book, full of strange facts and shrewd comment, deserves careful study. The illustrations are delightful, and have evidently been selected with great care and judgment."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

THE DISINHERITED FAMILY:
A PLEA FOR FAMILY ENDOWMENT.

By ELEANOR F. RATHBONE, M.A., J.P., C.C.,
AUTHOR OF "HOW THE CASUAL LABOURER LIVES," ETC.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Sir WM. BEVERIDGE in the *Weekly Westminster*.—"A remarkable book compact of vigorous argument and marshalled facts and wide personal experience. It can be read by anybody and ought to be read by everybody."

SUNSHINE AND OPEN AIR:
THEIR INFLUENCE ON HEALTH, WITH SPECIAL
REFERENCE TO THE ALPINE CLIMATE.

By LEONARD HILL, M.B., F.R.S.,
DIRECTOR DEPARTMENT OF APPLIED PHYSIOLOGY, NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF
MEDICAL RESEARCH.

Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

This book is well worth reading, and although of particular interest to the medical profession, should be much more widely appreciated. Both medical and lay readers will find it full of interesting facts and permeated throughout with shrewd common sense."—*The Lancet.*

CRIME AND INSANITY.

By W. C. SULLIVAN, M.D.,
MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT STATE CRIMINAL LUNATIC ASYLUM, BROADMOOR.

One Volume. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

"We can thoroughly recommend this book to both jurists and medical men."—*British Medical Journal.*

